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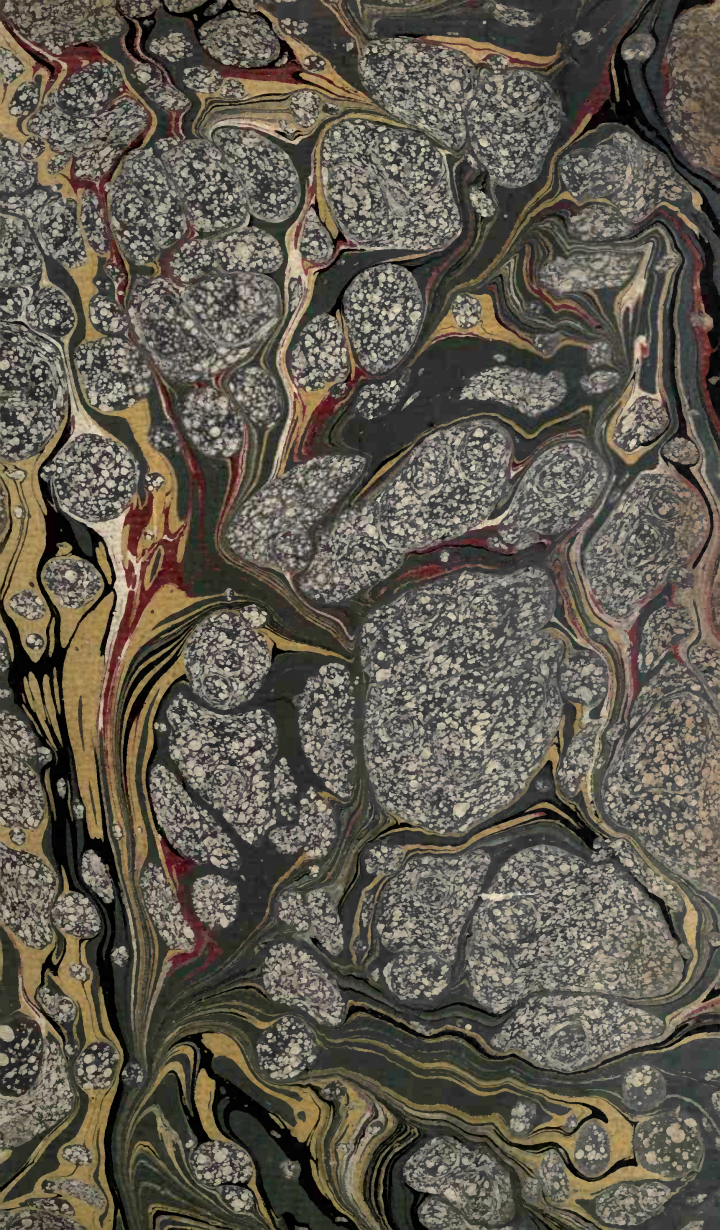

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN NINE VOLUMES, COMPLETE.

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

LONDON:

Printed for B. Law, J. Johnson, C. Dilly, G. G. and J. Robinson, J. Nichols, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, F. and C. Rivington, J. Sewell, T. Payne, J. Walker, R. Faulder, J. Scatcherd, B. and J. White, Ogilvy and Son, T. N. Longman, Cadell jun. and Davies, and E. Pote.

1797.

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1797.

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Page 10. notes, line 17, *for* Alcerſtis *read* Alceſtes
ult. *for* Colling *read* Collins
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EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

This Epiſtle was firſt publiſhed in folio, 1734, with the following motto:

Neque ſermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis ſpem poſueris rerum tuarum; ſuis te oportet illecebris ipſa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipſi videant, ſed loquentur tamen. TULLY.

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a ſort of bill of complaint, begun many years ſince, and drawn up by ſnatches, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. I had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome Perſons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Perſon*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to thoſe who know me not, a truer information may be requiſite. Being divided between the neceſſity to ſay ſomething of *myſelf*, and my own lazineſs to undertake ſo aukward a taſk, I thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this Epiſtle. If it have any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment;* and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous.*

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true; but I have for the moſt part ſpared their *Names*, and they may eſcape being laughed at, if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free uſe of theirs, as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage, and honour, on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeneſs*. P.

Lady Wortley Montague begins her Addreſs to Mr. Pope, on his Imitation of the 1ſt Satire of the Second Book of Horace, in theſe words:

" In two large columns, on thy motly page,
Where Roman wit is ſtrip'd with Engliſh rage;
Where ribaldry to ſatire makes pretence,
And modern ſcandal rolls with antient ſenſe:
Whilſt on one ſide we ſee how Horace thought,
And on the other how he never wrote:
Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
That the dull copyiſt better underſtood
That ſpirit he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore the Greek he did tranſlate?
Thine is juſt ſuch an image of his pen
As thou thyſelf art of the ſons of men;
Where our own ſpecies in burleſque we trace,
A ſign-poſt likeneſs of the noble race,
That is at once reſemblance and diſgrace.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You only coarſely rail, or darkly ſneer:
His ſtyle is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilſt none thy crabbed numbers can endure,
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obſcure.
If he has thorns, they all on roſes grow;
Thine like rude thiſtles and mean brambles ſhow,
With this exception, that though rank the ſoil,
Weeds, as they are, they ſeem produc'd by toil.
Satire ſhould, like a poliſh'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's ſcarcely felt or ſeen.
Thine is an oyſter-knife, that hacks and hews,
The rage, but not the talent of abuſe;
And is in hate what love is in the ſtews;
'Tis the groſs luſt of hate, that ſtill annoys
Without diſtinction, as groſs love enjoys:
Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd;
The object of thy ſpleen is human-kind:
It preys on all, who yield or who reſiſt;
To thee 'tis provocation to exiſt.
But if thou ſee'ſt a great and gen'rous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor only juſtice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand:
To this or that alike in vain we truſt,
Nor find thee leſs ungrateful than unjuſt."

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant; whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will: of whoſe fidelity Dodſley, from his own obſervation, uſed to mention many pleaſing inſtances. His wife was living at Eccleſhall, 1783, ninety years old, and knew many anecdotes of Pope.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door,*] This abrupt exordium is animated and dramatic. Our Poet, wearied with the impertinence and ſlander of a multitude of mean ſcriblers that attacked him, ſuddenly breaks out with this ſpirited complaint of the ill-uſage he had ſuſtained. This piece was publiſhed in the year 1734, in the form of an Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot: It is now given as a Dialogue, in which a very ſmall ſhare indeed is allotted to his friend. Arbuthnot was a man of conſummate probity, integrity, and ſweetneſs of temper: he had infinitely more learning than Pope or Swift, and as much wit and humour as either of them. He was an excellent mathematician and phyſician, of which his letter on the Uſeful-

What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, through my Grot they glide,

By

NOTES.

neſs of Mathematical Learning, and his Treatiſe on Air and Aliment, are ſufficient proofs. His tables of antient coins, weights, and meaſures, are the work of a man intimately acquainted with antient hiſtory and literature, and are enlivened with many curious and intereſting particulars of the manners and ways of living of the antients. The Hiſtory of John Bull, the beſt parts of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, the Art of Political Lying, the Freeholder's Catechiſm, It cannot rain but it pours, &c. abound in ſtrokes of the moſt exquiſite humour. It is known that he gave numberleſs hints to Swift, and Pope, and Gay, of ſome of the moſt ſtriking parts of their works. He was ſo neglectful of his writings that his children tore his manuſcripts and made paper-kites of them. Few letters in the Engliſh language are ſo intereſting, and contain ſuch marks of Chriſtian reſignation and calmneſs of mind, as one that he wrote to Swift a little before his death, and is inſerted in the third volume of Letters, p. 157. He frequently, and ably, and warmly, in many converſations, defended the cauſe of revelation againſt the attacks of Bolingbroke and Cheſterfield.

The ſtrokes of ſatire, in many parts of this Epiſtle, have ſuch an extraordinary energy and poignancy, that our Author's want of temper has been much cenſured; and I know not whether it will be a ſufficient juſtification to ſay, that theſe malevolent ſcribblers, however impotent and inſignificant, attacked his *perſon*, *morals*, and *family*. If Boileau ridicules and rallies vile writers with more ſeeming pleaſantry and good-humour, we ought to recollect that Boileau was the aggreſſor, and had received no previous abuſe, when he fell upon Cotin, De Pure, Quinalt, St. Amand, Colletet, Chapelain, and Theophyle. It was on this account that the Duke de Montauſieur, a man of rigid virtue, ſo much condemned Boileau, that it was with great difficulty he was brought to read his Works, and be reconciled to him. The authors that Pope proſcribed were in truth ſo mean and contemptible, that Swift ſaid, "Give me a ſhilling and I will inſure you that poſterity ſhall never know you had a ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerved."

"Laiſſez

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.

Is

NOTES.

" Laiſſez mourir un fat dans ſon obſcurité,
Un auteur ne peut-il pourir en ſeureté?
Le Jonas inconnu ſeche dans la pouſſiere,
Le David imprimé n'a point veu la lumiere,
Le Moiſe commence à moiſir par les bords.
Quel mal cela fait-il? Ceux qui ſont morts ſont morts.
Le tombeau contre vous ne peut-il les défendre,
Et qu'on fait tant d'auteurs pour remuer leur cendre?
Que vous ont fait Perrin, Bardin, Pradon, Hainaut,
Colletet, Pelletier, Tirſeville, Quinaut.
Dont les noms en cent lieux, placez comme en leurs niches,
Vont de vos vers malins remplir les hemiſtiches."

BOILEAU, Sat. ix. 89.

This is exquiſitely pleaſant, and expreſſed with that purity and force both of thought and diction, that happy Horatian mixture of jeſt and earneſt that contribute to place Deſpreaux at the head of modern claſſics. I think it muſt be confeſſed, that he has caught the manner of Horace more ſucceſsfully than Pope. It is obſervable that Boileau, when he firſt began to write, copied Juvenal, whoſe *violent*, *downright*, *declamatory* ſpecies of ſatire is far more eaſy to be imitated than the oblique, indirect, delicate touches of Horace. The judgment of L. Gyraldus concerning Juvenal ſeems to be judicious and well-founded: " If you think my opinion worth regarding, I would ſay, that the Satires of Juvenal ought never to be read till our taſte is fixed and confirmed, and we are thoroughly tinctured with a knowledge of the Latin language: and I mention this my opinion more freely, becauſe I perceive many maſters uſe a contrary method." Dial. iv.

VER. 13. *Mint*] A place to which inſolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there ſuffered to afford to one another, from the perſecution of their creditors. W.

Is there a Parſon much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'Prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his Sempſtreſs' praiſe—

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Is there a Parſon*] Some lines in this Epiſtle to Arbuthnot had been uſed in a letter to Thomſon when he was in Italy, and transferred from him to Arbuthnot, which naturally diſpleaſed the former, though they lived always on terms of civility and friendſhip: and Pope earneſtly exerted himſelf, and uſed all his intereſt to promote the ſucceſs of Thomſon's Agamemnon, and attended the firſt night of its being performed. Though Agamemnon is not a capital play on the whole, and abounds in languid and long declamatory ſpeeches, yet parts of it are ſtriking; particularly Meliſander's account of the deſert iſland to which he was baniſhed, copied from the Philoctetes of Sophocles; and the prophetic ſpeeches of Caſſandra, during the moment of Agamemnon's being murdered, well calculated to fill the audience with alarm, aſtoniſhment, and ſuſpenſe, at an awful event, obſcurely hinted at in very ſtrong imagery. Theſe ſpeeches are cloſely copied from the Agamemnon of Eſchylus, as is a ſtriking ſcene in his Eleonora from the Alceſtis of Euripides. Thomſon was well acquainted with the Greek Tragedies, on which I heard him talk learnedly, when I was once introduced to him by my friend Mr. W. Colling.

Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. in the firſt Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their anger, or their friendſhip worſe?

NOTES.

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Eſq.

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the ſcene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-penn'd ſtanzas*. W.——Rather from Horace; vide his Druſo.

VER. 38. *An aching head;*] Alluding to the diſorder he was then ſo conſtantly afflicted with. W.

VER. 40. *Keep your piece nine years.*] Boileau employed eleven years in his ſhort ſatire of L'Equivoque. Patru was four years altering and correcting the firſt paragraph of his tranſlation of the oration for Archias.

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a packet.—"'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a fooliſh Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. 1. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæſar alſo. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

VER. 54. *He'll write a* Journal,] Meaning the London Journal; a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's miniſtry. Biſhop Hoadley wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland.

VER. 55. *A packet.*] Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, publiſhed 1729, who diſpleaſed Pope by

ALLUSION.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*]

——"Dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
Eaſy my unpremeditated Verſe." MILTON.

If I diſlike it, " Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath, I'll print it,
" And ſhame the Fools—Your int'reſt, Sir, with
" Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At laſt he whiſpers, " Do; and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtraight I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when Midas' Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a King,)
His

VARIATIONS.

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

NOTES.

by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his Sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called the Aſſembly. 1726.

VER. 69. *'Tis ſung, when Midas'*] The abruptneſs with which this ſtory from Perſius is introduced, occaſions an obſcurity in the paſſage; for there is no connection with the foregoing paragraph. Boileau ſays, Sat. ix. v. 221. I have nothing to do with Chapelain's honour, or candour, or civility, or complaiſance; but, if you hold him up as a model of good writing, and as the king of authors,

" Ma bile alors s'echauffe, et je brûle d'ecrire;
Et s'il ne m'eſt permis de le dire au papier;
J'irai creuſer la terre, et comme ce barbier,
Faire dire aux roſeaux par un nouvel organe,
Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Aſne."

There

His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his Queen,) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.

You

NOTES.

There is much humour in making the prying and watchful eyes of the miniſter, inſtead of the barber, firſt diſcover the aſs's ears; and the word *perks* has particular force and emphaſis. Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline were here pointed at. Boileau wrote his ninth Satire firſt in proſe; of which there was a copy in the late French King's Library.

VER. 72. *Queen*] The ſtory is told, by ſome, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer*, of his Queen. See wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables. P.

VER. 75. *Good Friend, forbear!*] Dr. Hurd, in the Dialogue on the Age of Queen Elizabeth, has ſupported the character of Arbuthnot with more ſpirit and propriety than is done in this Epiſtle.

VER. 79. *Out with it,* DUNCIAD!] "Had Mr. Pope," ſays Mr. Maſon, "ſat as eaſy to the ſarcaſms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipſe his poetical fame, as Mr. Gray appears to have done with reſpect to the parodies on his Odes, the world would not have been poſſeſſed of a Dunciad; but it would have been impreſſed with a more amiable idea of its author's temper."

VER. 80. *That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are viſible. W.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy

NOTES.

VER. 86. *The mighty crack:*] A parody on Addiſon's tranſlation of Horace, Ode iii. b. 3.

"Should the whole frame of Nature round him break
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
She unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world."

On which lines he obſerves, in the Bathos, "Sometimes a ſingle word (as *crack*) will vulgarize a poetical idea."

VER. 90. *He ſpins the ſlight,*] Berkley, who had a brilliant fancy, has employed an image of this ſort on a more ſerious ſubject in his Alciphron: "To tax or ſtrike at a divine doctrine, on account of things foreign and adventitious, the ſpeculations and diſputes of curious men, is, in my mind, an abſurdity of the ſame kind as it would be to cut down a fine tree yielding fruit and ſhade, becauſe its leaves afforded nouriſhment to caterpillars, or becauſe ſpiders may weave cobwebs among the branches."

The metaphor in our Author is moſt happily carried on through a variety of correſponding particulars that exactly hit the nature of the two inſects in queſtion. It is not purſued too far, nor jaded out, ſo as to become quaint and affected, as is the caſe of many in Congreve's too witty comedies, particularly in the Way of the World, and in Young's Satires. For inſtance:

"Critics

ALLUSION.

VER. 88. "Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ." HOR. P.

Deſtroy his fib, or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colley ſtill his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-ſake—you'll offend.
No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—P. One Flatt'rer's worſe than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One

NOTES.

" Critics on verſe, as ſquibs on triumphs, wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die!

The epithets, *envious* and *proud*, have nothing to do with *ſquibs*. The laſt line is brilliant and ingenious, but perhaps too much ſo.

VER. 98. *Free-maſons Moore?*] He was of this ſociety, and frequently headed their proceſſions. W.

One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."

There are, who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am ſhort;
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and "Sir! you have an Eye."—
Go

VARIATIONS.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For ſong, for ſilence ſome expect a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
Time, praiſe, for money, is the leaſt they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

NOTES.

VER. 115. *There are, who to my perſon*] The ſmalleſt perſonal particularities, notwithſtanding ſome faſtidious writers may think them trifling, are intereſting in eminent men. Hence is Montaign ſo pleaſing; hence is Plutarch in his Lives ſo intereſting as well as inſtructive. What Addiſon ſays in jeſt, and with his uſual humour, is true in fact: "I have obſerved that a reader ſeldom peruſes a book with pleaſure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric diſpoſition, married or a bachelor." What paſſages in Horace are more agreeable than when he tells us he was fat and ſleek, "præcanum, ſolibus aptum," prone to anger, but ſoon appeaſed. And again, how pleaſing the detail he gives of his way of life, the deſcriptions of his mule, his dinner, his ſupper, his furniture, his amuſements, his walks, his time of bathing and ſleeping, from the 105th line to the end of the ſixth ſatire of the firſt book. And Boileau, in his tenth epiſtle, has done the ſame in giving many amuſing particulars of his father, family, and fortunes.

VER. 118. *Sir! you have an Eye.*] It is remarkable, that, amongſt the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, ſharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was ſome ground for commendation, as when there was none. W.

Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee,
All that diſgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thouſand years ago.

Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this ſhape, which You and Curl * admire,
Came not from Ammon's ſon, but from my Sire †:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuſe,
I had it from my Mother ‡, not the Muſe.
Happy, if he, in whom theſe frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl ſet up his head for a ſign. † His Father was crooked.
‡ His mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

NOTES.

VER. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] He uſed to ſay, that he began to write verſes further back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's Homer fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; it was followed by Sandys' Ovid; and the raptures theſe then gave him were ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure ever after. About ten, being at ſchool at Hyde-park-corner, where he was much neglected, and ſuffered to go to the comedy with the greater boys, he turned the tranſactions of the Iliad into a play, made up of a number of ſpeeches from Ogilby's tranſlation, tacked together with verſes of his own. He had the addreſs to perſuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on the Maſter's Gardener to repreſent Ajax, and contrived to have all the Actors dreſſed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with his father into the Foreſt: and then got firſt acquainted with the Writings of Waller, Spenſer,

and

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd. 130

The

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and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the firſt ſight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his verification. This year he began an epic Poem; the ſame which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, perſuaded him to burn. Beſides this, he wrote, in thoſe early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a ſtory in the legend of *St. Genevieve*. They both deſervedly underwent the ſame fate. As he began his Paſtorals ſoon after, he uſed to ſay pleaſantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges et prælia, etc.* W.

All the circumſtances of our Author's early life, mentioned in this Note, were communicated by Mr. Spence to Dr. Warburton. The account of this matter, as it was delivered to me by Mr. Spence, was as follows: As they returned in the ſame carriage together from Twickenham, ſoon after the death of our Author, and joined in lamenting his death and celebrating his praiſes, Dr. Warburton ſaid he intended to write his life; on which Mr. Spence, with his uſual modeſty and condeſcenſion, ſaid, that he alſo had the ſame intentions; and had, from time to time, collected from Pope's own mouth, various particulars of his life, purſuits, and ſtudies; but would readily give up to Dr. Warburton all his collections on this ſubject, and accordingly communicated them to him immediately.

VER. 128. *I liſp'd in numbers,*]
From Ovid,

" Sponte ſua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar ſcribere, verſus erat."

VER. 130. *No father diſobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his father, though no Poet, would ſet him to make Engliſh verſes. He was pretty difficult to pleaſe, and would often ſend the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleaſure in them, and would ſay, *Theſe are good rhymes.* From Mr. Spenſe. W.

The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me through this long diſeaſe, my Life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.
A. But why then publiſh? P. *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The

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VER. 131. *Not Wife,*] Theſe two words ſeem added merely for the verſe, and are what the French call a *cheville.*

VER. 135. *But why then publiſh?*] To the three firſt names that encouraged his earlieſt writings, he has added other friends, whoſe acquaintance with him did not commence till he was a poet of eſtabliſhed reputation. From the many commendations which Walſh, and Garth, and Grenville beſtowed on his Paſtorals, it may fairly be concluded how much the public taſte has been improved, and with how many good compoſitions our language has been enriched, ſince that time. When Gray publiſhed his exquiſite ode on Eton College, his firſt publication, little notice was taken of it: but I ſuppoſe no critic can be found that will not place it far above Pope's Paſtorals. On reading which ode a certain perſon exclaimed,

"Sweet Bard, who ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee oft the lonely woods among
I woo to hear thy evening ſong;
And think thy thrilling ſtrains have power
To raiſe Muſæus from his bower;
Or bid the tender Spenſer come
From his lov'd haunt, fair Fancy's tomb."

See particularly that fine ſtanza,

"Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind;"

and alſo,

"Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate?"

The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head,
And *St. John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the World will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.
Soft

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VER. 139. *Talbot*, *&c.*] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a ſcandalous libel againſt him, entitled *Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: perſons, with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following:

"While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe," &c. P.

Every word and epithet here uſed is exactly characteriſtical and peculiarly appropriated, with much art, to the temper and manner of each of the perſons here mentioned; the elegance of Lanſdown, the open free benevolence and candour of Garth, the warmth of Congreve, the difficulty of pleaſing Swift, the very geſture (as I am informed) that Atterbury uſed when he was pleaſed, and the animated air and ſpirit of Bolingbroke.

VER. 146. *Burnets*, *&c.*] Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory. P.

Ibid. *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, *and Cooks.*] By no means Authors of the ſame claſs; though the violence of party might hurry them into the ſame miſtakes. But if the firſt offended this way, it was only through an honeſt warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent underſtanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts ſtill worſe. W.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a Dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the Rod.

Pains,

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VER. 148. *While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?*] He uſes *pure* equivocally, to ſignify either *chaſte* or *empty*; and has given in this line what he eſteemed the true Character of *deſcriptive poetry*, as it is called. A compoſition, in his opinion, as abſurd as a feaſt made up of ſauces. The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good ſenſe; ſo that to employ it only in *deſcription*, is like children's delighting in a priſm for the ſake of its gaudy colours; which, when frugally managed and artfully diſpoſed, might be made to unfold and illuſtrate the nobleſt objects in nature. W.

VER. 150.] *A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream,*] is a verſe of Mr. Addiſon. P.

Ibid. *A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.*] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windſor-Foreſt*. W.

VER. 151. *Yet then did* Gildon] The unexpected turn in the ſecond line of each of theſe three couplets, contains as cutting and bitter ſtrokes of ſatire as perhaps can be written. It is with difficulty we can forgive our Author for upbraiding theſe wretched ſcriblers for their poverty and diſtreſſes, if we do not keep in our minds the groſsly abuſive pamphlets they publiſhed; and, even allowing this circumſtance, we ought to ſeparate rancour from reproof:

"Cur tam crudeles optavit ſumere pœnas?"

Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From flaſhing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds:*
Each

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VER. 163. *Yet ne'er one ſprig*] Swift imbibed from Sir W. Temple, and Pope from Swift, an inveterate and unreaſonable averſion and contempt for Bentley, whoſe admirable Boyle's Lectures, Remarks on Collins's Emendations of Menander and Callimachus, and Tully's Tuſcal. Diſp. whoſe edition of Horace, and, above all, Diſſertations on the Epiſtles of Phalaris, (in which he gained the moſt complete victory over a whole army of wits,) all of them exhibit the moſt ſtriking marks of accurate and extenſive erudition, and a vigorous and acute underſtanding. He degraded himſelf much by his ſtrange and abſurd hypotheſis of the faults of which Milton's amanuenſis introduced into that poem. But I have been informed that there was ſtill an additional cauſe for Pope's reſentment: That Atterbury, being in company with Bentley and Pope, inſiſted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the Engliſh Homer; and that, being earneſtly preſſed to declare his ſentiments freely, he ſaid, "The verſes are good verſes, but the work is not Homer, it is Spondanus." It may, however, be obſerved, in favour of Pope, that Dr. Clarke, whoſe critical exactneſs is well known, has not been able to point out above three or four miſtakes in the ſenſe throughout the whole Iliad. The real faults of that tranſlation are of another kind: They are ſuch as remind us of Nero's gilding a brazen ſtatue of Alexander the Great, caſt by Lyſippus. Pope, in a letter which Dr. Rutherforth ſhewed me at Cambridge in the year 1771, written to a Mr. Bridges at Fulham, mentions his conſulting Chapman and Hobbes, and talks of "their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectneſs in the language, over-ruled me." Theſe are the very words which I tranſcribed at the time.

VER. 163. *Theſe ribalds,*] How deſervedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be ſeen by a ſhort account of the manners of the modern *Scholiaſts.*

Each wight who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on ſyllables, 166
Ev'n

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When in theſe latter ages, human learning raiſed its head in the Weſt; and its tail, *verbal criticiſm*, was, of courſe, to riſe with it; the madneſs of Critics ſoon became ſo offenſive, that the grave ſtupidity of the Monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach ſchool in Italy, after the ſacking of Conſtantinople by the Turks, uſed to maintain that *Cicero* underſtood neither Philoſophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, *J. Laſcaris* by name, threatened to demonſtrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by ſuch great examples, a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Ariſtotle* did not underſtand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It has been ſince diſcovered that *Joſephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Eraſmus* ſo pitiful a linguiſt, that, *Burman* aſſures us, were he now alive, he would not deſerve to be put at the head of a country ſchool: And even ſince it has been found out that *Pope* had *no invention*, and is only a Poet by courteſy. For though time has ſtripp'd the preſent race of Pedants of all the real accompliſhments of their predeceſſors, it has conveyed down this ſpirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much eaſier to ape their manners than to imitate their ſcience. However, thoſe earlier RIBALDS raiſed an appetite for the Greek language in the Weſt; inſomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a paſſionate admirer of it, and a noted critic, uſed to boaſt, that he had invoked and raiſed the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Ariſtotelian ΕΝΤΕΛΕΧΕΙΑ. Another, whom *Balzac* ſpeaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to ſay, that the meaning of ſuch or ſuch a verſe, in *Perſius*, no one knew but GOD and himſelf. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in exceſs of veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan; raiſed altars to Romulus, and ſacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the coſtlineſs of his ſacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to ſupport his credit. Every one has heard of the childiſh exceſſes into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the moſt celebrated Italians of this time. They abſtained from reading the Scriptures for fear of ſpoiling their ſtyle: Cardinal

Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.
Pretty!

NOTES.

dinal *Bembo* uſed to call the Epiſtles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epiſtolacciae, great overgrown Epiſtles.* But ERASMUS cured their frenzy by that maſter-piece of good ſenſe, his *Ciceronianus.* For which (in the way that Lunatics treat their Phyſicians) the elder *Scaliger* inſulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profeſſion.

His ſons *Joſeph* and *Salmaſius* had indeed ſuch endowments of nature and art, as might have raiſed modern learning to a rivalſhip with the ancient. Yet how did they and their adverſaries tear and worry one another? The choiceſt of *Joſeph*'s flowers of ſpeech were *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum Stercore maceratum.* It is true, theſe were laviſhed upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in ſtore. In a letter to *Thuanus*, ſpeaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipſius*, he calls the firſt *a monſter of ignorance;* and the other *a ſlave to the Jeſuits, and an Idiot.* But ſo great was his love of ſacred *amity* at the ſame time, that he ſays, *I ſtill keep up my correſpondence with him, notwithſtanding his Idiotry, for it is my principle to be conſtant in my friendſhips—Je ne reſte de luy eſcrire, nonobſtant ſon Idioterie, d'autant que je ſuis conſtant en amitié.* The character he gives of his own *Chronology*, in the ſame letter, is no leſs extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez aſſurer que nôtre Euſebe ſera un tréſer des marveilles de la doctrine Chronologique.* But this modeſt account of his own work is nothing in compariſon of the idea the Father gives his bookſeller of his own perſon. This bookſeller was preparing ſomething of *Julius Scaliger*'s for the Preſs; and deſired the Author would give him directions concerning his picture, which was to be ſet before the book. *Julius*'s anſwer (as it ſtands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the ſeveral graces of Maſſiniſſa, Xenophon, and Plato, he might then be enabled to give the public ſome faint and imperfect reſemblance of his Perſon. Nor was *Salmaſius*'s judgment of his own parts leſs favourable to himſelf, as Mr. *Colomies* tells the ſtory. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, Meſſ. *Gaulman* and *Mauſſac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulman*, in a virtuous conſciouſneſs of their importance, told the other two, that he believed they three could make head againſt all

Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms 169
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The

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the Learned in Europe. To which the great *Salmaſius* fiercely replied, "Do you and M. *Mauſſac* join yourſelves to all that are learned in the world, and you ſhall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Voſſius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had ſnarled at every name of the firſt order in antiquity, ſuch as *Ariſtotle*, *Cicero*, and *one* whom I ſhould have thought this Critic the likelieſt to reverence, the redoubtable PRISCIAN, he impiouſly boaſted that he had arms even againſt *Chriſt* himſelf. But *Codrus Urcaeus* went further, and actually uſed thoſe arms which the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing ſome trifling piece of Criticiſm for the preſs, had the misfortune to hear his papers were deſtroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam *ego* tantum ſcelus concepi, O Chriſte! quem ego tuorum unquam læſi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, ſupplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, ſays my author, he quitted the converſe of men, threw himſelf into the thickeſt of a foreſt, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of deſpair. W.

VER. 164. *Slaſhing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deſerved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero deſcribe him not amiſs: "Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis verſutum et ſolers: ſed ſæpe ſtomachoſum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum. W.——I ſhall add to this note an unpubliſhed letter from my learned and excellent friend Mr. James Harris of Saliſbury, addreſſed to Mr. John Upton, the editor of Spenſer, and author of Obſervations on Shakeſpeare.

"My good Friend,

"I am much more rejoiced to hear you have found the cauſe of your diſeaſe, than to find you differ from me in my opinion about Horace.

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were

NOTES.

Horace. Diſſention in matters of opinion (let the ſubject be what it will) is natural, I may ſay, even neceſſary, and brings no harm. Bitterneſs, for that reaſon, is neither neceſſary nor natural, and what I hope neither you nor I are ſuſceptible of, neither with reſpect to friends nor ſtrangers.

" When I think of Bentley, I can't help comparing him to Virgil's Fame;

" Ingrediturque ſolo, et caput inter nubila condit:"

An immenſe monſter, poſſeſſed of a thouſand eyes and a thouſand ears, to ſee, and hear, and know every thing, but, at the ſame time,

" Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri."

The conſciouſneſs of his own great parts and accompliſhments furniſhed him with a pride, that, as it made him condemn the ſentiments of moſt others, ſo it made him deify his own errours.

" For Horace, there is no doubt that he collected his pieces together, and ſo publiſhed them as we do, now-a-days, miſcellanies. Common ſenſe and practice, on ſimilar occaſions, is the ſame in all ages; nor is there any need of all Bentley's parade about Catullus, Propertius, Ovid, and others, to prove, what no one doubted, that the writers of ſhort pieces, not long enough in themſelves to make a juſt volume, ſhould bring them together for that purpoſe, with a dedication or preface. This, however, is all that this critic has done (and a work, indeed, it is that a much leſs ſcholar than he was well equal to) in order to refute the far ſuperior labours of Dacier and others, in fixing the dates of each particular piece. The whole of the diſpute comes to this: The time of writing each particular Satire, Ode, or Epiſtle has nothing farther to do with the time of the volume's publication, which contains it, than that the piece muſt neceſſarily have been written firſt: but every piece had undoubtedly its own date diſtinct from all the reſt, according as joy or grief, health or ſickneſs, ſummer or winter, and a thouſand other incidents, afforded the occaſion. When it was thus written, was it ſhut up (think you) and concealed, never ſhewn to the polite world with whom he lived, nor even to the friend to whom it was addreſſed, till he had compoſed

enough

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.

A man's

NOTES.

enough of other pieces to make up a volume? Did Cæsar, for example, know nothing of that fine and sublime ode (the 37th of Book i.) made on his grand victory at Actium, till he saw it in the same scroll or volume with thirty-seven others, many on trifling and private subjects? Had Horace so little regard for so choice a piece, or was he even so bad a courtier, as to suppress it so long, and for no better a reason? To publish, now-a-days, means to *print*; but, in those days, it was a publication to communicate a MS.; and it is not to be doubted, that, immediately on the victory and death of Cleopatra, the ode was in the hands of every man of taste in Rome. It was the practice (says Bentley) to publish their pieces *semel simulque*. But I say neither *semel* nor *simul*. The 4th Sat. l. i. was published most evidently before the 10th of the same book, for the 10th vindicates it from the exceptions taken to it by the admirers of Lucilius. They were not, therefore, published originally *simul*. Again, the 4th Satire certainly made its appearance along with the 10th, when they composed one book or volume. It was therefore published *twice*, and not *semel*.

"The ode upon Virgil's Voyage to Athens (according to Bentley's Chronology) was written *at least* eight years before Virgil made it. The ode, that so chearfully invites Virgil to a feast, according to the same great Critic's chronology, was addressed to him two or three years after his death. Are these things probable?

"As to philosophy (which is your own province) I have much the same to say as I have said already about the publication. It is no proof he did not publish his pieces separately, because at times he published them together; and no proof that he was never a Stoic or Old Academic, because at times he was an Epicurean.

"Nunc agilis fio, et mersor civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ custos, rigidusque satelles."

These lines (I say) can never be tortured into Epicureanism, as the editor of Arrian well knows. And what did Horace study in his youth, when at Athens, *inter sylvas Academi?* Was it the doctrine of Epicurus? He might as well have studied the doctrine of Calvin at St. Omer's. It is hard not to take a man's own word in matters merely relative to himself."

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a Crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bade *tranſlate*,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.

How

NOTES.

VER. 180. *A Perſian tale*] Amb. Philips tranſlated a Book called the *Perſian Tales*, a book full of fancy and imagination. P.

Philips, certainly not a very animated or firſt-rate writer, yet appears not to deſerve quite ſo much contempt, if we look at his firſt and fifth paſtoral, his epiſtle from Copenhagen, his ode on the Death of Earl Cowper, his tranſlations of the two firſt Olympic odes of Pindar, the two odes of Sappho, and, above all, his pleaſing tragedy of the Diſtreſs'd Mother. The ſecret grounds of Philip's malignity to Pope, are ſaid to be the ridicule and laughter he met with from all the Hanover Club, of which he was ſecretary, for miſtaking the incomparable ironical paper in the Guardian, No. 40. which was written by Pope, for a ſerious criticiſm on paſtoral poetry. The learned Heyne alſo miſtook this irony, as appears by p. 202. v. 1. of his Virgil.

VER. 189. *All theſe, my modeſt Satire bade* tranſlate,] See their works, in the Tranſlations of claſſical books by *ſeveral hands*. P.

How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not ADDISON himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there One whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;

Bleſt

NOTES.

VER. 190. *And own'd that nine ſuch Poets*] Before this piece was publiſhed, Dr. Young had addreſſed two Epiſtles to our Author, in the year 1730, concerning the Authors of the age; in which are many paſſages that bear a great reſemblance to many of Pope's; though Pope has heightened, improved, and condenſed the hints, images, and ſentiments of Young.

Shall we not cenſure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or Champain?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb
And whet their appetite on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark,
The purple prelate, or the pariſh clerk,
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig,
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad,
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite,
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune their reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds?
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut;
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits;
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.

VER. 192. *And ſwear, not* ADDISON *himſelf was ſafe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following tranſitions and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the ſeverity of the ſatire, by thoſe who were ſtrangers to the provocation. W.

VER. 193. *But were there One whoſe fires, &c.*] Our Poet's friendſhip with Mr. Addiſon began in the year 1713. It was cultivated on both ſides with all the marks of mutual eſteem and affection, and a conſtant intercourſe of good offices. Mr. Addiſon

Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:

Should

NOTES.

ſon was always commending moderation; warned his friend againſt a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for his indiſcreet zeal. The tranſlation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in puſhing the ſubſcription; but at the ſame time adviſed Mr. Pope not to be content with the applauſe of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's intereſt his own, ſee note on Ver. 215. 1 Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when *Dennis* ſo brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called *A narrative of his madneſs*.

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and ſuperior genius in Poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's falſe delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (ſee his Letters) in their clamours againſt him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had aſſiſted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himſelf, the true grounds of his diſguſt. But his jealouſy ſoon broke out, and diſcovered itſelf, firſt to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very haſty manner, and printed in a collection of Miſcellanies. The ſucceſs it met with encouraged the Author to reviſe and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happieſt invention, he took from the *Roſicrucian* Syſtem. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his ſcheme to Mr. Addiſon, who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to ſee his friend receive it coldly; and even to adviſe him againſt any alteration; for that the poem, in its original ſtate, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expreſſed it, *merum ſal*. Mr. Pope was ſhocked for his friend; and then firſt began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midſt of his engagements on the ſame ſubject, and by a creature of Mr. Addiſon's, made

Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
Alike

NOTES.

made him ſuſpect this to be another ſhaft from the ſame quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumſtances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only publiſhed with Mr. Addiſon's participation, but was indeed his own performance. And Sir R. Steele, in the ninth Edition of the *Drummer* (which Tickell had omitted to inſert amongſt Addiſon's Works) in a long epiſtle to Congreve, affirms very intelligibly, that Addiſon, and not Tickell, was the tranſlator of the *firſt book* of the Iliad to which the latter had ſet his name. Mr. Pope, in his firſt reſentment of this uſage, was reſolved to expoſe this new Verſion in a ſevere critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpoſe; in which he has claſſed the ſeveral faults in tranſlation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing ſplendor of his own works ſo eclipſed the faint efforts of this oppoſition, that he truſted to its own weakneſs and malignity for the juſtice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addiſon's ſon-in-law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to ſuch a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley; in which he had ſcurrilouſly abuſed Mr. Pope and his family; and for this ſervice he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addiſon a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no ſtranger to his behaviour; which, however, he ſhould not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face: and what deſerved praiſe he would not deny him to the world; and, as a proof of this diſpoſition towards him, he had ſent him the incloſed; which was the CHARACTER, firſt publiſhed ſeparately, and afterwards inſerted in this place of the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addiſon treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with juſtice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

It appears, from a collection of Swift's Letters lately publiſhed, that Mr. Addiſon, when party was at its height, uſed

Swift

View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the Iliad.

NOTES.

Swift much better than he had uſed Pope, on that account, though he had been more roughly treated by Swift than Pope's nature would ſuffer him to treat any one. But the reaſon is plain. Swift was Addiſon's rival only in politics: Pope was his rival in poetry; an oppoſition leſs tolerable, as more perſonal. However Addiſon's ſocial talents, in the entertainment and enjoyment of his intimate friends, charmed both Pope and Swift alike; as a quality far ſuperior to any thing that was to be found in any other man. W.

VER. 193. *But were there One whoſe fires, &c.*] The ſtrokes in this Character are highly finiſhed. Atterbury ſo well underſtood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he ſays, "Since you now know where your Strength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought ſatiric poetry to its perfection. W.

VER. 198. *Bear, like the Turk,*] This is from Bacon de Aug. Scient. lib. 3. p. 180. And the thought was alſo uſed by Ld. Orrery, and by Denham.

Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While

NOTES.

VER. 209. *Like* Cato, *give*] In the ſecond volume of the Biographia Britannica is a vindication of Addiſon, by a writer who, to a conſummate knowledge of the laws and hiſtory of his country, added a moſt exquiſite taſte in literature, I mean Sir William Blackſtone; who thus concludes this vindication: "Nothing ſurely could juſtify ſo deep a reſentment, unleſs the ſtory be true of the commerce between Addiſon and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed of a gentleman who was ſo amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own caſe) had two years before expreſsly diſapproved of a perſonal abuſe of Mr. Dennis. The perſon, indeed, from whom Mr. Pope ſeems to have received this anecdote, about the time of his writing the character, (viz. about July 1715,) was no other than the Earl of Warwick, ſon-in-law to Mr. Addiſon himſelf: and the ſomething about Wycherley (in which the ſtory ſuppoſes that Addiſon hired Gildon to abuſe Pope and his family) is explained by a note on the Dunciad, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's Life. Now it happens, that in July 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in Auguſt 1721) was only a boy of ſeventeen, and not likely to be entruſted with ſuch a ſecret, by a ſtateſman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any way connected or acquainted; for Mr. Addiſon was not married to his mother, the Counteſs of Warwick, till the following year 1716: nor would Gildon have been employed in July 1715 to write Mr. Wycherley's Life, who lived till the December following. As therefore ſo many inconſiſtencies are evident in the ſtory itſelf, which never found its way into print till near ſixty years after it is ſaid to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to ſuppoſe that the whole of it was founded on ſome miſapprehenſion in either Mr. Pope or the Earl; and unleſs better proof can be given, we ſhall readily acquit Mr. Addiſon of this moſt odious part of the charge."

I beg leave to add, that as to the other accuſation, Dr. Young, Lord Bathurſt, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, each of them aſſured me that Addiſon himſelf certainly tranſlated the firſt Book of Homer.

An

While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

What

NOTES.

An able vindication of Addiſon was written by Mr. Jeremiah Markland, then a young man, and afterwards the celebrated Critic. Both were printed together, by Curll, ſo early as 1717. And perhaps this circumſtance may furniſh a clue to what has been ſo ably diſcuſſed by Judge Blackſtone, in the "Biographia Britannica," under the article Addiſon. The epiſtle to Arbuthnot was not publiſhed till January 1735; that to Auguſtus, with ſome others, appeared in 1738.—"I have ſeen Mr. Pope's beſt performances, and find that he pleaſes the town moſt when he is moſt out of humour with the court. He has made very free with his gracious majeſty, in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus. But he had loſt his favourite bill; even my Lord Harvey had carried a point againſt him; and while he is angry, he will never be idle. In this laſt Epiſtle he ſeems to have recanted all he had before ſaid of Addiſon," viz.

——" (Excuſe ſome courtly ſtains)
" No whiter page than Addiſon remains," &c.

From a manuſcript letter of Mr. Clarke, who wrote on Antient Coins, to his learned printer and friend Mr. Bowyer; July 6, 1738.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if* ATTICUS *were he?*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whoſe more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or eſteem, then friendſhip, in ſpite of ridicule, will make a ſeparation; our old impreſſions will get the better of our new; or, at leaſt, ſuffer themſelves to be no further impaired than by the admiſſion of a mixture of pity and concern. W.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falſehood, which ſome of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which ſee refuted in the Teſtimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occaſion of writing it was ſuch as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

What tho' my Name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.

His

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Pſalm. P.

VER. 232. *Puff'd by ev'ry quill;*] By Addiſon, in his Account of Poets; by Steele, in a dedication to the Spectator; by Tickell, to his Homer. The ridicule on the Hind and Panther was the beſt of Halifax's compoſitions.

His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:

But

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VER. 236. *A true* Pindar *ſtood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide. *Fulv. Urſin. &c.* P.

VER. 245. Dryden *alone*] Our Poet, with true gratitude, has ſeized every opportunity of ſhewing his reverence for his great maſter, Dryden; whom Swift as conſtantly depreciated and maligned. "I do affirm," ſays he ſeverely, but with exquiſite irony indeed, in the dedication of the Tale of a Tub to Prince Poſterity, "upon the word of a ſincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent ſearch were made, for aught I know, is yet to be ſeen." And he attacks him again in the Battle of Books. Shafteſbury is alſo very fond of petulantly carping at Dryden: "To ſee the incorrigibleneſs of our poets in their pedantic manner," ſays he, vol. iii. p. 276. "their vanity, defiance of criticiſm; their rhodomontade, and poetical bravado; we need only turn to our famous poet-laureat, the very Mr. Bays himſelf, in one of his lateſt and moſt-valued pieces, Don Sebaſtian, writ many years after the ingenious author of the Rehearſal had drawn his picture." I remember to have heard my father ſay, that Mr. Elijah Fenton, who

But ſtill the *Great* have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!
So when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or

NOTES.

was his intimate friend, and had been his maſter, informed him, that Dryden, upon ſeeing ſome of Swift's earlieſt verſes, ſaid to him, "Young man, you will never be a poet:" And that this was the cauſe of Swift's rooted averſion to Dryden, mentioned above. Baucis and Philemon was ſo much and ſo often altered, at the inſtigation of Addiſon, who mentioned this circumſtance to my father at Magdalen College, that not above eight lines remain as they originally ſtood. Shafteſbury's reſentment was excited by the admirable poem of Abſolom and Achitophel; and particularly by four lines in it that related to Lord Aſhley, his father:

"And all to leave, what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a ſon,
Got while his ſoul did huddled notions try,
And born a ſhapeleſs lump, like anarchy."

In the character which Dr. Johnſon has given of Dryden, with his uſual eloquence and energy, there is one ſentence to which I cannot ſubſcribe: "Dryden, ſtanding in the higheſt place, was in no danger from his contemporaries." Where then was Milton? Dryden himſelf yielded the firſt place to Milton.

VER. 248. *Help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtowed upon him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of Quality. P.

VER. 248. *Help'd to ſtarve.*] Alluding to the ſubſcription that was made for his funeral. Garth ſpoke an oration over him. His neceſſities obliged him to produce (beſides many other poetical pieces) twenty-ſeven plays in twenty-five years. He got 25 l. for the copy, and 70 l. for his benefits generally. Dramatic poetry was certainly not his talent. His plays, a very few paſſages excepted, are inſufferably unnatural. It is remarkable that he did not ſcruple to confeſs, that he could not reliſh the pathos and ſimplicity

Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſs'd be the *Great*, for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me GAY;
Left

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plicity of Euripides. When he publiſhed his Fables, Tonſon agreed to give him two hundred and ſixty-eight pounds for ten thouſand verſes. And, to complete the full number of lines ſtipulated for, he gave the bookſeller the epiſtle to his couſin, and the celebrated Muſic Ode. "Old Jacob Tonſon uſed to ſay, that Dryden was a little jealous of rivals. He would compliment Crown when a play of his failed, but was very cold to him if he met with ſucceſs. He ſometimes uſed to ſay that Crown had ſome genius: but then he added always, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted." Mr. Pope to Mr. Spence.

VER. 251. *So when a Statesman, &c.*] Notwithſtanding this ridicule on the *public* neceſſities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confeſs that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their *private* diſtreſſes generally may. For (when uninfected by the *neighbourhood of Party*) he ſpeaks of thoſe neceſſities much more diſpaſſionately. W.——In fact, neither great miniſters, nor great princes, are either ſo good or ſo bad, as their flatterers and cenſurersrepreſent them to be. This, however, ought not to prevent our keeping a jealous eye over every man in power.

VER. 256. *Left me* GAY;] The ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of Gay's temper and manners much endeared him to all his acquaintance, and made them always ſpeak of him with particular fondneſs and attachment. He wrote with neatneſs and terſeneſs, æquali quâdam mediocritate, but certainly without any elevation; frequently without any ſpirit. Trivia appears to be the beſt of his poems, in which are many ſtrokes of genuine humour and pictures of London-life, which are now become curious, becauſe our manners, as well as our dreſſes, have been ſo much altered and changed within a few years. His Fables, the moſt popular of all his works, have the fault of many modern fable-writers, the aſcribing, to the different animals and objects introduced, ſpeeches and actions inconſiſtent with their ſeveral natures. An elephant can have no-

Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh

NOTES.

thing to do in a bookſeller's ſhop. They are greatly inferior to the Fables of La Fontaine, which is perhaps the moſt unrivalled work in the whole French language. The Beggars' Opera has ſurely been extolled beyond its merits. I could never perceive that fine vein of concealed ſatire ſuppoſed to run through it: And though I ſhould not join with a bench of Weſtminſter Juſtices in forbidding it to be repreſented on the ſtage, yet I think pick-pockets, ſtrumpets, and highwaymen may be hardened in their vices by this piece: and that Pope and Swift talked too highly of its moral good effects. One undeſigned and accidental miſchief attended its ſucceſs: it was the parent of that moſt monſtrous of all dramatic abſurdities, the Comic Opera. The friendſhip of two ſuch excellent perſonages as the Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſberry, did, in truth, compenſate poor Gay's want of penſion and preferment. They behaved to him conſtantly with that delicacy and ſenſe of ſeeming equality, as never to ſuffer him for a moment to feel his ſtate of dependence. Let every man of letters, who wiſhes for patronage, read D'Alembert's Eſſay on living with the Great, before he enters the houſe of a patron: And let him always remember the fate of Racine, who having drawn up, at Madame Maintenon's ſecret requeſt, a memorial that ſtrongly painted the diſtreſſes of the French nation, the weight of their taxes, and the expences of the court, ſhe could not reſiſt the importunity of Lewis XIV. but ſhewed him her friend's paper, againſt whom the king immediately conceived a violent indignation, becauſe a poet ſhould dare to buſy himſelf with politics. Racine had the weakneſs to take this anger ſo much to heart, that it brought on a low fever which haſtened his death. The Ducheſs of Queenſberry would not ſo have betrayed her poetical friend Gay. I was informed by Mr. Spence, that Mr. Addiſon, in his laſt illneſs, ſent to ſpeak with Mr. Gay, and told him he had injured him; probably with reſpect to his gaining ſome employment at court; "but," ſaid he, "if I recover I will endeavour to recompenſe you."

Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too! 261
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend 265
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?

Has

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendſhips from youth I ſought, and ſeek them ſtill:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The World I knew, but made it not my School *,
And in a courſe of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

* By *not making the World his School*, he means, he did not form his ſyſtem of morality on the principles or practice of men in buſineſs.

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VER. 261. *Oh let me live*] In the firſt edition;

Give me on Thames's banks, in honeſt eaſe,
To ſee what friends, or read what books I pleaſe.

VER. 265. *Tho' I condeſcend, &c.*] He thought it, and he juſtly thought it, a condeſcenſion in an honeſt Man to accept the friendſhip of any one, how high ſoever, whoſe conduct in life was governed only on *principles of policy:* for of what *Miniſters* he ſpeaks, may be ſeen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to. W.

VER. 271. *Why am I aſk'd, &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of thoſe impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by thoſe who called themſelves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amuſement.—A French Writer

Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
" I found him cloſe with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
" (Cries prating *Balbus*) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
" No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*
Curſt

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 282. in the MS.

P. What if I ſing Auguſtus, great and good?
A. You did ſo lately, was it underſtood?
P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumb'ling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verſe,
Then ſmooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearſe.
A. No——the high taſk to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-ſermons, and to Birth-day Odes.
On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal ſhine.
P. Why write at all?——A. Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

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Writer ſays well on this occaſion—Dès qu'on eſt auteur, il ſemble qu'on ſoit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuſer leur oiſiveté. W.

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my* Style?] The diſcovery of a concealed author by his Style, not only requires a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great ſkill in the nature of compoſition. But, in the practice of theſe Critics, knowing an Author by his ſtyle, is like judging of a man's whole perſon from the view of one of his moles.

When

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love;*

Who

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When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertiſement* to the firſt edition of the *new Dunciad*, intimating, that "it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect and unfiniſhed," I objected to him the affectation of uſing ſo unpromiſing an attempt to miſlead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taſte; that, moſt commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in faſhion; who took the lead, and who ſometimes have intruded on the Town the dulleſt performances for works of wit: while, at the ſame time, ſome true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath paſſed by the public eye unobſerved or neglected: That he once before made the trial, I now objected to, with ſucceſs, in the *Eſſay on Man:* which was at firſt given (as he told me) to Dr. Young, to Dr. Deſaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in ſhort, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this ſame Public, when let into the ſecret, would, for ſome time after, ſuffer no poem with a moral title, to paſs for any man's but his. So the *Eſſay on Human Life*, the *Eſſay on Reaſon*, and many others of a worſe tendency, were very liberally beſtowed upon him. W.——
There are many admirable paſſages in Harte's Eſſay on Human Reaſon, which was much praiſed on its firſt publication, and is ſaid to have been corrected by Pope.

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk? Satire

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VER. 299. *Who to the* Dean, *and* ſilver bell, *&c.*] Meaning the man who would have perſuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in thoſe circumſtances ridiculed in the Epiſtle on *Taſte*. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. P.

VER. 305. *Let* Sporus *tremble*] Language cannot afford more glowing or more forcible terms to expreſs the utmoſt bitterneſs of contempt. We think we are here reading Milton againſt Salmaſius. The raillery is carried to the very verge of *railing*, ſome will ſay *ribaldry*. He has armed his muſe with a ſcalping knife. The portrait is certainly over-charged: for Lord H. for whom it was deſign'd, whatever his morals might be, had yet conſiderable abilities, though marred by affectation. Some of his ſpeeches in parliament were much beyond florid impotence. They were, it is true, in favour of Sir R. Walpole; and this was ſufficiently offenſive to Pope. The fact that particularly excited his indignation, was Lord H.'s Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin) from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, 1733; as well as his having been concerned with Lady M. W. M. in Verſes to the Imitator of Horace, 1732. This Lady's beauty, wit, genius, and travels, of which ſhe gave an account in a ſeries of elegant and entertaining letters, very characteriſtical of the manners of the Turks,

Satire or Senſe, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet

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Turks, and of which many are addreſſed to Pope; are well known, and juſtly celebrated. With both noble perſonages had Pope lived in a ſtate of intimacy. And juſtice obligeth us to confeſs that he was the aggreſſor in the quarrel with them: as he firſt aſſaulted and affronted Lord H. by theſe two lines in his Imitation of the firſt Satire of Horace's ſecond Book:

The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.

And Lady M. W. M. by the eighty-third line of the ſame piece, too groſs to be here repeated.

It is a ſingular circumſtance, that our Author's indignation was ſo vehement and inexhauſtible, that it furniſhed him with another invective, of equal power, in proſe, which is to be found at the end of the eighth volume, containing his Letters. The reader that turns to it, page 253, (for it is too long to be here inſerted, and too full of matter to be abridged,) will find, that it abounds in ſo many new ſtrokes of ſarcaſm, in ſo many ſudden and repeated blows, that he does not allow the poor devoted peer a moment's breathing-time:

Nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille ſiniſtrâ;
Nec mora, nec requies; quam multâ grandere nimbi
Culmimibus crepitant; ſic denſis ictibus heros
Creber utrâque manû pulſat, verſatque.

It is indeed a maſter-piece of *invective*, and perhaps excels the character of Sporus itſelf, capital as that is, above quoted: who, however, would wiſh to be the author of ſuch a cutting invective? But can this be the nobleman (we are apt to aſk) whom Middleton, in his Dedication to the Hiſtory of the Life of Tully, has ſo ſeriouſly, and ſo earneſtly praiſed, for his ſtrong good ſenſe, his conſummate politeneſs, his real patriotiſm, his rigid temperance, his thorough knowledge and defence of the laws of his country, his accurate ſkill in hiſtory, his unexampled and unremitted diligence in literary purſuits, who added credit to this very hiſtory,

as

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In

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as Scipio and Lælius did to that of Polybius, by reviſing and correcting it; and brightening it, as he expreſſes it, by the ſtrokes of his pencil? The man that had written this ſplendid encomium on Lord H. could not, we may imagine, be very well affected to the bard who had painted Lord Fanny in ſo ridiculous a light. We find him writing thus to Dr. Warburton, January 7, 1740: "You have evinced the orthodoxy of Mr. Pope's principles; but, like the old commentators on his Homer, will be thought perhaps, in ſome places, to have found a meaning for him, that he himſelf never dreamt of. However, if you did not *find* him a *philoſopher*, you will *make* him one; for he will be wiſe enough to take the benefit of your reading, and make his future Eſſays more clear and conſiſtent."

VER. 306. *White curd*] Methinks this was too perſonal. Lord Hervey, to prevent the attacks of an epilepſy, perſiſted in a ſtrict regimen of daily food, which was a ſmall quantity of aſſes milk and a flour biſcuit, with an apple once a week; and he uſed a little paint to ſoften his ghaſtly appearance.

VER. 308. *Upon a wheel?*] It ought to be *the* wheel. The indefinite article is uſed for the definite.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſea-ſaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.
Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; Be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lie in verſe or proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:

That

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VER. 322. *Or blaſphemies.*] In former editions theſe two lines followed immediately:

Did ever Smock-face act ſo vile a part,
A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we conſider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the moſt poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris: "I intend

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The

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tend to ſend you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the beſt Poet of England, and at preſent of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the Engliſh tongue, to be ſenſible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* as ſuperior to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Deſpreaux. I never ſaw ſo amiable an imagination, ſo gentle graces, ſo great variety, ſo much wit, and ſo refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." *MS. Lett. Oct.* 15, 1726. W.

Ver. 341. *But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:*] This may be ſaid no leſs in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his ſuperior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He ſoon diſcovered in what his force lay; and he made the beſt of that advantage, by a ſedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not eſcape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorſus: unum ne tentes quod effici non poſſit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus eſt idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great maſter, *Dryden;* who, by his Mac-Flecno, his Abſolom and Achitophel, but chiefly by his Prologues and Epilogues, appears to have had great talents for this ſpecies of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he ſeemed neither to underſtand nor attend to it. W.

Ibid. *But ſtoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the alluſion to one of thoſe untam'd birds of ſpirit, which ſometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *ſtoops to*, its prey. W.

Ver. 343. *He ſtood the furious foe,*] Stood, improperly uſed for withſtood.

The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;

The

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VER. 350. *The tale reviv'd,*] Formerly, "The tales of vengeance."

VER. 350. *The lie so oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle.* P.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash,*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others. W.

VER. 353. *The pictur'd shape;*] Hay, in his essay on Deformity, has remarked, that Pope was so hurt by the caricatura of his figure, as to rank it among the most atrocious injuries he received from his enemies. Hay, with much pleasantry, jesting on his own deformity, has added, "In person I resemble Esop, the Prince of Orange, Marshal Luxemburg, Lord Treasurer Salisbury, Scarron, and Mr. Pope; not to mention Thersites and Richard the Third, whom I do not claim as members of our society; the first being a child of the poet's fancy; the last, misrepresented by historians. Let me not be unthankful that I was not born in Sparta! where I had no sooner seen the light but I should have been deprived of it, and have been thrown, as an useless thing, into a cavern by Mount Taygetus."

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very

The whiſper, that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sov'REIGN's Ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*

A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling ſcribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This

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VER. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs Youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a Female Wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the ſin, and Man's the ſhame.

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Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons. P.

VER. 356. *The* whiſper, *that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,*] By the *whiſper* is meant calumniating honeſt characters. Shakeſpeare has finely expreſſed this office of the ſycophant of *Greatneſs* in the following line:

"Rain *ſacrificial whiſp'rings* in his ear."

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron. W.——Did Shakeſpeare mean this?

VER. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the* laſt!] This line is remarkable for preſenting us with the moſt amiable image of ſteady Virtue, mixed with a modeſt concern for his being forced

to

This dreaded Sat'riſt *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but Friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*,
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on *Welſted*'s lie,
To pleaſe his Miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;

Let

NOTES.

to undergo the ſevereſt proofs of his love for it; which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN. W.

VER. 363. Sporus *at court,*] In former editions, Glencus at court.

VER. 374. *Ten years*] It was ſo long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurrilities and falſehoods concerning him. P.

VER. 375. *Welſted's lie,*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſhed that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a preſent of *five hundred pounds:* the falſehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any preſent, farther than the ſubſcription for Homer, from him, or from *any great Man* whatſoever. P.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, beſtowed much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubſtreet Journal;* a Paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Author. P.

VER. 379. *Except his Will;*] Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the excluſion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himſelf almoſt the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him. P.

Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!*
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of

NOTES.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In ſome of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was ſaid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity:* and the following line,

"Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,"

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the Earl of Lindſay.—His Mother was the daughter of William Turner, Eſq. of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; ſhe in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finiſhed. The following inſcription was placed by their ſon on their Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham in Middleſex:

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHÆ. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMÆ. QUÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI.

P.

Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe,)
Each parent ſprung—A. What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His

NOTES.

VER. 388. *Of gentle blood*] When Mr. Pope publiſhed the notes on the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, giving an account of his family, Mr. Pottinger, a relation of his, obſerved, that his couſin Pope had made himſelf out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard any thing himſelf of their being deſcended from the Earls of Downe; and, what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogiſt, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumſtance; on which ſhe certainly would not have been ſilent, had ſhe known any thing of it. Mr. Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the church of England in Hampſhire. He placed his ſon, Mr. Pope's father, with a merchant at Liſbon, where he became a convert to Popery. (Thus far Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carliſle, a friend of Pope; from Mr. Pottinger.) The burying-place and monuments of the family of the Popes, Earls of Downe, is at Wroxton, Oxfordſhire. The Earl of Guildford ſays, that he has ſeen and examined the pedigrees and deſcents of that family, and is ſure that there were then none

His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day,
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wiſe to write.

NOTES.

of the name of Pope left, who could be deſcended from that family.——(From John Loveday, of Caverſham, Eſquire.)

VER. 408. *Me, let the tender office*] Theſe exquiſite lines give us a very intereſting picture of the exemplary filial piety of our Author! There is a penſive and pathetic ſweetneſs in the very flow of them. The eye that has been wearied and oppreſſed by the harſh and auſtere colouring of ſome of the preceding paſſages, turns away with pleaſure from theſe aſperities, and repoſes with complacency on the ſoft tints of domeſtic tenderneſs. We are naturally gratified to ſee men deſcending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common life; and the ſenſation is the more pleaſing to us, becauſe admiration is turned into affection. In the very entertaining Memoirs of the Life of Racine (publiſhed by his ſon) we find no paſſage more amuſing and intereſting, than where that great Poet ſends an excuſe to Monſieur, the Duke, who had earneſtly invited him to dine at the Hotel de Conde, becauſe he had

Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, cheerful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

had promiſed to partake of a great fiſh that his children had got for him, and he could not think of diſappointing them.

Melancthon appeared in an amiable light, when he was ſeen holding a book in one hand, and attentively reading, and with the other, rocking the cradle of his infant child. And we read with more ſatisfaction,

——ὁ παιδος ορεξατο Φαιδιμος Εκτωρ.
Αψ δ' ὑ παϊς ωρος κολπον ἐϋζωνοιο τιθηνης
Εκλινθη ιαχων——

than we do,

Τρις μεν ορεξατ ιων· το δε τετρατον ικετο τεκμωρ
Αιγας——

VER. 409. *To rock the cradle*] This tender image is from the Eſſays of Montaign. Mr. Gray was equally remarkable for affectionate attention to his aged mother; ſo was Arioſto. Pope's mother was a ſiſter of Cooper's wife, the very celebrated miniature painter. Lord Carleton had a portrait of Cooper, in crayons, which Mrs. Pope ſaid was not very like; and which, deſcending to Lord Burlington, was given by his Lordſhip to Kent. "I have a drawing," ſays Mr. Walpole, "of Pope's father, as he lay dead in his bed, by his brother-in-law, Cooper." It was Mr. Pope's. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. p. 115.

VER. 417. *And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a* QUEEN.] An honeſt compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected diſintereſtedneſs, when he was the favourite Phyſician of Queen Anne. W.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur *. HOR.

---

* This motto ſuited the free and eaſy manner of Horace; not the more ſolemn tones of his imitator. Pope told Mr. Spence, that he wrote this Imitation in two mornings, excellent as it is.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the Clamour raiſed on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. An Anſwer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own Perſon; and the Example of much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, ſeemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Miniſters* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of *Oxford*, while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewſbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerved in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a *Satiriſt* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satiriſt* nothing is ſo odious as a *Libeller*, for the ſame

ſame reaſon as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

Few Imitations of Horace are executed with more fidelity and ſpirit than that of the 1ſt Sat. of B. i. by Sir Brooke Boothby, addreſſed to his amiable and poetical friend Dr. Darwin. "Had Horace wrote his Satires or Epiſtles in the ſame kind of numbers with Virgil's Æneid, it would have been a monſtrous impropriety; like hunting the fox or the hare on a war-horſe, with the equipage of a General at a review, or in the day of battle. He knew very well, that, in familiar writings, dignity of verſification would be quite ridiculous." ARMSTRONG.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

[a]SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; [b]ſine nervis altera, quid, quid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [c]Trebati,
Quid faciam? præſcribe.

T. Quieſ-

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *There are,*] "When I had a fever one winter in town," ſaid Pope to Mr. Spence, "that confined me to my room for five or ſix days, Lord Bolingbroke came to ſee me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and, in turning it over, dipt on the firſt ſatire of the ſecond book. He obſerved how well that would ſuit my caſe, if I were to imitate it in Engliſh. After he was gone, I read it over, tranſlated it in a morning or two, and ſent it to preſs in a week or fortnight after. And this was the occaſion of my imitating ſome other of the Satires and Epiſtles." "To how caſual a beginning," adds Spence, "we are obliged for the moſt delightful things in our language! When I was ſaying to him, that he had already imitated near a third part of Horace's ſatires and epiſtles, and how much it was to be wiſhed that he would go on with them, he could not believe that he had gone ſo far; but, upon computing it, it appeared to be above a third. He ſeemed on this not diſinclined to carry it farther; but his laſt illneſs was then growing upon him, and robbed us of him, and of all hopes of that kind, in a few months."

Tranſcribed from Spence's Anecdotes; 1754.

No parts of our Author's Works have been more admired than thoſe Imitations. The aptneſs of the alluſions, and the happineſs of many of the parallels, give a pleaſure that is always no

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I ſcarce can think it, but am told,)
[a] There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much to rough.
[b] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c] I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
F. I'd

NOTES.

ſmall one to the mind of a reader—the pleaſure of compariſon. He that has the leaſt acquaintance with theſe pieces of Horace, which reſemble the Old Comedy, immediately perceives, indeed, that our Author has aſſumed a higher tone, and frequently has deſerted the free colloquial air, the inſinuating Socratic manner of his original: and that he clearly reſembles in his ſtyle, as he did in his natural temper, the ſevere and ſerious Juvenal more than the ſmiling and ſportive Horace. Let us ſelect ſome paſſages in which he may be thought to have equalled, excelled, or fallen ſhort of the original; the latter of which cannot be deemed a diſgrace to our Poet, or to any other writer, if we conſider the extreme difficulty of transfuſing into another language the ſubtle beauties of Horace's dignified familiarity, and the uncommon union of ſo much facility and force.

VER. 10. *Advice; and, as you uſe,*] Horace, with much ſeeming ſerioufneſs, applies for advice to the celebrated Roman lawyer C. Trebatius Teſta, an intimate friend of Julius Cæſar, and of Tully,

T. [d] Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, si non

Optimum erat: [e] verum nequeo dormire.

T. [f] Ter uncti

Transnanto, Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;

Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

Aut,

NOTES.

Tully, as appears from many of his epistles to Atticus; the gravity and self-importance of whose character is admirably supported throughout this little drama. His answers are short, authoritative, and decisive. "Quiescas, aio." And, as he was known to be a great drinker and swimmer, his two absurd pieces of advice have infinite pleasantry. All these circumstances of humour are dropt in the copy. The lettuce and cowslip-wine are insipid and unmeaning prescriptions, and have nothing to do with Mr. Fortescue's character. The third, fourth, and ninth lines of this Imitation are flat and languid. We must also observe, from the old commentators, that the verbs *transnanto* and *habento* are in the very style of the Roman law: "Vide ut directis jurisconsultorum verbis utitur ad Trebatium jurisconsultum."

There are many excellent remarks in Acro and Porphyrio; from whom, as well as from Cruquius, Dacier has borrowed much, without owning it. Dacier's translation of Horace is not equal to his Aristotle's Poetics. In the former, he is perpetually striving to discover new meanings in his author, which Boileau called, *The Revelations of Dacier*.

Cicero, as appears from many of his letters, had a great regard for this Trebatius, to whom he says, speaking of his accompanying Cæsar in his expedition to Britain, "I hear there is neither silver nor gold in that island." On which Middleton finely observes, "From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms: how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in

F. [d] I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
[e] And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.

F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a Wife:
[f] Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.

Or,

NOTES.

in ſloth, ignorance, and poverty; enſlaved to the moſt cruel, as well as to the moſt contemptible of tyrants, ſuperſtition and religious impoſture: while this remote country, antiently the jeſt and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy ſeat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flouriſhing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the ſame courſe which Rome itſelf had run before it; from virtuous induſtry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of diſcipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loſs of virtue, being grown ripe for deſtruction, it falls a prey at laſt to ſome hardy oppreſſor, and, with the loſs of liberty loſing every thing elſe that is valuable, ſinks gradually again into its original barbariſm."

VER. 11. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the moſt humorous part of the anſwer,

Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat:

and has loſt the grace, by not imitating the conciſeneſs, of

verum nequeo dormire.

For conciſeneſs, when it is clear, (as in this place,) gives the higheſt grace to elegance of expreſſion.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls ſhort of it. W.

VER. 12. *Sleep a wink.*] The rhyme conceals the vulgarity of the expreſſion, ſleep a wink. Rhyme has often this effect. But familiarity was perhaps intended.

[g] Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, audè
Cæsaris invecti res dicere, [h] multa laborum
Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i] neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* deſcribat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. [k] Attamen et juſtum poteras et ſcribere fortem,
Scipiadem ut ſapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipſa feret: [l] niſi *dextro tempore*, Flacci
Verba

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philoſopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our Engliſh poets, except Milton*, (ſays he, in a Letter to Mr. Locke,) *have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon of him.* And Mr. Locke, in anſwer to this obſervation, replies, *I find, with pleaſure, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Juſt ſo, a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Hiſtorian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But theſe being judgments made by men out of their own profeſſion, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully paſs for Poetaſters to the world's end. W.

Pope has turned the compliment to Auguſtus into a ſevere ſarcaſm. All the wits ſeem to have leagued againſt Sir Richard Blackmore. In a letter now lying before me from Elijah Fenton to my father, dated Jan. 24, 1707, he ſays, "I am glad to hear Mr. Phillips will publiſh his Pomona: Who prints it? I ſhall be mightily obliged to you if you could get me a copy of his verſes againſt Blackmore." As the letter contains one or two literary particulars, I will tranſcribe the reſt. As "to what you write about making a collection, I can only adviſe you to buy what poems you can, that Tonſon has printed, except the Ode to the Sun; unleſs you will take it in, becauſe I writ it; which I am freer to own, that Mat. Prior may not ſuffer in his reputation by having it aſcribed to him. My humble ſervice to Mr. Sacheverell,

and

[g] Or, if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe,
[h] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
P. What? like Sir [i] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?
F. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.
P. [l] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureat* twice a year;

And

NOTES.

and tell him I will never imitate Milton more, till the author of Blenheim is forgotten." In vain was Blackmore extolled by Molyneux and Locke: but Locke, to his other ſuperior talents, did not add good taſte. He affected to deſpiſe poetry, and he depreciated the antients: which circumſtance, as I was informed by the late Mr. James Harris, his relation, was the ſource of perpetual diſcontent and diſpute betwixt him and his pupil Lord Shafteſbury; who, in many parts of his Characteriſtics, and Letters to a Clergyman, has ridiculed Locke's ſelfiſh philoſophy, and has repreſented him as a diſciple of Hobbes; from which writer it muſt in truth be confeſſed that Locke borrowed frequently and largely. Locke had not the fine taſte of a greater philoſopher, I mean Galileo, who wrote a comment on Arioſto full of juſt criticiſm, and whoſe letter to Fr. Rinuccini on this ſubject may be ſeen in Martinelli's Letters, p. 255. London; 1758.

VER. 28. *Falling Horſe?*] The horſe on which his Majeſty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him. W.

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæsaris* aurem:
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. [m] Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentamnuve nepotem?
[n] Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est *intactus*, et odit.

H. [o] Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.
[p] Castor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia.

NOTES.

Ver. 39. *Abuse the City's* best good men *in* metre,] The *best good Man*, a City phrase for the *richest*. *Metre*—not used here purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence. W.

Ver. 41. *What should ail 'em?*] Horace hints at *one* reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next;* his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very levity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies, who suspect they may be included under that cover. W.

Ver. 45. *Each mortal*] These words, indeed, open the sense of Horace; but the *quid faciam* is better, as it leaves it to the reader to discover, what is one of Horace's greatest beauties, his secret and delicate transitions and connections, to which those who do not carefully attend, lose half the pleasure of reading him.

Ver. 46. *Darty his Ham-pye;*] This lover of Ham-pye own'd the fidelity of the Poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of *Ham-pye*, he had given him *Sweet-pye*, he never could have pardoned him. W.

Lyttelton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, has introduced Darteneuf, in a pleasant discourse betwixt him and Apicius, bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in having lived before turtle-feasts were known in England. The story of the Ham-pye was confirmed by Mr. Dodsley, who knew Darteneuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner.

Ver. 50. *Like in all else,*] This parallel is not happy and exact: To shew the variety of human passions and pursuits, Castor and Pollux

And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

F. [m] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not hate you.

P. What ſhould ail 'em?

F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.

P. [o] Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;
[p] F--- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one egg to another.

I love

NOTES.

Pollux were unlike, even though they came from one and the ſame egg. This is far more extraordinary and marvellous than that two common brothers ſhould have different inclinations. And afterwards, Ver. 51.

"I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old MONTAGNE."

"My chief pleaſure is to write Satires like Lucilius," ſays Horace. "My chief pleaſure," ſays Pope, "is—what? to ſpeak my mind freely and openly." There ſhould have been an inſtance of ſome employment, and not a virtuous habit.

Pope would not have been pleaſed with this cenſure of the politics of Shippen, who was an able ſpeaker, which the commentator has ſubjoined to this paſſage. A poet, like Lucilius, ought to have been named, not a politician. In the original, Horace calls Lucilius, *fenis*; not becauſe he was an old man, but becauſe

Millia. [a] me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilî ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, [r] Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret

NOTES.

he was of an antient equeſtrian family, and was great-uncle of Pompey the Great. Lucilius, among other inaccuracies of ſtyle, ſometimes ſtrangely disjoined words, as in *cere comminuit brum*, for *cerebrum*.

Ver. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,*] Inferior to the Original:

"Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris," &c.

Perſius alluded to this idea, when he ſaid,

"Vidi, vidi ipſe, Libelle!" &c. W.

Ver. 64. *Verſe-man or Proſe-man,*] The original, Ver. 35. Nam Venuſinus arat, down to Ver. 39. and to the words, incuteret violenta, which are improperly printed in a parentheſis, have been thought an awkward and a monkiſh interpolation, but were undoubtedly intended by Horace to repreſent the looſe, incoherent, and verboſe manner of Lucilius, who compoſed haſtily and careleſsly, ducentos ante cibum verſus; and who loaded his Satires with many uſeleſs and impertinent thoughts; very offenſive to the chaſte and correct taſte of Horace.

'I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The ſoul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
'Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Like good Eraſmus*] The violence and haughtineſs of Luther diſguſted the mild and moderate Eraſmus, and alienated him from purſuing the plan of reformation which at firſt he ſeemed to encourage and engage in. Luther repreſented him as an Arian and a time-ſerver. "I thought," ſaid Eraſmus, "Luther's marriage would have ſoftened him a little. It is hard for a man of my moderation and of my years to be obliged to write againſt a ſavage beaſt and a furious wild boar." But great revolutions and great reformations are not effected by calm and ſober reaſon, nor without ſuch violence and enthuſiaſm as Luther poſſeſſed. When Voltaire was lamenting that Locke and Newton had few diſciples in compariſon of the numerous followers of Luther and Calvin, it was replied to him, "that, without a Luther and Calvin, we ſhould never have had a Locke or Newton."

Incuteret violenta.] [s] ſed hic ſtylus haud petit ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti coſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus, quem cur deſtringere coner,
[t] Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? [u] O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,
Nec quiſquam noceat [w] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo,)
[x] Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.
[y] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande

NOTES.

Ver. 70. *To run a muck,*] The expreſſion is from Dryden:

"Frontleſs and ſatire-proof, he ſcours the ſtreets,
And *runs* an Indian *muck* at all he meets."

And it alludes to a practice among the Malayans, who are great gameſters; which is, that when a man has loſt all his property, he intoxicates himſelf with opium, works himſelf up to a fit of phrenzy, ruſhes into the ſtreets, and attacks and murders all he meets.

Ver. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, &c.*] Superior to

"tutus ab infeſtis latronibus,"

which only carries on the metaphor in

"——enſis
Vagina tectus;"

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the ſubject, by preſenting the reader with the ſeveral objects of ſatire. W.

Ver. 73. *Save but our Army! &c.*] "Une maladie nouvelle," ſays the admirable Author *de L'eſprit des Loix*, "s'eſt répandue en Europe; elle a ſaiſi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre deſordonné de Troupes. Elle a ſes redoublemens, et elle devient *neceſſairement contagieuſe*. Car ſi tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ſes Troupes, les autres ſoudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient ſur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit avoir, ſi

[s] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[t] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
[u] Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
[w] Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
[x] Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhime,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
[y] Slander or Poison dread from Delia' rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

Its

NOTES.

ses Peuples etoient en danger d'être exterminés; et ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT D'EFFORT DE TOUS CONTRE TOUS. Aussi l'Europe est-elle si ruinée, que les particuliers, qui seroient dans la situation où sont les trois Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les richesses & le commerce de tout l'univers; & bientôt, à force d'avoir des soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares." W.

VER. 78. *Slides into verse,*] Closely copied from Boileau:

" Et malheur a tout nom qui propre à la censure,
Peut entrer dans un vers sans rompre la mesure."

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original: But it is hard to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

" Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;"

yet there might be something, for aught we know, in the charac-

Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes,
[z] Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? [a] Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextera (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[b] Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Exſpectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
[c] Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.
T. [d] O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.
H. Quid?

NOTES.

ter or hiſtory of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the ſpirit and poignancy of the 82d verſe of the Imitation. W.

Ver. 85—90. *Its proper power to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two laſt lines, inferior to the elegance and preciſion of the original. W.

Ver. 91. *Then, learned Sir!*] The brevity and force of the original is evaporated in this long and feeble paraphraſe of the next ten lines. The third and three ſucceeding verſes are very languid and verboſe, and perhaps ſome of the worſt he has written.

Ver. 93—96. *Whether old age—ſhade*] The original is more finiſhed, and even more ſublime. Beſides, the laſt verſe—*To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade*, has a languor and redundancy unuſual with our Author. W.

Ver. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his eaſe, and with all this levity of ſtyle, of the diſaſters incident to wit. But it was a ſerious matter with Horace; and is ſo ſtill with our witty Neighbours; one of whom has well expreſſed their condition, in the following lines:

[z] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by pug.
[a] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat;
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.
[b] Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[c] Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.
F. [d] Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!

Plums

NOTES.

" Eh! Que ſait-on? Un ſimple badinage,
Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sot,
Peut vous jetter ſur un autre rivage:
Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot." W.

VER. 100. *Like Lee or Budgel,*] One is ſorry to ſee Lee, a true genius, coupled with Budgel, and his inſanity ridiculed.

VER. 101. *Your days can ne'er be long;*] The original ſays, " Leſt any one of your powerful friends ſhould ſtrike you with a cold and contemptuous look."—" Racine meurt," ſays Voltaire, " par une foibleſſe grand; parcequ'un autre homme en paſſant dans une galerie ne l'a pas regardé. J'en ſuis faché; mais le role de Phædre n'en eſt pas moins admirable."

H. [e] Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
[f] *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quiſque per ora
Cederet, *introrſum turpis;* num Lælius, et qui
Duxit

NOTES.

Ver. 104. *Will club their Teſters, &c.*] The image is exceeding humorous; and, at the ſame time, betrays the injuſtice of their reſentment, in the very circumſtance of their indulging it, as it ſhews the Poet had ſaid no more of their avarice than was true. His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with eaſe, and the other is always placed with propriety. W.

Ver. 105. *What? arm'd for Virtue*] From this line to Ver. 140. is a paſſage of as much force and energy as any that can be produced in the Engliſh language, in rhyme.

Ver. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Becauſe juſt *Satire* is an uſeful ſupplement to the ſanctions of *Law* and *Religion;* and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of thoſe who preſide in the adminiſtration either of Church or State. W.

Ver. 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden*] I believe neither of them would have been ſuffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the ſeveral Courts to which they belonged. W.

Ibid. *Could penſion'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpoſe to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius: it was Mr. Pope's deſign to ſatirize the preſent; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the inſtances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

" Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,"

loſes ſomething of its ſpirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius. W.

Ver. 111. *Could penſion'd Boileau*] Boileau acted with much caution and circumſpection when he firſt publiſhed his Lutrin here alluded to, and endeavoured to cover and conceal his ſubject by a preface intended to miſlead his reader from the real ſcene of action; but it ought to be obſerved, that he afterwards, in the year 1683, threw

Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. [e] What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star;*
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [f] ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir or ſlave?
I will,

NOTES.

threw aſide this diſguiſe, openly avowing the occaſion that gave riſe to the poem, the ſcene of which was not Bourges or Pourges, as before he had ſaid, but Paris itſelf; the quarrel he celebrated being betwixt the treaſurer and the chanter of the Holy Chapel in that city. The canons were ſo far from being offended, that they ſhewed their good ſenſe and good temper by joining in the laugh. Upon which Boileau compliments them, and adds, that many of that ſociety were perſons of ſo much wit and learning, that he would as ſoon conſult them upon his Works as the members of the French Academy. The name of the chanter was Barrin; that of the treaſurer, Claude Avri, biſhop of Conſtance in Normandy. The quarrel began in July 1667. See Letters of Broſſette to Boileau: à Lyon, 1770; p. 242. v. 1.; et Œuvres de M. Boileau, Deſpreaux, par M. de Saint Marc, tome ii. 177. Paris, 1747. He juſtly ſays, "e'en in Louis' reign;" for his bigotry was equally contemptible and cruel; and, if we may credit St. Simon, he actually died a jeſuit.

VER. 116. *Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir or ſlave?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord Treaſurer

Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet [g] Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
[h] Quin ubi ſe a *vulgo* et *ſcena* in *ſecreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis *ſapientia Læli*,
Nugari

NOTES.

Treaſurer Oxford affected to diſcourage that deſign; for ſo great a genius (he ſaid) ought not to be confined to Tranſlation. He always uſed Mr. Pope civilly; and would often expreſs his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the ſame time, he never ſpoke one word of a *penſion*. For this offer, he was ſolely indebted to the Whig-Miniſters. In the beginning of George I. Lord Halifax, of his own motion, ſent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that ſo great a Poet had never been diſtinguiſhed; that he was glad it was now in his power to ſerve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he ſhould have a penſion not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and deſired time to conſider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks; in which he took occaſion to mention the affair of the *penſion* with much Indifference. So the thing dropt, till Mr. Craggs came into the Miniſtry. The affair of the *penſion* was then reſumed. And this Miniſter, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a-year were then at his ſervice: he had the management of the ſecret-ſervice money, and could pay him ſuch a penſion without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without heſitation: only, in return for ſo friendly a propoſal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200l. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once preſſed him on this head, and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot; which Mr. Pope was ſenſible enough of: But the Precarioufneſs of that ſupply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage; which it was much better never to ſet up, than not properly to ſupport. From Spence. W.

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
[g] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
[h] There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

There

NOTES.

VER. 125. *There, my retreat*] I know not whether these lines, spirited and splendid as they are, give us more pleasure than the natural picture of the great Scipio and Lælius, unbending themselves from their high occupations, and descending to common and even trifling sports: for the old commentator says, that they lived in such intimacy with Lucilius, "ut quodam tempore Lælio circum lectos triclinii fugienti Lucilius superveniens, eum obtortâ mappâ quasi percussurus sequeretur." For this is the fact to which Horace seems to allude, rather than to what Tully mentions in the second book De Oratore, of their amusing themselves in picking up shells and pebbles on the sea-shore.

Bolingbroke is here represented as pouring out himself to his friend in the most free and unreserved conversations on topics the most interesting and important. But Pope was deceived: for it is asserted that the philosopher never discovered his real principles to our Poet; who is said, strange as it appears, not even to have been acquainted with the tenets and contents of those very essays which were addressed to himself, at the beginning of Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works. And it is added, that Pope was surprised, in his last illness, when a common acquaintance informed him that his Lordship, in a late conversation, had denied the *moral* attributes of God. There is a remarkable passage in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, dated June 1734: "I am glad you approve of his Moral Essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them,

Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[1] Cum *magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,

Offendet

NOTES.

them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the freethinkers, on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible." With respect to the doctrines in the Essay on Man, I shall here insert an anecdote copied exactly from the papers of Mr. Spence in the words of Pope himself: "In the moral poem, I had written an address to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliments to Epicurus, but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkley. One of our priests, who are *more narrow* than your's, made a less sensible objection to the Epistle on Happiness. He was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter; though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of man here."

If Bolingbroke concealed his real opinions from Pope, yet surely he speaks out plainly and loudly to Swift in one of his letters, and openly tells him he dismisses from his creed the belief of a future state, as superfluous, and unnecessary to be called in to vindicate the general plan of Providence.

"Does Pope talk to you of the noble work which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner that he must be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did. The first Epistle, which considers Man relatively to the whole system of universal Being: The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself: And the third, which shews how an universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws: how man, and beast, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency; parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole: how human societies were formed: from what spring true religion and true policy are derived: how God has made our greatest interests

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And HE, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

[1] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No pimp of pleaſure, and no ſpy of ſtate,

With

NOTES.

tereſts and our plaineſt duty indiviſibly the ſame: Theſe three epiſtles, I ſay, are finiſhed. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble ſubject: he pleads the cauſe of God. I uſe Seneca's expreſſion againſt that famous charge which atheiſts in all ages have brought—the ſuppoſed unequal diſpenſations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it, indeed, for an extreme good purpoſe, and you build on this admiſſion the neceſſity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments; but if you ſhould find that this future ſtate will not account for God's juſtice in the preſent ſtate, which you give up, in oppoſition to the atheiſt, would it not have been better to defend God's juſtice in this world, againſt theſe daring men, by irrefragable reaſons, and to have reſted the other point on revelation? I do not like conceſſions made againſt demonſtration; repair or ſupply them how you will. The Epiſtles I have mentioned will compoſe a firſt book: the plan of the ſecond is ſettled. You will not underſtand by what I have ſaid, that Pope will go ſo deep into the argument, or carry it ſo far as I have hinted."

VER. 129. *And* HE, *whoſe lightning, &c.*] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horſe and 900 foot, enterpriſed and accompliſhed the Conqueſt of Valentia. P.

VER. 133. Envy *muſt own,*] Pope has omitted an elegant alluſion. Horace ſeems to have been particularly fond of thoſe exquiſite morſels of wit and genius, the old Æſopic fables. He frequently alludes to them, but always with a brevity very different from our modern writers of fable. Even the natural La Fontaine has

Offendet ſolido:

[k] niſi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Diſſentis.

T. [l] Equidem nihil hinc diſſingere poſſum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî

Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum:

[m] "*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt*

"*Judiciumque.*"

H. Eſto,

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has added a quaint and witty thought to this very fable. The File ſays to the Viper, Fab. 98.

"Tu le romprois toutes les dents,
Je ne crains que *telles* du *temps.*"

Ver. 134. *No Pimp of pleaſure,*] Men of talents are not the moſt acceptable companions to the great: "L'Homme mediocre eſt l'homme aimé," ſays one who knew the world.

Ver. 135. *With eyes that pry not,*] Pope triumphs and felicitates himſelf upon having lived with the great, without deſcending into one of thoſe characters which he thinks it unavoidable to eſcape in ſuch a ſituation. From the generoſity and openneſs of Horace's character, I think he might be pronounced equally free (at leaſt from the laſt) of theſe imputations. There muſt have been ſomething uncommonly captivating in the temper and manners of Horace, that could have made Auguſtus ſo fond of him, though he had been ſo avowed an enemy, and ſerved under Brutus. I have ſeen ſome manuſcript letters of Shafteſbury, in which he has ranged, in three different claſſes, the Ethical writings of Horace, according to the different periods of his life in which he ſuppoſes them to have been written. The firſt, during the time he profeſſed the Stoic philoſophy, and was a friend of Brutus. The

ſecond,

With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread Friendſhips, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
[k] What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws?
F. [l] Your plea is good; but ſtill I ſay beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on Record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes.
[m] Conſult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim.* et *quint. Eliz.*

See

NOTES.

ſecond, after he became diſſolute and debauched at the court of Auguſtus. The third, when he repented of this abandoned Epicurean life, wiſhed to retire from the city and court, and become a private man and a philoſopher. I have read a poem, which may one day ſee the light, in which Horace is repreſented as meeting Brutus in Elyſium; who will not deign to hold any converſation with our Court-poet, but turns away from him with the ſullen ſilence and haughty diſdain with which Ajax treats Ulyſſes in the Odyſſey.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.*] *Si mala condiderit*—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. "L'Ariſtocratie eſt le Gouvernement qui proſcrit le plus les Ouvrages ſatiriques. Les Magiſtrats y ſont de petits Souverains, qui ne ſont pas aſſez grands pour mepriſer les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il eſt ſi haut que le trait n'arrive point juſqu'à lui; un Seigneur Ariſtocratique en eſt percé de part en part. Auſſi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Ariſtocratie, punirent-ils de mort les ecrits ſatiriques." De L'Eſprit des Loix, l. xii. c. 13. W.

H. Eſto, ſiquis [n] *mala.* ſed *bona* ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Cæsare? ſi quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe?
T. [o] Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis.

NOTES.

Ver. 150, 151. Libels *and* Satires! *lawleſs things indeed! But grave* Epiſtles, *&c.*]

The *legal* objection is here more juſtly and decently taken off than in the original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

" Eſto, ſiquis *mala*, ſed *bona* ſi quis——"

But the Imitator's *grave Epiſtles* ſhew the *ſatire* to be a ſerious reproof, and therefore juſtifiable; which the *integer ipſe* of the original does not: for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epiſtles* could juſtify the attack. W.——This remark is ill-founded and far-ſought.

Ver. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

" Solventur riſu tabulæ."

Some Critics tell us, it is want of Taſte to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this cenſure, by ſhewing how well the ſenſe of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as ſoon as Sir Robert, the

See *Libels*, *Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. [n] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—
F. Indeed?
The caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
[o] In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

NOTES.

the Patron both of Law and Goſpel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Caſe is alter'd.* Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Auguſtus himſelf ſupported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his uncle, to confeſs *the Caſe was alter'd?* W.——To laugh at the ſolemnity of Trebatius, which throughout the Dialogue is exactly kept up, Horace puts him off with a mere play upon words. But our important Lawyer takes no notice of the jeſt, and finiſhes with a gravity ſuited to his character:

"Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis."

THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRA II.

[a]QUÆ virtus et quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic ſermo; ſed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
Ruſticus, [d] *abnormis* Sapiens, *craſſaque Minerva*,)
Diſcite, [e] non inter lances *menſaque nitentes;*
Cum ſtupet *inſanis aciès fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:
[c] Verum hic *impranſi* mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, ſi potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. Leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum Græcari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:

Cum

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *To live on little*] This diſcourſe in praiſe of temperance loſes much of its grace and propriety by being put into the mouth of a perſon of a much higher rank in life than honeſt countryman Ofellus; whoſe patrimony had been ſeized by Auguſtus, and given to one of his ſoldiers named Umbrenus, and whom, perhaps, Horace recommended to the Emperor, by making him the chief ſpeaker in this very ſatire. We may imagine that a diſcourſe on temperance from Horace raiſed a laugh among the courtiers of Auguſtus; and we ſee he could not venture to deliver it in his own perſon.

This Imitation of Pope is not equal to moſt of his others. Whenever I have ventured to cenſure any paſſage of Pope, I wiſh conſtantly to add the following words of Fontenelle: "La cenſure que l'on exerce ſur les ouvrages d'Autrui, n'engage point à en faire de meilleurs, à moins qu'elle ne ſoit amere, chagrine, et orgueilleuſe."

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

[a]WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
[b](A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine;)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c]before we dine.
[d]Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[d]But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[h]Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began,)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner if you can.

Your

NOTES.

VER. 9. BETHEL] The ſame to whom ſeveral of Mr. Pope's Letters are addreſſed. W.

VER. 11. *Go work, hunt,*] Theſe ſix following lines are much inferior to the original, in which the mention of many particular exerciſes gives it a pleaſing variety. The ſixth and ſeventh lines in Horace are nervous and ſtrong. The third in Pope is languid and wordy, which renders *foris eſt promus. Defendens*, and *latrantem*, and *caro*, and *pinguem*, and *album*, are all of them very expreſſive epithets: And the alluſion to Socrates's conſtant exerciſe, *tu pulmentaria*, &c. ought not to have been omitted. Pope's two laſt lines in this paſſage are very exceptionable. We are informed by Mr. Stuart, in his Athens, that the honey of Hymettus, even to this time, continues to be in vogue; and that the ſeraglio of the Grand Seignor is ſerved with a ſtated quantity of it yearly.

Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [i] foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in *teipſo* eſt. tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? [l] laudas, inſane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe *lupos?* qui ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.

Porrectum

NOTES.

Ver. 18. *Before a hen;*] He might have inſerted the original word *peacocks*, as many of our Engliſh epicures are fond of them. Q. Hortenſius had the honour of being the firſt Roman that introduced

[i] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd,)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you and not the meat.
[k] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chooſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[l] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat,)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.

Oldfield

NOTES.

troduced this bird to the table as a great dainty, in a magnificent feaſt which he made on his being created Augur. The price of a peacock, ſays Arbuthnot, page 129. was fifty denarii, that is, 1 l. 12 s. 3 d. A flock of a hundred was ſold at a much dearer rate, for 322 l. 18 s. 4 d. of our money. M. Aufidius Lurco, according to Varro, uſed to make every year of his peacocks 484 l. 7 s. 6 d.

VER. 21. *Of carps and mullets*] Very inferior to the original; and principally ſo, becauſe that pleaſant ſtroke is omitted of the eater's knowing in what part of the river the lupus was taken, and whether or no betwixt the two bridges, which was deemed an eſſential circumſtance. The reader will be well entertained on this ſubject if he will look into the ſeventeenth chapter of the third book of Macrobius, particularly into a curious ſpeech of C. Tertius there recited. But Horace ſeems to have had in his eye a paſſage of Lucilius, quoted by Macrobius: "Sed et Lucilius acer et violentus poeta, oſtendit ſcire ſe hunc piſcem egregii ſaporis, qui inter duos pontes captus eſſet."

[m] *Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[n] Præſentes, Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia: quamquam
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. [o] necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigriſque eſt *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî præconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?
[p] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *prætorius*. ergo
[q] Si quis nunc *mergos* ſuaves edixerit *aſſos*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus*.

Sordidus

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *Oldfield*] This eminent Glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a-year in the ſimple luxury of good eating. W.

Ver. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, &c.*] A Weſt Indian term of Gluttony; a hog roaſted whole, ſtuffed with ſpice, and baſted with Madeira wine. P.

He has happily introduced this large unwieldy inſtance of gluttony, ſuppoſed to be peculiar to the Weſt Indies. But Athenæus ſpeaks of a cook that could dreſs a whole hog with various puddings in his belly. *Gula* is here uſed perſonally, as it is alſo by Juvenal, Sat. xiv. v. 10.

Ver. 28. *Rabbit's tail.*] A very filthy and offenſive image for the more happy and decent word *coquite:* So fond, it muſt be owned, was our Author, as well as Swift, of ſuch diſguſtful ideas.

[m] Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, [n] South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, dy'e think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[o] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[p] The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
[q] Let me extol a Cat, on oyſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or e'en to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

'Tis

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Let me extol*] To dine upon a cat fattened with oyſters, and to crack live crawfiſh, is infinitely more pleaſant and ridiculous than to eat *mergos aſſos*. But then the words, *extol* and *recommend*, fall far below *edixerit*, give out a decree. So Virgil, Geor. iii. line 295. does not *adviſe*, but *raiſes* his ſubject, by ſaying,

"Incipiens ſtatutis edico"——

In the lines above, 37 and 38, he has dextrouſly ſubſtituted for the ſtork two birds that among us are vulgarly held to be ſacred. Semp. Rufus firſt taught the Romans to eat ſtorks, for which he loſt the prætorſhip.

VER. 42. *Bedford-head;*] A famous Eating-houſe. P.

[r] Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. [s] Avidienus
[t] Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;
[u] Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum;* et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum
[w] *Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, [x] *veteris non parcus aceti.*
Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
[y] Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miser. [z] Hic neque *servis*
Albutî senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec sit ut simplex [b] Nævius, *unctam*
Convivis præbebit *aquam:* vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[c] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat. [d] In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,
Quæ

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch, &c.*] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have learnt. W.——I see neither wit nor dignity in these names.

Ver. 55. *But on some lucky*] Much heightened and improved on the original, by two such supposed occasions of the unnatural festivity and joy of a true miser. The 68th line is useless and redundant.

[r] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch,)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[u] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [w] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt bank-bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [x] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:
Oyl, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[y] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor [a] ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [b] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
[c] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing:)
[d] Firſt health: the ſtomach (cram'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers

NOTES.

VER. 72. *One inteſtine war*] In the original, *tumultum;* a metaphor uſed by Hippocrates.

Quæ ſimplex [e] *olim* tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [f] Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis *animum* quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinæ particulam auræ.*

[g] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[h] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus:* ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius ætas*
Imbecilla volet. [i] Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam
Quam puer et validus præſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?

Rancidum

NOTES.

Ver. 76. *Riſe from*] A ſtrange inſtance of falſe grammar and falſe Engliſh, in uſing *riſe* for *riſes*. Such a miſtake in an inferior writer would not have been worth notice. I cannot forbear adding a note of much humour with which the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry is enlivened; vol. iii. p. 204. "In an old *dietarie* for the clergy, by Cranmer, an archbiſhop is allowed to have two ſwans, or two capons in a diſh; a biſhop, two: an archbiſhop, ſix blackbirds at once; a biſhop, five; a dean, four; an archdeacon, two. If a dean has four diſhes in the firſt courſe, he is not afterwards to have cuſtards or fritters. An archbiſhop may have ſix ſnipes; an archdeacon, only two. A canon reſidentiary is to have a ſwan only on Sunday. A rector of ſixteen marks, only three blackbirds in a week."

Ver. 79, 80. *The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines*
To ſeem but mortal, e'en in ſound Divines.]

Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the ſoul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, de-

Remembers oft [e] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[f] How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The ſoul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, e'en in ſound Divines.
[g] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[h] Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old age:
[i] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?

Our

NOTES.

ſcribes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

——" affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ."

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more ſobriety and judgment, has turned the Ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon thoſe Preachers of it, whoſe feaſts and compotations in Taverns did not edify him: and ſo has added ſurpriſing humour and ſpirit to the eaſy elegance of the original. W.

VER. 80. *To ſeem but mortal,*] Affigit humi is heightened by the

——" e'en in ſound Divines."

VER. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the original. W.

VER. 86. *Or tir'd*] Either with buſineſs or amuſement.

[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia nasus
Illis nullus erat; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. [l] hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.
[m] Das aliquid *famæ*, quæ *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt una [n] cum *damno dedecus*, adde
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.
[q] Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [r] Ergo,
Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare
[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid *patriæ* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?
O magnus

NOTES.

Ver. 98. *Ere coxcomb-pies*] The last line of this couplet, and the idle conceit of coxcomb-pies and coxcombs, sink it below the original; especially *heroas*.

Ver. 118. *How dar'st thou*] Very spirited, and superior to the original; for *dar'st* is far beyond the mere *eget*. Two lines on this subject, in Armstrong, are exquisitely tender, especially the second:

"E'en modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home."

[k] Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[l] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
[m] That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear,
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong,)
Who has not learn'd, [n] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [o] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [p] buy a rope that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
[q] "Right" cries his Lordſhip, "for a rogue in need
"To have a Taſte is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [r] Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [s] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:

[t] O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne
[u] Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[x] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Ofellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
Quam hunc [y] *accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,

Cum

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *As M**o's was, &c.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill-placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,

" cur, Improbe! caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?"

He remembered, and hints with just indignation at, those luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus!

——" quare
" Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm?"

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct stroke of satire. W.

Ver. 122. *Not at five per cent.*] He could not forbear this stroke against a nobleman, whom he had been for many years accustomed to hear abused by his most intimate friends. A certain parasite, who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of M. was stopt short by that Lord, who said, " He was so very great a man, that I forgot he had that vice."

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[t] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And [u] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
[x] Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of Thouſands, than if now [w] *Excis'd;*

In

NOTES.

vice." We have lived to read with equal aſtoniſhment and regret, the clear and indiſputable proofs of the treachery, duplicity, hypocriſy, and ingratitude, of this great and able General and Politician. See particularly Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 194.

VER. 129. *Thus* BETHEL *ſpoke,*] This ſpeech of Ofellus continues in the original to the end of this Satire. Pope has taken all that follows out of the mouth of Bethel, and ſpeaks entirely in his own perſon. It is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with the picture of his way of life, and the account he gives of his own table, in lines that expreſs common and familiar objects with dignity and elegance. See therefore his bill of fare, of which you will long to partake, and wiſh you could have dined at Twickenham. Boileau had but a bad houſe and gardens at Auteuil near Paris.

VER. 133. *In South-Sea days not happier, &c.*] Mr. Pope had South-Sea ſtock, which he did not ſell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thouſand pounds when it fell. W.

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam, præter [x] *olus* fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi ſeu [y] *longum poſt tempus* venerat hoſpes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non *piſcibus* urbe petitis,
Sed *pullo* atque *hœdo*: tum [z] *penſilis uva* ſecundas
Et *nux* ornabat menſas, cum *duplice ficu*.
Poſt hoc ludus erat [a] cuppa potare magiſtra:
Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.
[b] Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius
aut *vos*,
O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc [c] *novus incola* venit?

Nam

NOTES.

Ver. 144. *Theſe chicks*] Not uſed properly or commonly for *chicken*. Dryden has chick, in the ſingular number, chicken is the plural; we ſay *oxen*, not ox's; the en is Teutonic.

Ver. 150. *And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.*] The pleaſantry of this line conſiſts in the ſuppoſed rarity of a Poet's having a table of his own; or a ſenſe of gratitude for the bleſſings he receives. But it contains, too, a ſober reproof of people of condition, for their unmanly and brutal diſuſe of ſo natural a duty. W.

Swift always performed this duty with proper ſerioufneſs and gravity.

Ver. 154. *Standing Armies came.*] A conſtant topic of declamation againſt the court, at this time: and ſtill continues to be ſo. See what Dr. Adam Smith ſays, in his excellent Wealth of Nations, of the real and ſuppoſed dangers of ſtanding armies.

Ver. 160. *Welcome the coming,*] From Homer, Odyſſ. b. 15. v. 74.

χρη ξεινον παρεοντα φιλειν, εθελοντα δε πεμπειν.

Theocritus has finely touched this ſubject in the ſixteenth Idyllium.

In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On [x] brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But [y] ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [z] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[a] From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then [b] chearful healths, (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place,)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before and after [c] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whoſe free op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going Gueſt).
" Pray Heav'n it laſt! (cries SWIFT) as you go on;
" I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:

Nam [d] *propriæ telluris* herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut [e] nequities aut [f] *vafri inſcitia juris*,
Poſtremum expellet certe [g] *vivacior heres*,
[h] Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [i] quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

Ver. 165. *Well, if the uſe be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 29, 1743, he ſays, "My Landlady, Mrs. *Vernon*, being dead, this Garden and Houſe are offered me in ſale; and, I believe, (together with the cottages on each ſide my graſs-plot next the Thames,) will come at about a thouſand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleaſed to live in it after my death, (for, as it is, it ſerves all my purpoſes as well, during life,) I would purchaſe it; and more particularly could I hope two things; that the Friend who ſhould like it, was ſo much younger and healthier than myſelf, as to have a proſpect of its continuing his, ſome years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But moſt of thoſe I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unleſs I have ſuch a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleaſure that does not ſtop ſhort of the Grave."—So that we ſee (what ſome who call themſelves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in proſe and verſe were the ſame. W.

Ver. 171-2. *Or in pure equity, (the caſe not clear,)*
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:]

A Proteſtant Miſer's money in *Chancery*, and a Catholic Miſer's perſon in *Purgatory*, are never to be got out, till the Law and the Church have been well paid for their redemption. W.

" Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [d] *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [e] Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or, in pure [f] equity, (the caſe not clear,)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [g] ungracious ſon,
Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
[h] Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
[i] Let lands and houſes have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

NOTES.

VER. 175. *That to* BACON *could*] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, a fine and venerable old manſion. Some anecdotes have lately told us that Bacon was much acquainted with, and had a regard for, Hobbes.

VER. 177. *Proud Buckingham's, &c.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham. P.

VER. 180. *Let Us be fix'd,*] The majeſtic plainneſs of the original is weakened and impaired by the addition of an antitheſis, and a turn of wit in this laſt line. Whenever I have ventured to cenſure Pope, I have never forgotten that fine and candid reflection of Quintilian; " Neque id ſtatim legenti perſuaſum ſit, omnia, quæ magni Auctores dixerint, eſſe perfecta."

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camena,
[b] Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. [c] Veianius, armis
[d] Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e] extrema toties exoret arena.

Eſt

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Whoſe love*] Equal to the affection which Horace in the original profeſſes for Mecænas. It has been ſuſpected that his affection to his friend was ſo ſtrong, as to make him reſolve not to outlive him; and that he actually put into execution his promiſe of ibimus, ibimus. Od. xvii. lib. 3. Both died in the end of the year 746; Horace only three weeks after Mecænas, November 27. Nothing can be ſo different as the plain and manly ſtyle of the former, in compariſon of what Quintilian calls the calamiſtros of the latter, for which Sactorius and Macrobius, cap. 86. ſay Auguſtus frequently ridiculed him, though Auguſtus himſelf was guilty of the ſame fault: as when he ſaid, *vapidè ſe habere* for *malè*. The learned C. G. Heyne, in his excellent edition of Virgil, after obſerving that the well-known verſes uſually aſcribed to Auguſtus, on Virgil's ordering his Æneid to be burnt, are the work of ſome bungling grammarian, and not of that emperor, adds, "Videas tamen Voltairium, horridos hos et ineptos verſus non modo Auguſto tribuere, verum etiam magnopere probare; ils ſont beaux et ſemblent partir du cœur. Eſſai ſur le Poeſie Epique, cap. 3. Ita vides, ad verum pulchrarum ſententiarum ſenſum et judicium, ſermonis intelligentiam aliquam eſſe neceſſariam."

P. V. Maronis Opera, tom. i. p. 131. Lipſiæ, 1767.

Ver. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author. W.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [b] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modeſt [c] Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, [d] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning ſatiate of Applauſe,
Nor [e] fond of bleeding, e'en in BRUNSWICK's cauſe.
A Voice

NOTES.

VER. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*] An occaſional ſtroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epiſtle on Taſte:*

"Load ſome vain Church with old theatric ſtate,
"Turn *Arcs of Triumph to a Garden gate.*" W.

He is ſaid to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's Lawn at Beviſmount, near Southampton.

There is more pleaſantry and humour in Horace's comparing himſelf to an old gladiator, worn out in the ſervice of the public, from which he had often begged his life, and has now at laſt been diſmiſſed with the uſual ceremonies, than for Pope to compare himſelf to an old actor or retired general. Pope was in his forty-ninth year, and Horace probably in his forty-ſeventh, when he wrote this Epiſtle. Bentley has arranged the writings of Horace in the following order. He compoſed the firſt book of his Satires between the twenty-ſixth and twenty-eighth year of his age; the ſecond

[f] Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;
Solve [g] ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et [h] verſus, et *cætera ludicra* pono:
Quid [i] verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in
hoc ſum:
[k] Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, [l] quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
[m] Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor *hoſpes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et merſor [n] *civilibus undis*,
Virtutis

NOTES.

ſecond book, from the year thirty-one to thirty-three; next, the Epodes, in his thirty-fourth and fifth year; next, the firſt book of his Odes, in three years, from his thirty-ſixth to his thirty-eighth year; the ſecond book in the two next years; then, the firſt book of the Epiſtles, in his forty-ſixth and ſeventh year; next to that, the fourth book of his Odes, in his forty-ninth year: laſtly, the Art of Poetry, and ſecond book of the Epiſtles, to which an exact date cannot be aſſigned.

Ver. 10. *Ev'n in* Brunswick's *cauſe*.] In the former Editions it was *Britain's cauſe*. But the terms are ſynonimous. W.

Ver. 15. *Leſt ſtiff*,] He has excelled Boileau's imitation of theſe verſes, Ep. 10. v. 44. And indeed Boileau himſelf is excelled by an old French Poet, whom he has frequently imitated, that is, Le Freſnaie Vauquelin, whoſe Poems were publiſhed 1612. Vauquelin ſays, that he profited much by reading the Satires of Arioſto; he alſo wrote an Art of Poetry; one of his beſt pieces is an imitation of Horace's Trebatius, being a dialogue between himſelf and the Chancellor of France.

Ver. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horſe*.] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elſewhere, was

[f] A voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear,)
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g] Muſe take
" breath,
" And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
" Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
" You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
" horſe."

Farewell then [h] Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What [i] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this [k] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.

But aſk not, to what [l] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [m] ſtorm, at any door I knock:
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a [n] Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free

NOTES.

was univerſally received in the City of London. His verſification is here exactly deſcribed; ſtiff, and not ſtrong; ſtately, and yet dull, like the ſober and ſlow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorouſly oppoſed to Pegaſus. P.

VER. 26. *And houſe with* Montagne *now, or now with* Locke.] *i. e.* Chuſe either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is moſt fitted to the ſeaſon and circumſtances. For he regarded theſe Writers as the beſt Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himſelf: *Montagne* excelling in his obſervations on ſocial and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind. W.

Virtutis veræ cuſtos, [o] *rigiduſque ſatelles:*
Nunc in * Ariſtippi [p] *furtim* præcepta *relabor,*
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
[q] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; dieſque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus:* ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r] fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter [s] id, quod
Æque *pauperibus* prodeſt, *locupletibus* æque,
Æque neglectum *pueris*, *ſenibuſque* nocebit.

Reſtat,

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *Free as young Lyttelton,*] A juſt, and not overcharged encomium, on an excellent man, who had always ſerved his friends with warmth, (witneſs his kindneſs to Thomſon,) and his country with activity and zeal. His Poems and Dialogues of the Dead are written with elegance and eaſe; his obſervations on the Converſion of St. Paul, with clearneſs and cloſeneſs of reaſoning; and his Hiſtory of Henry II. with accuracy and knowledge of thoſe early times and of the Engliſh Conſtitution; and which was compiled from a laborious ſearch into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me, that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then to be publiſhed, his firſt juvenile performance, the Perſian Letters, written 1735, in imitation of thoſe of his friend Monteſquieu, whom he had known and admired in England, in which he ſaid there were principles and remarks that he wiſhed to retract and alter. I told him, that, notwithſtanding his caution, the booksellers, as in fact they have done, would preſerve and inſert theſe letters. Another little piece, written alſo in his early youth, does him much honour: the

Obſervations

Free as young Lyttelton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [o] and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my [p] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

[q] Long, as to him who works for Debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whoſe Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk Minor pants for Twenty-one:
So flow th' [r] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of the ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [s] taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe.
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.

Late

NOTES.

Obſervations on the Life of Tully, in which, perhaps, a more diſpaſſionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited than in the panegyrical volumes of Middleton.

VER. 31. *Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,*] There is an impropriety and indecorum, in joining the name of the moſt profligate paraſite of the court of Dionyſius, with that of an Apoſtle. In a few lines before, the name of Montagne is not ſufficiently contraſted by the name of Locke; the place required that two philoſophers, holding very different tenets, ſhould have been introduced. Hobbes might have been oppoſed to Hutcheſon. I know not why he omitted a ſtrong ſentiment that follows immediately,

"Et mihi res, non me rebus ſubjungere conor;" Ver. 20.

which line Corneille took for his motto.

VER. 45. *Can no wants endure;*] i. e. *Can want nothing:* badly expreſſed. W.

[t] *Reſtat*, ut his ego me ipſe regam [u] ſolerque *elementis*:

[v] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Eſt quadam prodire [x] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
[y] Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis, et [z] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? Sunt [a] certa *piacula*, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [c] *amator*;
Nemo [d] adeo *ferus* eſt, ut non mitescere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[e] Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quæ [f] maxima credis

Eſſe

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *I'll do what Mead*] Mr. Pope highly eſteemed and loved this worthy man; whoſe unaffected humanity and benevolence have ſtifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profeſſion would otherwiſe have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Phyſician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he ſays, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are in general the moſt *amiable* companions, and the beſt friends, as well as the moſt *learned* men I know." W.

The ſame may with ſtrict juſtice be ſaid of Heberden, Baker, and Warren.

Ver. 61. *Be furious*,] Horace, in his uſual artful way, glanced at his own frailties and weakneſſes, as he frequently does in the four laſt epithets of the 38th verſe in the original. As to envy, he had not a grain of it in his nature: and in verſe 100 of the original, he laughs at his own paſſion for building.

Diruit,

[t] Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [u] comfort, not to be a fool.
[w] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [x] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [y] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control
[z] Between the Fits this Fever of the Soul;
Know, there are Rhymes, which [a] freſh and freſh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
Be [b] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
[c] Slave to a Wife, or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [d] Bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient Ear.
[e] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no [f] bugbear is ſo great,
As want of Figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.

To

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Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis—
——& accipe—primum
Ædificas——

The word *arrants't* is very hard and inharmonious, from the crowd of conſonants in it. V. 60.

Ver. 65. *To abhor;—more.*] Dr. King informed me that theſe were two of the rhymes to which Swift, who was ſcrupulouſly

Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi, capitiſque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g] mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quæ *ſtulte* miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmæ?
" [i] Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
" O cives, cives! [k] quærenda pecunia primum eſt;
" Virtus poſt nummos:" hæc [l] *Janus ſummus* ab *imo*
Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,
[m] Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Eſt

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exact in this reſpect, uſed to object, as he frequently did to ſome others in Pope; and particularly to two in the Eſſay on Criticiſm, Verſe 237. where *delight* is made to rhyme to *wit;* and to many in his Homer.

Ver. 70. *Scar'd at the ſpectre*] Pope has given life to the image, and added terror to the ſimple expreſſion, *Pauperiem.* Bolingbroke tranſlated this paſſage in Horace, in about twenty-ſix lines, and ſent them to Swift in a letter, dated March 16, 1719. But a poor performance. Pope has omitted the Olympian games.

Ver. 77. *Here, Wiſdom calls, &c.*] All from hence to Ver. 110, is a pretty cloſe tranſlation; but in general done with ſo maſterly a ſpirit, that the Original, though one of the moſt finiſhed paſſages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it. W.

Ver. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the moſt faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

" Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum."

which only ſays, *That as Silver is of leſs value than Gold, ſo Gold is of leſs value than Virtue:* in which *ſimple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpoſe,

To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And [g] eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?
[h] Here, Wiſdom calls: [i] "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: [k] "Get Money, Money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [m] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.

Barnard

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purpoſe, as it is to common ſenſe, to ſuppoſe, that virtue was but juſt as much better than gold, as gold is better than ſilver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his conſtant object *conciſeneſs*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this abſurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now firſt appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do juſtice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly great genius can afford to indulge: I mean his extreme readineſs, and unfeigned pleaſure, in acknowledging his miſtakes: this, with an impatience to reform them, he poſſeſſed in a greater degree, and with leſs affectation, than any man I ever knew. W.

Ver. 83. *From him whoſe quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this ſatire, may think the figure of *ſtanding quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint; but it has an exquiſite beauty, inſinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready

Eſt [n] animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque:
Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint,
[o] *Plebs* eris. [p] at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic [q] *murus aheneus eſto,*
Nil *conſcire* ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.
[r] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum eſt
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *Maribus* [s] *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis?*
[t] Iſne tibi melius ſuadit, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
"Si poſſis, recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut

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as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the ſhafts of a Parthian. *Quiver'd at the ear* of the Scrivener, deſcribes the poſition it is uſually found in, and alludes to the cuſtom of the American canibals, who make uſe of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of their heads) inſtead of a quiver, for their *poiſon'd* arrows. W.

This note is another maſter-piece of wire-drawing and forced meaning; exactly in the taſte of what he ſo juſtly laughs at in Dacier, below, at Verſe 95.

Ver. 84. *notches ſticks*] Exchequer Tallies. W.

Ver. 85. *Barnard in ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds;*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpoſe to ſay, that this great Man (who does ſo much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in uſe by a true underſtanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity ſuperior to all the temptations of intereſt, honours, or any meaner paſſion. Many events, ſince the paying this tribute to his virtue, have ſhewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him. W.

Ver. 88. *Bug, and Dorimant*] It cannot now be diſcovered to whom theſe names belong. So ſoon does Satire become unintelligible. The ſame may be ſaid of ver. 112.

Ver. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;*]
"Hic murus aheneus eſto."
Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was ſcandalized, that the ancient Scholiaſts had not explained what Horace meant by *a*

Barnard in [n] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds; 85
" Pray then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand pounds;
A Penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth:
But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth. 90
Yet ev'ry [p] Child another ſong will ſing,
" Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs; 95
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[r] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [s] CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
[t] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, " Be but great,
" With Praiſe or Infamy leave that to fate;
" Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
" If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."

For

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wall of braſs; for, ſays Dacier, " Chacun ſe fait des difficultez à ſa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées a ſon goût:" he then ſets himſelf in good earneſt about this important enquiry; and, by a paſſage in Vegetius, luckily diſcovers, that it ſignified an *old veteran*, armed cap-a-pie in *braſs*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily ſerved himſelf of this impertinence to convey a very fine ſtroke of Satire. W.

VER. 97. *And ſay, &c.*] The court jargon for Roſcia Lex, and Creſſy and Poitiers for Curiis, is happy.

Ut [u] propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Pupî!
An, [w] qui fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
Liberum et erectum, [x] *præſens* hortatur et aptat?
[y] Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut [z] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem;
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipſe vel odit:
Olim quod [a] vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
[b] *Bellua multorum* eſt *capitum*. nam quid ſequar, aut
quem?
Pars hominum geſtit [c] conducere *publica*: ſunt qui
Cruſtis

NOTES.

Ver. 106. *Eye a King.*] Our Author is ſo perpetually expreſſing an affected contempt for kings, that it becomes almoſt a nauſeous cant.

——the *pride of kings*——
——*ſome monſter of a king*——
——*pity kings*—the *gift of kings*——
——*gods of kings*—*much above a king*——
——*Settle wrote of kings*——
——*Midas;* and a *king*, and many others.

Hawkins Brown laughed at him for this affectation, in the pleaſant Imitations of Engliſh Poets, on Tobacco.

"Come let me taſte thee, unexciſed by *kings*."

Kings have been of late years ſpoken of with even much more diſreſpect.

Ver. 116. *Becauſe I ſee,*] Both Poets have told this Fable, which Plato alſo was fond of, with an elegant brevity, a quality for which Babrius was eminent, and in which our modern fabuliſts miſerably fail. Why did Pope omit ægroto? And why would he connect the paſſage that immediately follows in a forced and quaint manner, which Horace never thought of? As if the word *bellua* had any relation to the *lion* before mentioned?

For what? to have a [u] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [w] he, who bids thee face with ſteddy view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs through:
And, [x] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If, [y] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S*z take Scandal at a Spark,
That leſs admires the [z] Palace than the Park:
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [a] Reynard gave:
" I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
" Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [b] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [c] Country's Wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some

NOTES.

VER. 129. *Some keep Aſſemblies,*] This was written fifty years ago. What would our Author have ſaid of the increaſe of this infamous practice in the year 1796? In what glowing colours would he have proſcribed it?

[d] Cruſtis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[e] *Multis* occulto creſcit res fenore. [f] verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?
[g] Nullus in orbe ſinus *Baiis* prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit *dives;* [h] lacus et mare *ſentit* amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [i] vitioſa *libido*
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*
Tolletis,

NOTES.

Ver. 130. *Dotards fawn*;] The legacy-hunters, the hæredipetæ, were a more common character among the ancients than with us. The ridicule, therefore, is now not ſo ſtriking. Lucian has five pleaſant dialogues on the ſubject, from page 343 to 363, in the Quarto Edition of Hemſterhuſius. Horace himſelf appears to have failed more in expoſing this folly, than in any other of his Satires; and principally ſo, by mixing ancient with modern manners, and making Tireſias inſtruct Ulyſſes in petty frauds, and artifices too ſubtle for the old prophet and hero to dictate and to practiſe. Sat. 5. lib. ii.

Ben Jonſon's Fox is not much reliſhed from our not being acquainted with ſuch characters, which are finely ridiculed by Plautus, in the Soldier, 3d Act.

Illi apud me edunt, me curant, viſunt quid agam ecquid velim;
Priuſquam lucet, aſſunt; rogitant, ut nocte ſomnum ceperim;
Eos pro liberis habeo qui mihi mittunt munera;
Sacrificant? dant inde partem mihi majorem, quam ſibi;
Abducunt ad exta; me ad ſe ad prandium, ad cœnam vocant.

See Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Satire on Lord Sidney Beauclerc.

"Who got by Topham what he loſt by Reeve."

Ver. 138. *Sir Job*] Superior to the Original; a pleaſing little landſcape is added to the Satire. But Greenwich-hill is not an exact parallel for Baiæ; where the Romans of the beſt taſte and faſhion built their villas. Pope's is the villa of a citizen. The abſurd and awkward magnificence of ſome opulent citizens has, of

Some [d] with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent
In dirt and darkneſs, [e] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [f] purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [g] ſail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!"
[h] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſey, or that [i] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
"Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."

At

NOTES.

of late, been frequently expoſed; but no where with more humour than in the Connoiſſeur, and in the characters of Sterling and Mrs. Heidelberg, in the Clandeſtine Marriage. This ridicule of citizens was borrowed from the French. We have ſome citizens whoſe good taſte is equal to their riches.

VER. 143. *Now let ſome whimſey, &c.*] This is very ſpirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original:

"Cui ſi vitioſa Libido
"Fecerit auſpicium;"

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach. W.

VER. 147. *Live in Town.*] Horace ſays, he will carry his buildings from ſo proper and pleaſant a ſituation as Baiæ to Teanum;

Tolletis, fabri. [k] lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:
[l] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
[m] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [n] *pauper?* ride: mutat [o] *cœnacula, lectos,*
Balnea, [p] *tonſores;* conducto navigio æque
Nauſeat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

[q] Si curatus *inæquali* tonſore capillos
Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga *diſſidet impar;*
Rides. quid, [r] mea cum pugnat *ſententia* ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[s] Æſtuat, et vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;
[t] Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u] Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec [w] *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *prætore*

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Teanum; a ſituation unhealthy, diſagreeable, and inland. Pope ſays, he will not build at all, he will again retire to town. He has, I think, deſtroyed the connection by this alteration. Mutability of temper is indeed equally exhibited in both inſtances, but Horace keeps cloſer to his ſubject.

Ver. 163. *You laugh, if coat*] I am inclined to think that Horace laughs at himſelf, not at Virgil as hath been ſuppoſed, for the ungraceful appearance he ſometimes made among the courtiers of Auguſtus, on account of the incongruity of his dreſs. Perhaps our *little, round, fat, oily* man was ſomewhat of a ſloven.

At am'rous Flavio is the [k] ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l] The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n] Poor—The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their [o] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [p] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q] You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r] no Prelate's Lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [s] ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [t] plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[u] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [w] once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.

Is

A *prætore* dati; rerum [x] tutela mearum
Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis*, te *reſpicientis* amici.

Ad ſummam, *ſapiens* uno [y] minor eſt *Jove*, dives,
[z] Liber, [a] honoratus, [b] pulcher, [c] rex denique regum;
Præcipue ſanus, [d] niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

NOTES.

Ver. 177. *Philoſopher, and Friend?*] Bentley was for reading, in the original, with Heinſius, *ſuſpicientis*, inſtead of *reſpicientis*; which reading Geſner oppoſes. Horace, in theſe concluding lines, laughs at the high-flown and unnatural doctrines of the ſtoics. Pope has turned this piece of irony into a great compliment to Bolingbroke, whom he ſo much idolized; little imagining what this friend would ſay of him ſoon after his deceaſe.

Ver. 188. *A Fit of Vapours*] By the word *pituita* in the Original, Horace meant the diſorder of his eyes. Celſus calls it *pituita*. In Verſe 187. "*What's mighty odd*" is a lamentable botch.

Is this my [x] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich [y] ev'n when plunder'd, [z] honour'd while oppreſs'd;
Lov'd [a] without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; [b] free, tho' in the Tow'r;
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [c] leſs than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n—[d] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
[b]Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [c]formidine nulla
Imbuti ſpectent. [d]quid cenſes, munera terræ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e]ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, [f]plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo, [g]quo *ſenſu* credis et *ore?*

Qui

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Dear* Murray,] This piece is the moſt finiſhed of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the ſtretch, and produces the ſupreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addreſſed: and, indeed, no man ever more deſerved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had any ſhare, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble acquaintance,) ſo he ſupported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendſhip. W.

Ver. 4. *Creech.*] From whoſe Tranſlation of Horace the two firſt lines are taken. P.

Ver. 4. *Words of Creech.*] Who, in truth, is a much better tranſlator than he is uſually ſuppoſed and allowed to be. He is a nervous and vigorous writer; and many parts, not only of his Lucretius, but of his Theocritus and Horace, (though now decried,) have not been excelled by other tranſlators. One of his pieces may be pronounced excellent: his tranſlation of the thirteenth

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" Not to admire, is all the Art I know,
" To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very Words of Creech.)
[b] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look through, and truſt the Ruler with his Skies,
To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
And view [c] this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what [d] Earth's low Entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [e] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [f] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If

NOTES.

teenth Satire of Juvenal; equal to any Dryden has given us of that author.

VER. 8. *Truſt the Ruler*] This laſt line is quaint and even obſcure; the two firſt vigorouſly expreſſed. Horace thought of a ſtriking and exalted paſſage in Lucretius. Book v. l. 1185.

[h] Qui *timet* his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor eſt *utrobique* moleſtus:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret *utrumque*:
[i] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

[k] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, *virtutem* ſi petat ipſam.

[l] I nunc, argentum et marmor [m] *vetus*, æraque et artes
Suſpice: cum gemmis [n] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te [o] mille loquentem:
Gnavus [p] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;
[q] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus, et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
[r] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[s] Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet,

NOTES.

Ver. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;*
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:] One of the nobleſt houſes in Europe.—The Original is,

"Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet ætas;
"Defodiet, condetque nitentia."

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vaſtly inferior to the Imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the ſecond line, gives dignity and eaſe to the maſterly conciſeneſs of the firſt. W.

Ver. 45. *It brighten'd* Craggs's,] His father had been a barber; but, by induſtry and ability, got to be Poſt Maſter General and Agent to the Duke of Marlborough.

If weak the [h] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [k] Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[l] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [m] Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright [n] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at [o] Council-board rejoice,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From [p] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [q] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [r] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conſpir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [s] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [t] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conſpexerit Appî;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa [u] quo devenit et Ancus.
[w] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. [x] vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc *una* poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age *deliciis*.

virtutem

NOTES.

Ver. 53. Tully, Hyde!] Equal to either, in the miniſtry of his profeſſion; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the reſt of the character, ſuperior to both. Tully's brighteſt talents were frequently tarniſhed by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and Hyde's moſt virtuous purpoſes perverted and defeated by ſuperſtitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People. W.

Ver. 53. *Than* Hyde!] Much beyond the Original; particularly on account of the very happy and artful uſe Pope has made of the neighbourhood of the Houſe of Parliament to Weſtminſter Abbey; and of the well-turned and unexpected compliment he has paid to his illuſtrious friend. The character of Lord Chancellor Clarendon ſeems to grow every day brighter, the more it is ſonetinized, and his integrity and abilities are more aſcertained and acknowledged, even from the publication of private papers, never intended to ſee the light. They who cenſure his ſtyle as too diffuſe and embarraſſed with parentheſes, may conſult Lord Monboddo's 3d vol. of Origin of Languages. When Clarendon was going from Court, juſt after his profligate and ungrateful maſter had obliged him to reſign the great ſeal, the Ducheſs of Cleveland meanly and wantonly inſulted him from a window in the palace. He looked up at her, and only ſaid, with a calm and contemptuous dignity, "Madam, if you live, you will grow old."

Ver. 57. *And deſp'rate Miſery* lays hold *on Dover*.] There is a prettineſs in this expreſſion, which depends on its contraſt to that *ſlippery* medicine, by which this Quack rendered himſelf famous, namely *Quickſilver*. W.

There ſurely was never ſo idle and conceited a remark.

Ver. 60. *Would ye be bleſt?*] This again is ſuperior to the Original; where quis non, is feeble and flat; and the mention of a particular ſhining character gives a force and ſpirit to the line.

This

Grac'd as thou art, [t] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far,) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[w] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any Mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [x] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But

NOTES.

This amiable young nobleman wrote from Paris, 1752, a very preſſing remonſtrance to Mr. Mallet, to diſſuade him, but in vain, from publiſhing a very offenſive digreſſion on the Old Teſtament, in Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on Hiſtory. "I muſt ſay to you, Sir, for the world's ſake, and for his ſake, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. If this digreſſion be made public, it will be cenſured, it muſt be cenſured, it ought to be cenſured. It will be criticiſed too by able pens, whoſe erudition, as well as their reaſonings, will not eaſily be anſwered." He concludes by ſaying, "I therefore recommend to you to ſuppreſs that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intruſted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raiſe ſtorms to his memory."

VER. 61. *Whatever* CORNBURY *diſdains;*] It is ſaid, that when Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the late Earl of Eſſex, his brother in law, told him he had got a handſome penſion for him. To which Lord Cornbury anſwered with a compoſed dignity—How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be ſold; or, at leaſt, how came you to know my price ſo exactly? To this anecdote Pope alludes.

[y] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [z] cave ne portus occupet alter.
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.
[a] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [b] uxorem *cum dote*, *fidemque*, et [c] *amicos*,
Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina [d] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris [e] *Cappadocum rex*.

Ne

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *Art thou one,*] Here we have a direct and deciſive cenſure of a celebrated infidel writer; at this time, therefore, which was 1737, Pope was ſtrongly and openly on the ſide of Religion, as he knew the great lawyer to be, to whom he was writing. Horace, it is ſaid, alludes to the words of a dying Hercules in a Greek Tragedy; and Dion Caſſius relates, in the twenty-ſeventh Book of his Hiſtory, that theſe were the words which Brutus uſed juſt before he ſtabbed himſelf, after his defeat at Philippi. But it is obſervable, that this fact reſts ſolely on the credit of this fawning and fulſom Court Hiſtorian; and that Plutarch, who treats largely of Brutus, is ſilent on the ſubject. If Brutus had adopted this paſſage, I cannot bring myſelf to believe, that Horace would ſo far have forgotten his old republican principles, as to have mentioned the words adopted by the dying patriot, with a mark of reproach and reprobation.

It muſt be added, to what is ſaid above, of our Author's orthodoxy at this time, that he wrote a very reſpectful letter to Dr. Waterland, to thank him for his Vindication of the Athanaſian Creed, dated October 16, 1737. Which letter was given by Dr. Waterland to Mr. Seed, and was in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Seed's widow, 1767, who ſhewed it to Mr. Bowyer the eminent and learned Printer.

Ver. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets*; the other, in his *Rights of the Chriſtian Church*. W.

Ver. 77. *For, mark*] Not imitated with the vigour and energy of the Original. This 77th line is uncommonly weak and languid.

Three

[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [z] then, on all the Wings of wild Deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
[a] Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of Fifty Thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [b] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [c] Friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A [d] Man of Wealth is dubb'd a Man of Worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [e] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe.)

His

NOTES.

Three Divinities, for ſuch Horace has deſcribed them, Pecunia, Suadela, and Venus, conſpire in giving their various accompliſhments to this favourite of Fortune. That lively veteran General Oglethorpe told me, that the Duke of Marlborough dining with Prince Eugene ſpoke in high terms of his Queen Anne: the Prince whiſpered to Oglethorpe and ſaid, "Regina Pecunia; that's his Queen."

Ne fueris hic tu. [f] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus,
Quî poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot habebo
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domichlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa *ſuperſunt*,
Et *dominum fallunt*, et *proſunt furibus*. [h] ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
[i] Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia præſtat,
[k] *Mercemur* ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui

NOTES.

Ver. 85. *His Wealth*] By no means equal to the Original: there is ſo much pleaſantry in alluding to the known ſtory of the Prætor coming to borrow dreſſes (paludamenta) for a chorus in a public ſpectacle that he intended to exhibit, who aſked him to lend him a hundred, ſays Plutarch; but Lucullus bade him take two hundred. Horace humorouſly has made it five thouſand. We know nothing of Timon, except it be the Nobleman introduced in the Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, Ver. 99. There is ſtill another beauty in Horace; he has ſuddenly, according to his manner, introduced Lucullus ſpeaking; "*qui poſſum*," &c. He is for ever introducing theſe little interlocutions, which give his Satires and Epiſtles an air ſo lively and dramatic. This, alſo, is very frequently the practice of Bayle, and is one of thoſe circumſtances that has contributed to make his Dictionary ſo very entertaining; and he need not have ſaid, as he did to Boileau, that the reading his work was like the journey of a caravan over the deſarts of Arabia, which often went twenty or thirty leagues together, without finding a ſingle fruit-tree or fountain.

Ver. 87. *Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play*,] The common Reader, I am ſenſible, will be always more ſolicitous about the names of theſe *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumſtance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's ſenſe, or the illuſtration of his poetry;

His Wealth brave [f] Timon gloriouſly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[g] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble Superfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[h] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[i] But if to Pow'r and Place your paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
Then [k] hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;

Tell

NOTES.

poetry; even where he is moſt moral and ſublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpoſe to indulge ſo impertinent a curioſity, he had ſought elſewhere for a commentator on his writings. W.

Notwithſtanding this remark of Dr. Warburton, I have taken ſome pains, though indeed in vain, to aſcertain who theſe Ladies were, and what the play they patronized. It was once ſaid to be Young's Buſiris.

VER. 99. *Or (if you will) a Lord*] It having been diſputed betwixt two eminent perſons, whether Swift or Pope had in their writings ſaid the ſevereſt things on Engliſh Peers, it was judged to be Swift in the following paſſage of Gulliver, v. i. p. 111. The King of Brobdignac aſked me what methods were uſed to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility; and in what kind of buſineſs they commonly ſpent the firſt and teachable part of their lives; what courſe was taken to ſupply that aſſembly when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were neceſſary in thoſe who are to be created new Lords; whether the

humour

Qui fodicet latus, et [l] cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m] Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina:*
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: [n] Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt ætas, ita quemque [o] *facetus* adopta.
Si [p] bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet, eamus
Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut [q] olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum. [r] crudi, tumidique lavemur,
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera
Digni; [s] *remigium vitioſum* Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui *potior* [t] *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.

Si,

NOTES.

humour of the Prince, a ſum of money to a Court Lady, or a Prime Miniſter, or a deſign of ſtrengthening a party oppoſite to the public intereſt, ever happened to be motives in thoſe advancements. What ſhare of knowledge theſe Lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, ſo as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-ſubjects in the laſt reſort. Whether they were always ſo free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe or ſome other ſiniſter view could have no place among them. "This is very cauſtic and ſevere; but is exceeded by what has been ſaid lately of a young Peer," being ſwaddled, rocked, and dandled, into a Legiſlator.

Ver. 109. *Laugh at your own jeſt.*] An admirable picture of ſeptennial folly and meanneſs during an election canvaſs, in which the arts of Engliſh ſolicitation are happily applied to Roman. Some ſtrokes of this kind, though mixed with unequal traſh, in the Paſquin of Fielding, may be mentioned as capital, and full of the trueſt humour. It is indeed a fine and fruitful ſubject for a Satyriſt. As Pope could not uſe a nomenclator (ſervum) he has ſeverely added a Lord. And if he has omitted a lively circum-

Tell at your Levee, as the Crowds approach,
To whom [l] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
" This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
" That makes three Members, this can chooſe a
" May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [n] Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [o] laugh at your own jeſt.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [p] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [q] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we [r] ev'ry Decency confound,
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [t] Country, and degrade our Name?
If,

NOTES.

ſtance, *ſodicet latus*, he has made ample compenſation by *take into your coach*. *Importunus* is ſkilfully turned by, *this may be troubleſome*; as is *facetus*, by, *laugh* at your own jeſt.

"Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine *amore jociſque*
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.
" Vive, vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

Ver. 126. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rocheſter.

Ver. 128. *And* Swift *cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*] Our Poet, ſpeaking in one place of the purpoſe of his Satire, ſays,

"In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
"Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my *friends*:"

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviſer ſay,

"Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* be ſore,
"So much the better, you may laugh the more;"

becauſe their impatience under reproof would ſhew, they had a great deal amiſs, which wanted to be ſet right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to ſee a Friend he ſo much valued, live in the miſerable abuſe of one of Nature's beſt gifts, unadmoniſhed of his folly. Swift, as we may ſee by ſome poſthumous volumes, lately publiſhed, ſo diſhonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his old age in a diſſipation that women and boys might be aſham'd of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to ſhew their parts, to edge their ſpleen, to pander to a faction; or, in ſhort, to any thing but that for which Nature beſtowed it, namely, to recommend virtue, and ſet off Truth; old age, which abates the paſſions, will never rectify the abuſes they occaſioned. But the remains of *wit*, inſtead of ſeeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miſerable depravity of taſte here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift ſeems to have placed no inconſiderable part of his wiſdom. "I chooſe," ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Pope, "my Companions amongſt thoſe of the leaſt conſequence, and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects." And again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad Proſe or worſe Verſes, either of RAGE or RAILLERY," *&c.* And again, in a Letter to Mr. Gay, "My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle!" W.

In

If, after all, we muſt with [u] Wilmot own,
The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone;
And SWIFT cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
[w] Adieu—if this Advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

NOTES.

In this note, Dr. Warburton makes ſome ſevere ſtrictures on the manner in which Swift employed his wit, in his latter days. And indeed, in many of his remarks, it appears that Warburton was not partial to the character of Swift; whom he had attacked in one of his earlieſt productions, on portents and prodigies; in which he ſays, page 32: "The religious Author of the Tale of a Tub will tell you, religion is but a reſervoir of fools and madmen; and the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver will anſwer for the ſtate, that it is a den of ſavages and cut-throats." Edition 12mo. 1727. "Miſanthropy," ſays a true philoſopher, "is ſo dangerous a thing, and goes ſo far in ſapping the very foundation of morality and religion, that I eſteem the laſt part of Swift's Gulliver (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worſe book to peruſe, than thoſe which we forbid as the moſt flagitious and obſcene. One abſurdity in this author (a wretched philoſopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking; in order to render the nature of men odious, and the nature of beaſts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beaſts, and beaſtly characters to his men; ſo that we are to admire the beaſts, not for being beaſts, but amiable men; and to deteſt the men, not for being men, but deteſtable beaſts.

"Whoever has been reading this unnatural filth, let him turn for a moment to a Spectator of Addiſon, and obſerve the philanthropy of that claſſical Writer; I may add, the ſuperior purity of his diction, and his wit."

HARRIS's Philological Enquiries, page 538.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE;

With this Motto in the firſt Edition, in folio, 1737:

"*Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere.*" Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments paſſed in his Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, ſeemed ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Increaſe of an *Abſolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the Happineſs of a *Free People*, and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epiſtle will ſhew the learned World to have fallen into two miſtakes: one, that *Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general;* whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum obſolefieri*, &c. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Diſcourſe of Poetry;* whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Auguſtus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cauſe of his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the *Town*, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; ſecondly againſt the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and

and laſtly againſt the *Emperor* himſelf, who had conceived them of little Uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taſte* of the *Nobility;* that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the *State;* and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himſelf muſt depend, for his Fame with Poſterity.

We may further learn from this Epiſtle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own Character. P.

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot [a] ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *While you, great Patron*] All thoſe nauſeous and outrageous compliments, which Horace, in a ſtrain of abject adulation, degraded himſelf by paying to Auguſtus, Pope has converted into bitter and pointed ſarcaſms, conveyed under the form of the moſt artful irony.

"Horace," ſays Pope, in the advertiſement to this piece, "made his court to this great prince, (or rather this cool and ſubtle tyrant,) by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a juſt contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character." Surely he forgot the 15th and 16th lines:

Jurandaſque tibi per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes, &c.

We ſometimes ſpeak incorrectly of what are called the writers of the Auguſtan age. Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Tully, J. Cæſar, and Salluſt, wrote before the time of Auguſtus; and Livy, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and Propertius, were by no means made good writers by his patronage and encouragement. The reigns of Auguſtus and Louis XIV. are often ſaid to reſemble each other, in the number of illuſtrious men, of every ſpecies of literature, that appeared together in thoſe reigns. But, (ſays the Preſident Henault, with his uſual ſagacity and judgment,) "On ne doit pas croire que ce ſoit l'effet du haſard; & ſi ces deux regnes ont de grands rapports, c'eſt qu'ils ont été accompagnés à peu près des mêmes circonſtances. Ces deux Princes ſortoient des guerres civiles; de ce tems ou les peuples toujours armés, nourris ſans ceſſe au milieu des périls, entétés des plus hardis deſſeins, ne voyent rien ou ils ne puiſſent atteindre; de ce tems ou les évènemens heureux

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! [a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your

NOTES.

heureux & malheureux, mille fois répétés, étendent les idées, fortifient l'âme, à force d'épreuves, augmentent ſon reſſort, & lui donnent le deſir de gloire qui ne manque jamais de produire de grandes choſes." Abrégé. 4to. p. 613.

I beg leave to add, that one of the moſt unaccountable prejudices that ever obtained, ſeems to be that of celebrating Auguſtus for clemency. "Clementiam non voco, laſſam crudelitatem," ſays Seneca. Can we poſſibly forget his cruel proſcriptions, and unjuſt baniſhment of Ovid? or the infamous obſcenity of his verſes? In the ſecond line of the Original, Bentley would read *mœnibus* inſtead of *moribus*. If we place an interrogation point after Cæſar in the fourth line, it will vindicate the Poet from the ſeeming inconſiſtency of, *longo ſermone:* Dr. Hurd imagines, but perhaps without juſt grounds, that by *ſermone* we are to underſtand, *not* the *body* of the epiſtle, but the *proëme* or *introduction* only. This interpertation appears to be one of thoſe refinements in which this learned Critic has rather too freely indulged himſelf in his Commentaries and Notes on this Epiſtle, and on the Art of Poetry. See, for inſtance, the interpretation he has adopted and amplified, from Catrou, of the temple Virgil has deſcribed, as prefiguring the Æneid, in the beginning of the Third Georgic. Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, p. 43.

A noted French Writer calls Auguſtus, "Un fourbe, un aſſaſſin, nommé Octave, parvenu à l'Empire par des crimes qui meritaient le dernier ſupplice."

VER. 2. *Open all the Main;*] A very obſcure expreſſion; as it was ſuggeſted to me by a judge of good writing, Lord Macartney.

Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

[c] Romulus †, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, [d] Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
[e] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [f] invidiam ſupremo fine domari.

[g] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.

Præſenti

NOTES.

† *Romulus,*] Dion Caſſius informs us, book 53. that Auguſtus was particularly pleaſed to be called Romulus.

Ver. 3. *Your Country, chief,*] The epithet, *ſolus*, in the Original muſt have been particularly pleaſing and flattering to Auguſtus. I have ſeen a ſpirited Ode, in which the ſhade of Brutus was introduced, bitterly reproaching Horace for ſuch a total deſertion of his republican principles, as was avowed by the uſe of this word, *ſolus*.

Ver. 5. *From ſuch a Monarch.*] This fine imitation was firſt publiſhed in 1737. The ſtrong ſatire with which it abounds was concealed with ſuch delicate art and addreſs, that many perſons, and ſome of the higheſt rank in the court, as I have been well informed, read it as a panegyric on the king and miniſtry, and congratulated themſelves that Pope had left the oppoſition, in which he had been engaged. But it may ſeem ſtrange they ſhould not ſee the drift and intention of ſuch lines, as, the ſix firſt, the twenty-ninth, the three hundred and fifty-fourth, the three hundred and fifty-ſixth, the three hundred and ſeventy-ſixth, the three hundred and ninety-fourth, and many other lines.

Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[b] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the World reform'd;
[e] Clos'd their long Glories, with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[f] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[g] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Edward and Henry, &c.*] *Romulus, et Liber Pater, &c.* Horace very judiciouſly praiſes Auguſtus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he had won; and therefore compares him not to thoſe who deſolated, but to thoſe who civilized, mankind. The Imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reaſon, our Poet ſhould not have aimed at it; as he has done in the mention of *Alfred*. W.

It has been obſerved, that Alfred, though he built many churches, yet founded no monaſtery.

VER. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This inſtance has not the ſame grace here as in the Original, where it comes in well after thoſe of Romulus, Bacchus, Caſtor, and Pollux; though awkwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the ſake of the beautiful thought in the next line; which yet does not equal the force of his Original. W.

[h] Præsenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
[i] Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[k] *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Æstimat; et, nisi quæ terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:
[l] Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel

NOTES.

Ver. 21. *Oppress'd we feel, &c.*] "Les hommes, nez INGRATS et JALOUX," (says an ingenious French Writer, with becoming indignation,) "ne pardonnent pas ceux qui prétend à leur admiration: de la mériter ils en font un crime, qu'ils punissent par des *calomnies*, des *critiques ameres*, et des *mépris affectez*. La Posterité le vengera de ses oppresseurs, en le comblant de louanges, tandis que ses imbécilles detracteurs, ces hommes *vils*, qui pour être oubliez, n'ont pas besoin de cesser d'être, resteront pour jamais plongez dans l'oubli." W.

Ver. 21. *The beam directly beat,*] In the Original is a confusion of metaphors, rarely to be found in Horace; *urit et prægravat*; which our author has judiciously avoided.

Ver. 30. *None e'er has risen,*] An artful irony for the gross and open adulation of *nil oriturum alias*; but the most unpardonable strain of flattery in one who had served under Brutus, is, telling this Augustus that he will be, *patiens vocari Cæsaris ultor*.

Ver. 37. *Chaucer's worst ribaldry*] The laws of the Decemviri do not at all answer to Chaucer; nor the *annosa volumina vatum* to Spenser and Ben Jonson. Nor in Verse below, 48, *tumbling through a hoop*, to *luctamur*. Dr. Hurd gives a forced meaning to *Achivis unctis*, and says it means, the *unwearied assiduity* of the Greek artists; the practice of *anointing* being essential to their agonistic trials, and that Horace puts the attending circumstances for the thing itself.

Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [h] but mature the praiſe:
Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame *:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
[i] As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[k] None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the Ruſt we value, not the Gold.
[l] Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton Heads of Houſes quote:

One

NOTES.

VER. 38. *And beaſtly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whoſe verſes has been lately reprinted, conſiſting almoſt wholly of ribaldry, obſcenity, and ſcurrilous language. P.

His Poems, ſays Dr. Farmer, are printed, 1736, with the Title of "Pithy, Pleaſant, and Profitable Workes of Maiſter Skelton, Poete Laureate." But, ſays Mr. Cibber, after ſeveral other Writers, "How, or by what intereſt he was made Laureat, or whether it was a title he aſſumed to himſelf, cannot be determined." This is an error pretty generally received, and it may be worth our while to remove it.

A facetious Author ſays ſomewhere, That a Poet Laureat, in the modern idea, is a gentleman who hath an annual ſtipend for

Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
[m] Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia [n] Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunæ: *pingimus*, atque
[o] *Psallimus*, et [p] *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

Est

NOTES.

reminding us of the new year, and the birth-day: but formerly a Poet Laureat was a real University Graduate.

"Skelton wore lawrell wreath
And past in schoels ye knoe,"

says Churchyarde in the Poem prefixed to his Works. And Master Caxton, in his Preface to the Boke of Eneydos, 1490, hath a passage, which well deserves to be quoted without abridgment: "I praye mayster John Skelton late created Poete Laureate in the Unyversite of Oxenforde, to overse and correcte thys sayd booke, and taddresse and expowne whereas shall be founde faulte; to theym that shall requyre it; for hym I knowe for sufficyent to expowne and Englysshe every difficulte that is therein, for he hath late translated the Epystles of Tullye and the Book of Dyodorus Syculus, and diverse other Workes, out of Latyn into Englisshe, not in rude and old langage, but in polysshed and ornate termes, craftily, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other noble Poets and Oratours, to me unknowen: and also he hath redde the IX Muses, and understands their musicalle scyences, and to whom of them eche scyence is appropred: I suppose he hath dronken of Elycon's well!" Skelton was rector of

Dis

One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk of the Green;
And each true Britain is to Ben ſo civil,
[m] He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.

Tho' juſtly [n] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not We be wiſer than our ſires?
In ev'ry Public Virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, [o] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [p] learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If [q] Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh Bards begin t' immortalize?

" Who

NOTES.

Dis in Norfolk, and patronized by the Earl of Northumberland. He wrote againſt Wolſey. Eraſmus ſtyled him, very ſtrangely, Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus. A moſt curious and accurate account, accompanied with remarks on the poetry and taſte of this country in the reign of Henry VII. is given in the 15th ſection of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry.

VER. 40. *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green;*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

It was printed at Oxford 1691, in quarto, by Gibſon, who was then a young man, at the end of Polemo Middinia, a Macaronic Poem by W. Drummond of Hawthornden.

VER. 42. *Met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonſon held his Poetical Club. P.

VER. 43. *Tho' juſtly Greece*] The Poet, as Dr. Hurd rightly obſerves, does not admit that the moſt ancient Greek writings were the beſt; what he allows is, the Superiority of the eldeſt Greek writings extant; which is a very different thing. The turn of his argument confines us to this ſenſe.

Eſt vetus atque probus, [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] vetereſne poetas,
An quos et præſens et poſtera reſpuat ætas?

Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] *honeſte*,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.

Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut [u] equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat elufus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] *faſtos*, et virtutem æſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod [y] *Libitina* ſacravit.
[z] Ennius et *ſapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

Quo

NOTES.

Ver. 55. *Can have no flaw,*] A very reprehenſible expreſſion; as alſo the words below, Verſe 58, *right and ſound.* On the contrary, *look in Stowe*, Verſe 66, is very happy.

Ver. 63. *The Horſe-tail bare,*] Lambinus ſays this paſſage relates to a ſtory mentioned in Plutarch of a ſoldier of Sertorius.

Ver. 69. *Shakeſpear*] Shakeſpear and Ben Jonſon may truly be ſaid not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the Stage; the other, in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*. P.

Dryden does, indeed, call them ſo, but very undeſervedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Beſides, nothing is more inconſtant than his characters of his own Country Poets, nor leſs reaſonable than moſt of his critical notions; for he had many occaſional ends to ſerve, and few principles to go upon. This may be ſaid as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity. W.

This cenſure of Dryden's critical works is ſurely too ſevere.

" Who laſts a [r] century can have no flaw,
" I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law."
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [s] Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all Eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
" We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By [t] courteſy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the [u] Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt [w] down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [x] Stowe,
And eſtimating Authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [y] Bier.
[z] Shakeſpear, (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the Divine, the Matchleſs, what you will,)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own deſpight.

Ben,

NOTES.

VER. 69. *And ev'ry Play-houſe bill*] A ridicule on thoſe who talk of *Shakeſpear*, becauſe he is in faſhion; who, if they dared to do juſtice to their taſte or conſcience, would own they liked *Durfey* better. W.

VER. 70. *Style the Divine*,] Is it not a true obſervation, that what nations gain in correctneſs and elegance, they loſe in force and ſublimity?

VER. 71. *For gain, not glory*,] I believe this perfectly true of Shakeſpear, but not of Ben Jonſon; who was not made, as was Shakeſpear, a poet by accident, but had ſpent his life in a cloſe ſtudy of the art. And as ſome of his plays, particularly the Silent Woman, were the firſt models of juſt comedy in our language, he could not, with propriety, be ſubſtituted for the ruder writers of Rome. The expreſſion in Verſe 74, *the Life to come*, is ſomewhat licentious.

Quo [a] *promiſſa* cadant, et *ſomnia Pythagorea.*
Nævius [b] in manibus non eſt; at [c] mentibus hæret
Pene recens: [d] adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema
Ambigitur [e] quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat

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Ver. 74. *The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

" Quo promiſſa cadant, et ſomnia Pythagorea."

The beauty of this ariſes from a circumſtance in Ennius's ſtory. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has ſucceeded. W.

(Certainly not ſucceeded).

Ver. 77. *Forgot his Epic,*] Rhymer abſurdly prefers the Davideis to the Jeruſalem of Taſſo.

Ver. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

Ver. 79. *Yet ſurely, ſurely,*] Geſner obſerves that theſe lines, in the Original, are not Horace's own opinions; a circumſtance obſerved by our author. Geſner much improved Baxter's Horace.

Ver. 83. *Cowley's Wit;*] Why mention Cowley, when only dramatic writers are ſpoken of, and characterized? In Verſe 85, he alludes to a line of Rocheſter on Shadwell and Wycherley. It is plain he was only copying the trite and trivial opinions of the pretenders to taſte, by omitting Otway, and mentioning only Southern and Rowe, as maſters of the pathetic; but whoſe Iſabella and Jane Shore may in truth be almoſt put in competition

Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[a] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [b] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed Wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [c] I love the Language of his Heart.
" Yet ſurely, [d] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [e] debates where Critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Jonſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher
" writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe,

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tition with Belvidera. It is ſingular that Horace, in the Original, ſhould mention Afranius only as the copier of Menander, and not Terence. Inſtead of Livi, meaning Livius Andronicus, in the ſucceeding lines, Bentley would read Lævi; becauſe he ſays that Livius Andronicus was too obſolete to be read by the ſcholars of Orbilius.

Ver. 85. *Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow;*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to Criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his anſwer,

" Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat." P.

Ver. 85. *How Shadwell haſty,*] Theſe lines anſwer to lines 58, 59, in the Original. Dr. Hurd obſerves, that Menander and his follower Terence were not admired by the Roman writers, till after the Auguſtan age: The reaſon was, " that popular eloquence which continued, in a good degree of vigour, to that time, participating

Spectat Roma potens; [f] habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.
[g] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.
Si [h] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

Si

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participating more of the freedom of the *old* comic banter, and rejecting, as improper to its end, the refinements of the *new*, inſenſibly depraved the public taſte; which, by degrees only, and not till a ſtudied and cautious declamation had, by the neceſſary influence of abſolute power, ſucceeded to the liberty of their old oratory, was fully reconciled to the delicacy and ſtrict decorum of Menander's wit."

Ver. 89. *The People's Voice is odd,*] "The capricious levity," ſays Dr. Hurd, on this paſſage, "of popular opinion hath been noted even to a proverb: and yet it is this, which, after all, fixes the fate of authors. This ſeemingly odd phænomenon I would thus account for: What is uſually complimented with the high and reverend appellation of public judgment is, in any ſingle inſtance, but the repetition or echo, for the moſt part eagerly catched and ſtrongly reverberated on all ſides, of a few leading voices, which have happened to gain the confidence, and ſo direct the cry of the public. But, (as, in fact, it too often falls out,) this prerogative of the few may be abuſed to the prejudice of the many. The partialities of friendſhip, the faſhionableneſs of the writer, his compliance with the reigning taſte, the lucky concurrence of time and opportunity, the cabal of a party, nay, the very freaks of whim and caprice; theſe, or any of them, as occaſion ſerves, can ſupport the dulleſt, as the oppoſite diſadvantages can depreſs the nobleſt performance; and give a currency or neglect to either, far beyond what the genuine character of each demands. Hence the public voice, which is but the aggregate of theſe corrupt judgments, infinitely multiplied, is, with the wiſe, at ſuch a juncture, deſervedly of little eſteem. Yet, in a ſucceſſion of ſuch judgments, delivered at different times and by different ſets or juntos of theſe ſovereign

" Theſe, [f] only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; [g] the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [h] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or

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arbiters of the fate of authors, the public opinion naturally gets clear of theſe accidental corruptions. Every freſh ſucceſſion ſhakes off ſome; till, by degrees, the work is ſeen in its proper form, unſupported of every other recommendation, than what its native inherent excellence beſtows upon it. Then, and not till then, the voice of the people becomes ſacred; after which it ſoon advances into divinity, before which all ages muſt fall down and worſhip. For now reaſon alone, without her corrupt aſſeſſors, takes the chair; and her ſentence, when once promulgated and authorized by the general voice, fixes the unalterable doom of authors."

Ὅλως καλα νομιζε υψη και αληθινα, τα διαπαντος αρεσκοντα και πασιν. LONGINUS, Sect. 7.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries. P.

It was written by J. Still, afterwards Biſhop of Bath and Wells.

If our author had been more acquainted with, and had not ſo much deſpiſed, our old Plays, he would have acquitted himſelf better in his edition of Shakeſpeare. A correct edition of this Comedy, written 1551, was given by Mr. R. Dodſley, in his valuable Collection of Old Plays; a publication which had the merit of exciting an attention to our ancient writers. Mr. R. Dodſley was a man of ſingular integrity, modeſty, good ſenſe, and good taſte. He was honoured with the regard and friendſhip of ſome of the moſt celebrated writers of his time; particularly of Mr. Pope himſelf. He planned and conducted ſeveral works of great utility. He himſelf produced many pleaſing and agreeable pieces,

Si quædam nimis [i] *antique*, ſi pleraque [k] *dure*
Dicere cedit eos, [l] *ignava* multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo
Non

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pieces, though not of the firſt rate; particularly his Toyſhop; his Œconomy of Human Life; his Poem on Public Virtue; his Ode, intitled Melpomene; and his Tragedy of Cleone. I reflect with pleaſure on the number of eminent men I have met at his hoſpitable Table. "The true *Noctes Atticæ*," Johnſon uſed to ſay, "are revived at honeſt Dodſley's Houſe."

Ver. 92. *Careleſs Huſband praiſe,*] This line is quoted as an inſtance of our Author's candour towards Cibber. This play was at firſt denied to be Cibber's, and was given to the Duke of Argyle, and other noblemen. It met with the greateſt ſucceſs, and was ſoon aſcribed to its right author. Mrs. Oldfield's abilities were firſt known and admired by her acting Lady Betty Modiſh. The reconciliation ſcene between Sir Charles and Lady Eaſy was applauded. But Dr. Armſtrong in his Sketches, p. 247, thinks it unnatural. Cibber was fond of theſe reconciliation ſcenes, and has uſed them in four of his plays; namely, Love's Laſt Shift, The Careleſs Huſband, Wife's Reſentment, Provoked Huſband. It is ſingular, that Cibber ſhould be the firſt writer that, after the Reſtoration, produced a play, his Love's Laſt Shift, in which any purity of manners, any decency of language, and any reſpect to the honour of the marriage-bed, were preſerved. (See Davis's Miſcell. p. 400. v. 3.) Cibber, ſays Dr. Armſtrong, beſides his abilities as a writer, and the ſingular variety of his powers as an actor, was, to the laſt, one of the moſt agreeable, cheerful, and beſt humoured men you would ever wiſh to converſe with. Armſtrong, conſequently, could not think him a proper hero for the Dunciad.

Ver. 97. *Affects the Obſolete,*] One, who is allowed to have ſtudied Spenſer attentively, has remarked, "that the cenſure of Johnſon upon his ſtyle, is perhaps unreaſonable; Spenſer in affecting the ancients writ no language." The ground-work and ſubſtance of his ſtyle is the language of his age. This indeed

Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a Fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the [i] Obſolete,
And Sidney's verſe halts ill on [k] Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [l] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.

Not

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deed is ſeaſoned with various expreſſions, adopted from the elder poets; but in ſuch a manner, that the language of his age was rather ſtrengthened and dignified, than debaſed and diſguiſed, by ſuch a practice. In truth, the affectation of Spenſer in this point is by no means ſo ſtriking and viſible as B. Jonſon has inſinuated; nor is his phraſeology ſo difficult and obſolete as it is generally ſuppoſed to be. For many ſtanzas together, we may frequently read him with as much facility as we can the ſame number of lines in Shakeſpear. Obſervations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 133. by Thomas Warton, A. M.

Ver. 98. *And Sidney's verſe*] For a ſpecimen, take the following ſtanza of one of his Sapphics. Arcadia, book i. p. 142.

If the ſpheres ſenſeleſs do yet hold a muſic,
If the ſwan's ſweet voice be not heard, but at death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life loſt
Yieldeth a lute's tune.

Ver. 100. *Now Serpent-like,*] Nobody can deny there are inequalities in this poem; and this obſervation of our Author is adopted from Dryden, who ſays, that Milton runs into a flat thought ſometimes for a hundred lines together; "but 'tis when he is got into a track of ſcripture:" but ſuch paſſages bear no proportion to the general ſublime of the poem: which, as the ſame Dryden ſays, we all admire with ſo much juſtice.

[m] Non equidem inſector, *delendaque carmina* Livi
Eſſe reor, memini quæ [n] *plagoſum* ° *mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;
ſed emendata videri
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
Inter

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Ver. 104. *Bentley*] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly deſpiſed and ridiculed by two of the greateſt Wits [P. S.], and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greateſt Scholars of his time [C. H.], will deſerve to have that juſtice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Maſter both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whoſe Writings he ſtudied with no other deſign than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a ſtrong natural underſtanding, a great ſhare of penetration, and a ſagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exerciſe and application. Yet, at the ſame time, he had ſo little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taſte*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itſelf, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of compoſition. And his reaſoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *Style of Poetry* was what he leaſt underſtood. So that, that clearneſs of conception, which ſo much aſſiſted his critical ſagacity, in diſcovering and reforming errors in books of ſcience, where a philoſophical preciſion, and grammatical exactneſs of language is employed, ſerved but to betray him into abſurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whoſe diction he was always for reducing to the proſaic rules of logical ſeverity; and whenever he found what a great maſter of ſpeech calls *verbum ardens*, he was ſure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical ſtandiſh. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Maſter of all the myſteries of the ancient *Rythmus*.

The

[m] Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like [n] ſlaſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakeſpear, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [o] read at ſchool.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with eaſe;
Sprat,

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The moſt important of his Works, as a ſcholar, is his *Critique on the Epiſtles of Phalaris;* aud the leaſt conſiderable, his *Remarks on the Diſcourſe concerning Free-thinking.* Yet the firſt, with all its ſuperiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as uſual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the eaſy and trifling taſk of expoſing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapſodiſt, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expreſſes it) to paſs for

" A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits:"

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injuſtice that had been done him in the firſt caſe, made him always ſpeak, amongſt his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deſerved. For however he might ſometimes miſtake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment: of which, a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this inſtance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticiſm, (the *Anſwer* to the Oxford writers,) he bad him not be diſcouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their ſide, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long againſt a work of ſo much learning. To which the other replied, " Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himſelf." W.

Ver. 104. *His deſp'rate hook,*] Alluding to the ſeveral paſſages of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including them within hooks; ſome with judgment, and ſome without any. W.

Is it poſſible the commentator could be ſerious in giving this turn to the word *hook?*

Inter quæ [p] *verbum emicuit* ſi forte *decorum*,
Si [q] *verſus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;
Injuſte *totum* ducit venitque poema.

[r] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et præmia poſci.

[s] Recte necne *crocum floreſque* perambulet *Attæ*
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clament periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ [t] *gravis Æſopus*, quæ doctus *Roſcius* egit.

Vel

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Ver. 109. *Sprat*,] Rightly put at the head of the ſmall Wits. He is now known to moſt advantage as the Friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was compriſed in the well rounding of a period: For, as Seneca ſaid of Triarius, "Compoſitione verborum belle cadentium multos *Scholaſticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is beſt ſeen by his laſt Will and Teſtament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Weſtminſter, but at a little country ſchool by the Churchyard ſide, ſhould at laſt come to be a Biſhop. —But the honour of being a Weſtminſter School-boy ſome have at one age, and ſome at another; and ſome all their life long. Our grateful Biſhop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age. W.

Ver. 110. *Like twinkling ſtars*] Among the traſh that fills thoſe ſix volumes, called Dryden's Miſcellanies, are ſeveral copies of verſes ſo dull and deſpicable, that they would hardly gain admittance in a modern monthly magazine;

"Unfiniſhed things one knows not what to call."

Dodſley's ſix volumes are on the whole ſuperior. Milton, in his Second Defence, has very ſeverely proſcribed the common writers of miſcellaneous poems. "Poetas equidem verè dictos, et diligo et colo, et audiendo ſæpe delector; iſtos vero verſiculorum nugivendos quis non oderit? quo genere nihil ſtultius, aut vanius, aut corruptius, aut mendacius. Laudant, vituperant, ſine delectû, ſine diſcrimine, judicio, aut modo, nunc principes, nunc plebeios, doc-

tos

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er,)
One Simile, that [p] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [q] lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[r] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but Applauſe.
[s] On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but aſk, if any weed can grow?
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride
Which [t] Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or

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tos juxta atque indoctos, probos an improbos perinde habent; prout Cantharus, aut ſpes nummuli, aut fatuus ille furor inflat, ac rapit." A ſenſible French writer makes the very ſame complaint that our author has done in verſe 116. Some ſhining paſſages, and a few ſtriking lines were ſufficient to recommend a whole piece. The weakneſs and meanneſs of many other lines were excuſed, on being conſidered only as made merely for connecting the former, and therefore they were called, as we learn from Marolles's Memoirs, des Vers de Paſſages. Du Bos, Sect. 7. The reading ſuch works, ſays Bayle, is like the journey of a caravan over the deſerts of Arabia, which often goes twenty or thirty leagues together without finding a ſingle fruit-tree or fountain. This thought has a cloſe reſemblance to the 111th line of our Poet.

VER. 122. *Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,*
Or well-mouth'd Booth—]

The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, ſignifies dignity of geſture and action; and in this ſenſe the imitator uſes the word *grave*: nothing being more deſtructive of his character than *ranting*,

Vel quia nil [t] rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
Jam [v] *Saliare Numæ carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
[x] Quod si tam Græcis *novitas* invisa fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

Ut

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ing, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chase*, here applied to his successor, was not given without a particular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between scientific music and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to Betterton, as the earliest of our Author's friends; whom he no less esteemed (as *Cicero* did Roscius) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the excellence of his dramatic performance. Our Author lived to see with pleasure, though after a considerable interruption, these qualities again revive and unite in the person of a *third* accomplished Actor*: the present ornament of the English Theatre. W.

Ver. 122. *Which Betterton's grave*] There are few characters drawn with such precision, life, nature, and truth, as what Cibber has given us of Betterton, in the fourth chapter of his life. It required no small mastery of language, and knowledge of the difficult art of acting, to be able to convey to the reader an exact and complete idea of the manner in which Betterton so admirably personated the characters of Othello, Hamlet, Hotspur, Brutus, and Macbeth. It were to be wished the same justice could be done to Mr. Garrick, who perhaps would not suffer much by a comparison with Betterton. It is at least to be lamented that Dr. Johnson should speak so contemptibly, as he has done more than once, of the profession and abilities of his friend and pupil. Booth

* Mr. Garrick.

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names,)
How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [u] no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, [w] or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[x] Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or

NOTES.

Booth was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, under the celebrated Dr. Buſby, who had himſelf a great love of theatrical repreſentations; and whoſe early praiſes of Booth for performing the Pamphilus of Terence, determined him to try his fortune on the ſtage. His firſt appearance was in the part of Oroonoko, on the Iriſh theatre; and in London, that of Maximus in Valentinian. He was reckoned ſecond to Betterton after he had performed Artaban in Rowe's Ambitious Step Mother, and Pyrrhus in the Diſtreſt Mother. But Othello was thought his maſterpiece. He was a man of conſiderable literature, ſtrict integrity, and amiable manners. His figure was clumſy, he ſtooped, had a large head, and very ſhort arms. Roſcius ſquinted. The lines 122 and 123, on Betterton and Booth, contain too feeble an encomium on the merits of theſe two excellent actors.

VER. 124. *A muſter-roll of Names*] An abſurd cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with emphaſis the mere *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P.

VER. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original: as Ver. 133—4. excel it. W.

[y] Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in *vitium fortuna labier æqua;*
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [z] *equorum.*
Marmoris

NOTES.

Ver. 140. *With Charles reſtor'd;*] He ſays properly, *reſtor'd*, becauſe the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practiſed in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather. W.

It was more than a revival.

Ver. 142. A Verſe of the Lord Lanſdown, P.

Ver. 143. *In Horſemanſhip t'excel,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Partheniſſa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by *Perſons of Quality*. P.

How deep this infection then reached, may be ſeen (but not without ſurprize) from the famous George Lord Digby's tranſlating the three firſt books of Caſſandra. Neither Philoſophy, Public Buſineſs, nor the Bigotry of Religion could keep him (when the folly was become faſhionable) from an amuſement fit only for boys and girls. W.

Aſtræa, by Honorè d'Urfe, was the beſt of theſe High Romances, the firſt volume of which was publiſhed 1610, and dedicated to Henry the Fourth. Boileau has written a Dialogue in the manner of Lucian, full of wit and pleaſantry, to expoſe the High Romance of Gomberville, Calprenade, and De Scuderi, tom. iii, p. 1.

Ver. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The riſe and progreſs of the ſeveral branches of literary ſcience is one of the moſt curious parts of the hiſtory of the human mind; and yet it is that which, amongſt us, is leaſt attended to. This of *fictitious hiſtory*, or the *Fable*, is not below our notice.—The cloſe connection which every individual has with all that relates to Man in general, ſtrongly inclines us to turn our attention on human affairs, in preference to moſt other purſuits, and eagerly to wait the courſe and iſſue of them. But as the progreſs of human actions is too ſlow to gratify our curioſity, obſervant men very early contrived to ſatisfy our impatience, by the invention of *hiſtory*. Which, by recording the principal circumſtances of paſt Facts, and laying them cloſe together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languiſhing, and gave conſtant exerciſe to its reflections.

But

Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
[y] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd;
In ev'ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then Peers grew proud in [z] Horſemanſhip t' excel,
New-market's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

Then

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But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our ſatisfactions, the Procurers to our pleaſures run into exceſs; ſo it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dreſſed up, ſoon grew too inſipid, to a taſte ſtimulated by the luxury of art: Men wanted ſomething of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages, thoſe feigned hiſtories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the falſe provocative of enchantment and prodigies.

But ſatiety, in things unnatural, brings on diſguſt. And the reader at length began to ſee, that too eager a purſuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what firſt engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the fairy walks of Phantoms and Chimeras. And now, thoſe who had run furtheſt after theſe deluſions, were the firſt to ſtop ſhort and recover themſelves. For the next ſpecies of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of Spaniſh invention. Theſe preſented us with ſomething of *humanity;* but in a forced unnatural ſtate. For as every thing before had been conducted by *Necromancy*, ſo all, now, was managed by *intrigue*. And though this *humanity* had indeed a kind of *life*, it had, yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, thoſe who could not penetrate into the ill conſtitution of its plan, grew, however, diſguſted at the dryneſs of the *Conduct*, and want of eaſe in the *Cataſtrophe*.

The avoiding of theſe defects gave riſe to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the French, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which,

ſome

[a] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
Suspendis [b] picta vultum mentemque tabella;

Nunc

NOTES.

some celebrated story of antiquity was so disguised by modern fable and invention, as was just sufficient to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lie nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagancies, *Love* and *Honour* supplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over-refinement of *Platonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle passion*. Thus in attempting a more natural representation of it, in the little Amatory Novels which succeeded those heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *Taste*.

At length this great people (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely obliged) hit upon the true secret by which alone a deviation from fact and reality, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of Life and Manners.

In this species of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. Fielding in England, stand the foremost. And by enriching it with the best part of the *Comic* art, may be said to have brought it to its perfection. But the rage of appetite for these amusements, which succeeded, and the monstrous things that now serve for our entertainment, will put us in mind of a story, which Plutarch tells of Cæsar: who observing certaining Barbarians at Rome, caressing young puppy-dogs and apes, asked if the women bred no children amongst those strangers, that they were so fond of these grotesque resemblances.—Yet amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we have been lately entertained with what I will venture to call, a Master-piece, in the *Fable*; and of a new species likewise. This piece I mean, is, the Castle of Otranto. The scene is laid in *Gothic Chivalry*. Where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the Author to go beyond his subject, and effect the full purpose of the *ancient Tragedy*, that is, *to purge the passions by pity and terror*, in colouring as great and harmonious as in any of the best Dramatic Writers. W.

Then [a] Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [b] animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court:

On

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Ver. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas*] If Wycherley in his Comedies had nature, ſays Mr. Walpole, it is nature ſtark naked. "The painters of that time veiled it but little more; Sir Peter Lely ſcarce ſaves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs generally repoſed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent, to be taken for any thing but maids of honour. Yet fantaſtic as his compoſitions ſeem, they were pretty much in the dreſs of the times, as is evident by a Puritan tract in the year 1678, intitled, Juſt and Reaſonable Reprehenſions of Naked Breaſts and Shoulders."

When Oliver Cromwell ſat to Sir Peter Lely, he ſaid to him while ſitting, "Mr. Lely, I deſire you would uſe all your ſkill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all theſe roughneſſes, pimples, warts, and every thing as you ſee me, otherwiſe I will never pay a farthing for it."

Ver. 150. *The ſleepy eye,*] This charming line bears a wonderful reſemblance to one in an exquiſite Greek Epigram of Antipater, which it is not probable Pope could have ſeen:

Ἠτακέραις λευσσοῦσα κοραῖς μαλακωτέρον ὕπνω.
Liquiſcentibus tuens oculis mollius ſomno.

Ver. 151. *All was Love and Sport,*] The Memoirs of the Count Grammont, without Burnet's Hiſtory, would be alone a ſufficient monument of the unexampled and coarſe corruption and debauchery of the Court of Charles the Second, who diffuſed a taſte, not only for French manners, but for French government, into this Country, full of low admiration of that vain, unfeeling, ambitious, profuſe Deſpot, Louis XIV.

Ver. 152. *Debauch'd at Court:*] In a letter to Lord Clarendon, January 27, 1658; the Duke of Ormond ſays of Charles II. "I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar conver-

Nunc [c] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
[d] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.
[c] Romæ dulce diu fuit et ſolemne, recluſa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [g] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[f] *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h] et calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio: puerique patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.

Ipſe

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converſations, is become an irreſiſtible part of his nature, and will never ſuffer him to animate his own deſigns, and others actions, with that ſpirit which is requiſite for his quality, and much more for his fortune."

Ver. 153. *On each enervate ſtring, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England. P.

Ver. 155. *But Britain,*] Our Author has widely and improperly departed from the context and meaning of his Original. Horace ſpeaks only of a change of taſte in works of Art and Literature. Pope has altered it to Politics and Diſputes on Government.

Ver. 160. *Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.*] i. e. The love of Liberty—Mr. Voltaire, while in England, writes thus to a friend in Paris—"I had a mind at firſt to print our poor *Henry* at my own expences in London: but the loſs of my money is a ſad ſtop to my deſign. I queſtion if I ſhall try the way of Subſcriptions by the favour of the Court. I am weary of Courts. All that is King, or belongs to a King, frights my republican Philoſophy.

On [c] each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
But [d] Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.
[e] Time was, a ſober Engliſhman would knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five o'clock,
Inſtruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And ſend his Wife to church, his Son to School.
To [f] worſhip like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on [g] good Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [h] Poetic Itch
Has ſeiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons,

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ſophy. I won't drink the leaſt draught of Slavery in the Land of Liberty. I have written freely to —, and I will always do ſo, having no reaſon to lay myſelf under any reſtraint. I fear, I hope nothing from *your* Country: all that I wiſh for, is to ſee you one day here. I am entertaining myſelf with this pleaſant hope. If it is but a dream, let me enjoy it: don't undeceive me: let me believe I ſhall have the pleaſure to ſee you in London, drawing up the ſtrong ſpirit of this unaccountable Nation. You will tranſlate their thoughts better when you live amongſt them. You will ſee a Nation fond of their Liberty, learned, witty, deſpiſing Life and Death, a nation of Philoſophers. Not but that there are ſome fools in England. Every Country has its madmen. It may be, French folly is pleaſanter than Engliſh madneſs, but by —— Engliſh Wiſdom and Engliſh Honeſty is above *yours*."

MS. Eng. Lett. Oct. 15, 1726.

Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior [l] Parthis *mendacior;* et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et ſcrinia poſco.
[k] Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, niſi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* eſt,
Promittunt [l] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
[m] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.
[n] Hic error tamen et levis hæc inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: vatis [o] *avarus*
Non

NOTES.

Ver. 172. *Our Wives read Milton,*] Our age deſerves rather to be congratulated than ſatirized, for the general diffuſion of knowledge and literature that has taken place, particularly among the fair ſex; among whom may be found, not only many intelligent readers, but alſo able judges of poetry. See Mrs. Montague's Eſſay on Shakſpeare.

Ver. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurprizing Effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of writing and converſation at this time. P.

Ver. 186. *Should Ripley venture,*] Politics and Partiality, ſays Lord Orford, in his Anecdotes on Painting, concurred to help on this cenſure. Ripley was employed by the miniſter, and had not the countenance of Lord Burlington, the patron of Pope. It is no leſs true, that the Admiralty is a moſt ugly edifice, and deſervedly veiled by Mr. Adams's handſome ſcreen. Yet Ripley in the mechanic part, and in the diſpoſition of apartments and conveniences, was unluckily ſuperior to the Earl himſelf. Lord Orford's at Houghton, and Lord Walpole's at Woollerton, one of the beſt towns of the ſize in England, will, as long as they remain, acquit this artiſt of the charge of ignorance.

Ver. 191. *The Folly benefits mankind;*] For the honour and defence of our favourite art, we muſt here add Dr. Hurd's note on this paſſage.

" This apology for poets, and, in them, for poetry itſelf, though delivered with much apparent negligence and unconcern, yet, if conſidered, will be found to comprize in it every thing, that any, or all, of its moſt zealous advocates have ever pretended in its behalf.

Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the Bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearfals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who fo oft renounce the Mufes, [i] lie,
Not —'s felf e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When ſick of Muſe, or follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit.

[k] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'en [l] Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile;)
But [m] thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, [n] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [o] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.

Allow

NOTES.

" For it comprehends: I. [From Ver. 118 to 124.]The perſonal good qualities of the Poet. Nothing is more inſiſted on by thoſe, who take upon themſelves the patronage and recommendation of any art, than that it tends to raiſe in the profeſſor of it all thoſe virtues which contribute moſt to his own proper enjoyment, and render him moſt agreeable to others. Now this it ſeems may be urged on the ſide of poetry, with a peculiar force. For not only the ſtudy of this art hath a direct tendency to produce a neglect

Non temere eſt animus: [P] verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;

Detrimenta,

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lect or diſregard of worldly honours and emoluments (from the too eager appetite of which almoſt all the calamities, as well as the more unfriendly vices, of men ariſe), but he, whom the benign aſpect of the muſe hath glanced upon and deſtined for her peculiar ſervice, is, by conſtitution, which is ever the beſt ſecurity, fortified againſt the attacks of them. Thus his raptures in the enjoyment of his muſe, make him overlook the common accidents of life: (ver. 121.) he is generous, open, and undeſigning by nature: (ver. 122.) to which we muſt not forget to add, that he is temperate, that is to ſay, poor by profeſſion.

Vivit ſiliquis et pane ſecundo.

" II. (From ver. 124 to 139.) The Utility of the Poet to the State: and this both on a Civil and Moral Account. For, 1. the poets, whom we read in our younger years, and from whom we learn the power of words, and hidden harmony of numbers, that is as a profound Scotchman teaches, the firſt and moſt eſſential priuciples of eloquence, enable, by degrees, and inſtruct their their pupil to appear with advantage in that extenſively uſeful capacity of a public ſpeaker.

" And, indeed, graver writers than our poet have ſent the orator to this ſchool. But the pretenſions of poetry go on much farther. It delights (from ver. 130 to 132.) to immortalize the triumphs of virtue; to record or feign illuſtrious examples of heroic worth, for the ſervice of the riſing age: and, which is the laſt and beſt fruit of philoſophy itſelf, it can relieve even the languor of ill-health, and ſuſtain poverty herſelf under the ſcorn and inſult of contumelious opulence.

" 2. In a moral view its ſervices are not leſs conſiderable; (for it may be obſerved the poet was ſo far of a mind with the philoſopher, to give no quarter to immoral poets;) and to this end it ſerves, 1. (ver. 127.) in turning the ear of youth from that early corruptor of its innocence, the ſeducement of a looſe and impure communication.

" 2. Next (ver. 128.) in forming our riper age, (which it does with all the addreſs and tenderneſs of friendſhip, Amicis præceptis,) by the ſanctity and wiſdom of its precepts. And, 3. Which

is

Allow him but his [p] plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight

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is the proper office of tragedy, in correcting the exceſſes of the natural paſſions (ver. 122.).

" The reader who doth not turn himſelf to the Original, will be apt to miſtake this detail of the virtues of poetry, for an account of the policy and legiſlation of ancient and modern times; whoſe proudeſt boaſt, when the philanthropy of their enthuſiaſtic projectors ran at the higheſt, was but to prevent the impreſſions of vice, to form the mind to habits of virtue, and to curb and regulate the paſſions.

" III. His Services to Religion. This might well enough be ſaid, whether by religion we underſtand an internal reverence of the Gods, which poetry firſt and principally intended, or their popular adorations and worſhip, which by its fictions, as of neceſſity conforming to the received fancies of ſuperſtition, it muſt greatly tend to promote and eſtabliſh; but the Poet, artfully ſeizing a circumſtance, which ſuppoſes and includes in it both theſe reſpects, renders his defence vaſtly intereſting.

" All the cuſtomary addreſſes of Heatheniſm to its Gods, more eſpecially on any great and ſolemn emergency, were the work of the Poet. For nature, it ſeems, had taught the Pagan world, what the Hebrew Prophets themſelves did not diſdain to practice, that to lift the imagination, and, with it, the ſluggiſh affections of human nature, to Heaven, it was expedient to lay hold on every aſſiſtance of art. They therefore preſented their ſupplications to the Divinity in the richeſt and brighteſt dreſs of eloquence, which is poetry. Not to inſiſt, that devotion, when ſincere and ardent, from its very nature, enkindles a glow of thought which communicates ſtrongly with the tranſports of poetry. Hence the language of the Gods (for ſo was poetry accounted, as well from its being the divineſt ſpecies of communication our rude conceptions can well frame even for ſuperior intelligences, as for that it was the fitteſt vehicle of our applications to them) became not the ornament only, but an eſſential in the ceremonial of Paganiſm. And this, together with an alluſion to a form of public prayer (for ſuch was his ſecular ode), compoſed by himſelf, gives, at once, a grace and ſublimity to this part of the apology, which are perfectly inimitable.

Detrimenta, [q] *fugas* servorum, *incendia* ridet;
Non [r] *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo [s];
[t] Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi;*
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
[u] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:
Torquet

NOTES.

"Thus hath the great Poet, in the compass of a few lines, drawn together a complete defence of his art; for what more could the warmest admirer of poetry, or, because zeal is quickened by opposition, what more could the vehement declaimer against Plato (who proscribed it) urge in its behalf, than that it furnishes, to the Poet himself, the surest means of solitary and social enjoyment; and further serves to the most important civil, moral, and religious purposes."

Ver. 195. *Flight of Cashiers,*] Alluding to Mr. Knight's (one of the Cashiers of the South Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that Bubble, by which Pope was a considerable sufferer.

Ver. 201. *Of little use*] Except these two lines, vivit filiquis, and militiæ quanquam piger et malus, all that follows is serious in the Original. And I do not think os tenerum is ridicule.

Ver. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity *(non bene relicta parmula)* in the battle of Phillippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit filiquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his Epicurism: *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows; *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c. which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses. P.

Ver. 213, 214. *Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,*
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;]
The sudden stop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a great beauty. The Poet's *tenderness* for his Master is expressed in the second

[q] Flight of Caſhiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To [r] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his [s] diet.

Of little uſe the Man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe;
Yet let me ſhow, a Poet's of ſome weight,
And ([t] tho' no Soldier) uſeful to the State.
[u] What will a child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in public with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome Monſter of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!——In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.

He,

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ſecond line by making his *caſe general*; and his *honour* for him, in the firſt line, by making his *caſe particular*, as the only one that deſerved pity. W.

VER. 215. *Excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains*] We are not to underſtand this as a diſapprobation of Mr. Addiſon for celebrating the virtues of the preſent Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumſtance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

Torquet ab *obſcœnis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis,

NOTES.

When Mr. Addiſon, in the year 1713, had finiſhed his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the ſentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly; and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a claſſical performance, which would perfectly anſwer his deſign. Mr. Addiſon approved of this advice; and ſeemed diſpoſed to follow it. But ſoon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that ſome friends, whom he could not diſoblige, inſiſted on his having it acted. However he aſſured Mr. Pope, that it was with no *Party* views; and deſired him to ſatisfy the Treaſurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the ſame time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their peruſal. Our Poet executed his commiſſion in the moſt friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addiſon was ſo exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his requeſt, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had ſaid,

" Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approv'd,
" And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd;"

he was much troubled; ſaid it would be called, ſtirring the people to rebellion; and earneſtly begged he would ſoften it into ſomething leſs obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now ſtands, to *Britons, attend*,—though at the expence both of the ſenſe and ſpirit. Notwithſtanding this, the very next year, when the preſent illuſtrious Family came to the ſucceſſion, Mr. Addiſon thought fit to make a merit of CATO, as purpoſely and directly written to oppoſe to the ſchemes of a faction. His Poem, to Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, beginning in this manner,

" The Muſe, that oft with ſacred raptures fir'd
" Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inſpir'd;
" And, boldly riſing for Britannia's Laws,
" Ingag'd great CATO in her country's cauſe;
" On you ſubmiſſive waits." W.

In Spence's Collections, I read theſe anecdotes of Addiſon, at his houſe at Byfleet in Surry, 1754. Theſe anecdotes, which were

He, [w] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms

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were very curious, and contained many unknown particular circumſtances of his contemporaries, were ſold to Mr. Dodſley the bookſeller, and prepared to be publiſhed; when Dr. Lowth, the late excellent biſhop of London, and Dr. Ridley, on a cloſe inſpection of them, imagined, that from ſome perſonalities in them, they were improper for the public eye. They therefore prevailed on Mr. Dodſley to relinquiſh his bargain, which he readily and generouſly agreed to do; and the Anecdotes were ſealed up and delivered into the hands of the late Duke of Newcaſtle, the patron and friend of Spence. When Dr. Johnſon was writing the Lives of the Poets, application was made to the Duke for an inſpection of what related to Pope. It is to be hoped no farther uſe was ever made of them in any other publication.

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addiſon remains.*] Mr. Addiſon's literary character is much miſtaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the groſs. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worſe Critic. His verſes are heavy, and his judgment of men and books ſuperficial. But, in the pleaſantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as ſhe had done once before in *Lucian* (who wanted the other's wiſdom to make a right uſe of it) the ſublime of Plato to the humour of Menander. W.

If Addiſon's verſes are heavy, as is aſſerted in this note, yet has he diſplayed (for I muſt repeat the aſſertion) a great power of true poetic imagination, in his Viſion of Mirza, the Story of Balſora, of Conſtantia and Theodoſius, and many moſt beautiful allegories. The author, who called his Campaign a Gazette in Rhyme, never meant to deny that there were many very brilliant paſſages in this poem. The regular march from place to place, which he followed, like the route of a muſter maſter general, was all that was pointed at. See Boileau, Art. Poet.

VER. 217. *He, from the taſte obſcene, &c.*] This, in Imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

" torquet ab obſcœnis;"

and likewiſe to Mr. Addiſon's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*; the Character of which is given in the preceding

Aſperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
Recte facta refert; [x] orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis; [y] *inopem* ſolatur et *ægrum*.

Caſtis

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note. But the excellence of the papers called the *Spectator*, may be beſt gathered from their breaking through party-madneſs, at their birth, and, like the infant Hercules, in the fable of the two Snakes, ſtrangling the rage both of the Whig and Tory papers. The fact is too important not to be delivered to poſterity. Swift had enflamed party-rage into madneſs, by his *Examiners*, where all the Heads of the Whig intereſt found their characters torn in pieces, and treated in the moſt cruel and unjuſt manner. The *Tatler*, till then the delight of the Public, was no longer heard; and the efforts of *Steel*'s indiſcreet zeal to turn it into a party-paper, did not ſucceed. So the *Tatler* ſoon became ſilent, as no longer inſpired by Mr. Addiſon, who diſliked that fooliſh attempt. But relying on his ſtrength, and ſupported by the honeſty of his intentions, he reſolved to try whether it was poſſible to ſoften the ſavage rage of Party, by calling off the public attention to it, and fixing it on thoſe amiable *lucubrations*, with a few of which, the world had been ſo lately charmed in the *Tatler*. It was this, and, at the ſame time, to keep his friend Steel out of miſchief, which made him eſpouſe the projected paper of the *Spectator*. His conſtant aſſiſtance in it had a wonderful effect. It was indeed the full effort of the fineſt and moſt original genius in this way of writing. Yet whoever now reflects upon the ſucceſs at that critical juncture, cannot be leſs ſtruck with it than men were at that time. Swift, as appears by his Letters lately publiſhed, was ſurprized at the extraordinary ſucceſs. It mortified his pride, that Mr. A. could draw the public attention from party-matters, when managed by him, where he ſhone without a rival. He frequently drops hints of his uneaſineſs that Whigs and Tories were unanimous in the applauſes they gave to the *Spectator;* and invidiouſly repreſents it as a woman's paper, and patroniſed chiefly by the Ladies. W.

Ver. 220. *And pours each*] All this Addiſon has accompliſhed in an eminent and unequalled degree in his Proſe Writings; but propriety required that the example ſhould have been given, not from writings in proſe, but verſe. Pope has here deſerted and deviated from his Original, and put a change on his readers. I will juſt

Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her Cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
" The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [y] relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [x] ſtretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:
The

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juſt add, that Addiſon ſaid he had taken the admirable character of Vellum from the Scornful Lady.

VER. 224. *The Rights a Court attack'd,*] For this paſſage our Author was threatened with a proſecution.

VER. 226. *The Idiot and the Poor,*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand. P.

VER. 229. *Who merit other palms;*] Horace, in the ſeven lines of the Original, *Caſtis cum pueris, &c.* is perfectly ſerious, and Pope has indulged a vein of ill-placed humour and pleaſantry, in laughing at poor Sternhold and Hopkins, and Pſalm-ſinging in country churches. A very accurate and entertaining account is given in the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, of this muſical verſion of the Pſalms, which was made after the model of Clement Marot, who, about the year 1570, hoped to have introduced a ſpirit of devotion into the Court of Francis I. by ſubſtituting divine hymns inſtead of chanſons d'amour, among the ladies and nobility. And Thomas Sternhold, a native of Hampſhire, and educated at Wincheſter college, hoped to do the ſame in the court of Edward VI. to whom he was a groom of the bedchamber. His coadjutor was John Hopkins, a ſchool-maſter in Suffolk, who tranſlated fifty-eight of the Pſalms; and another aſſiſtant was William Whytting-

Caſtis cum [z] pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde [a] *preces*, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, et *præſentia numina* ſentit;
Cœleſtes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [c] *metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d] Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e] Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem
Cum ſociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[f] Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [g] donec jam fævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honeſtas

Ire

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ham, dean of Durham, who alſo verſified the Decalogue, the Nicene, Apoſtolic, and Athanaſian Creeds. And Thomas Norton, who joined with Lord Buckhurſt in writing the tragedy of Gorboduc, joined alſo in this work, and turned into metre twenty-ſeven Pſalms. Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. iii. p. 168. by Thomas Warton.

Ver. 240. *By Violence of Song.*] Dr. Brown, an able judge of muſic, ſays, that the performance of our parochial pſalms, though in the villages it be often as mean and meagre as the words that are ſung, yet in great towns, where a good organ is ſkilfully and devoutly employed by a ſenſible organiſt, the union of this inſtrument with the voices of a well inſtructed congregation, forms one of the grandeſt ſcenes of unaffected piety that human nature can afford. The reverſe of this appears, when a company of illiterate people

The [z] Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [a] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe chears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [c] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that Grace his pray'r beſought in vain;
The bleſſing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And [d] Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.
Our [e] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [f] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and [g] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
Who

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people form themſelves into a choir diſtinct from the congregation. Here devotion is loſt between the impotent vanity of thoſe who ſing, and the ignorant wonder of thoſe who liſten.

But Mr. Maſon has exhauſted this ſubject in his very judicious and elegant Eſſay on Pſalmody.

Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [i] *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

[k] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [l] *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiæ

NOTES.

Ver. 263. *We conquer'd France,*] Pope has failed in aſcribing that introduction of our polite literature to France, which Horace attributes to Greece among the Romans (ver. 15. orig.). It was to Italy, among the moderns, that we owed our true taſte in poetry. Spencer and Milton imitated the Italians, and not the French. And if he had correctneſs in his view, let us remember, that in point of regularity and correctneſs, the French had no dramatic piece equal to the Silent Woman of Ben Jonſon, performed 1609; at which time Corneille was but three years old. The rules of the drama are as much violated in the Cid, 1637, beautiful as it is, as in the Macbeth, Lear, and Othello, all written before Corneille was born; whoſe firſt comedy, Melite, which is now never acted, was repreſented 1624. The pieces of the very fertile Hardy (for he wrote ſix hundred), the immediate predeceſſor of Corneille, are full of improbabilities, indecorums, and abſurdities, and by no means comparable to Melite. As to the correctneſs of the French ſtage, of which we hear ſo much, the rules of the three unities are indeed rigorouſly and ſcrupulouſly obſerved; but the beſt of their tragedies, even ſome of thoſe of the ſweet and exact Racine, have defects of another kind, and are what may be juſtly called deſcriptive and declamatory dramas; and contain the ſentiments and feelings of the author, or the ſpectator, rather than of the perſon introduced as ſpeaking. "After the Reſtoration,"

Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſome [h] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [i] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
[k] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l] Numbers learn'd to flow.

Waller

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Reſtoration," ſays Pope, in the margin, "Waller, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation." But the model was unfortunately and injudiciouſly choſen; for the Pompey of Corneille is one of his moſt exceptionable tragedies. And the rhyme tranſlation they gave of it is performed pitifully enough. Even Voltaire confeſſes, that Corneille is always making his heroes ſay of themſelves, that they are great men. Pope mentions only Waller and Denham as maſters of verſification; What! did Milton contribute nothing to the harmony and extent of our language? nothing to our national taſte, by his noble imitations of Homer, Virgil, and the Greek tragedies? Surely his verſes vary, and reſound as much, and diſplay as much majeſty and energy as any that can be found in Dryden. And we will venture to ſay, that he that ſtudies Milton attentively, will gain a truer taſte for genuine poetry, than he that forms himſelf on French writers, and their followers. His name ſurely was not to be omitted on this occaſion. Let the fond admirers of French poetry attend to the confeſſion of their laſt great poet: "Cette maigreur, ordinaire à la verſification Françaiſe, ce viude de grandes idées, eſt un peu la ſuite de la gêne de nos phraſes & de notre rime."

Corneille

Munditiæ pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [m] *veſtigia ruris.*
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt [n] *Punica bella* quietus quærere cœpit,
Quod [o] Sophocles et Theſpis et Æſchylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, ſi digne vertere poſſet:
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis et acer:

Nam

NOTES.

Corneille was induced to write this tragedy of Pompey from his great admiration of Lucan, many of whoſe lines he tranſlated and inſerted in his play, full of timid expreſſions and violent exaggerations. The laſt act is very feeble and unintereſting.

"The tranſlation," ſays Fenton, "from Corneille, I found appropriated to Mr. Waller, in a letter which was communicated to me by my honoured friend Sir Clement Cotterel, maſter of the ceremonies; it was written to his grandfather by Mrs. Philips, the celebrated Orinda; and contains the following criticiſm on our Author's performance, and her opinion of the whole: "I muſt then tell you, that Mr. Waller's own act is not free, in my opinion, from juſt exceptions. The words, Roman blade, choak me very much; his frequent double rhymes in an heroic poem; his calling Pompey a conſul, when that was not in the original, or the hiſtory; (both the conſuls being with him at Pharſalia;) Pharſalian kites, for les vautours de Pharſale. I cannot reliſh his Engliſhing, le dernier preuve de leur amitié, their new friendſhip; and many additions and omiſſions of the Author's ſenſe. I think a tranſlation ought not to be uſed, as muſicians do a ground, with all the liberty of deſcant; but as painters when they copy. And the rule that I underſtood of tranſlation, till theſe gentlemen informed me better, was, to write ſo Corneille's ſenſe, as it is to be ſuppoſed Corneille would have done if he had been an Engliſhman; not confined to his lines, nor his numbers (unleſs we can do it happily), but always to his meaning."

VER. 269. *The long majeſtic March,*] But Dryden himſelf ſays, that he uſed the Alexandrine line in imitation of Spenſer. It cannot be allowed that Pope, as is aſſerted in the following note, by his perpetual encomiums preſerved his Maſter falling into neglect. This truly great but incorrect Poet ſtood in no need of ſuch aſſiſtance.

Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full-reſounding line,
The long majeſtic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our [m] ruſtic vein,
And ſplay-foot verſe, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [n] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [o] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had ſomething to admire.

Not

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Ver. 269. *Energy divine.*] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what he owed to the Genius and Writings of this great Poet, occaſioned theſe perpetual encomiums; which have preſerved his Maſter from falling into neglect, and have even raiſed his reputation higher than ever. *Cicero* did the ſame grateful office to *Craſſus* and *Antonius*, to whom he had the ſame obligations. One of the principal reaſons he gives for making them the chief Speakers in his famous Dialogue *de Oratore* is, "ut laudem eorum jam prope ſeneſcentem quantum ego poſſem (ſays he) ab oblivione hominum, atque a ſilentio vindicarem—deberi hoc a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi.—" W.

Ver. 274. *Corneille's noble fire,*] Father Tournemine uſed to relate, that M. de Chalons, who had been ſecretary to Mary de Medicis, and had retired to Rouen, was the perſon who adviſed Corneille to ſtudy the Spaniſh language; and read to him ſome paſſages of Guillon de Caſtro, which ſtruck Corneille ſo much, that he determined to imitate his Cid. The artifices uſed by Richlieu, and the engines he ſet to work to cruſh this fine play, are well known. Not one of the Cardinal's tools was ſo vehement as the Abbe d'Aubignac; who attacked Corneille on account of his family, his perſon, his geſture, his voice, and even the conduct of his domeſtic affairs. When the Cid firſt appeared, ſays Fontenelle, the Cardinal was as much alarmed as if he had ſeen the Spaniards at the gates of Paris. In the year 1635 Richlieu, in the midſt of the important political concerns that occupied his mighty genius, wrote the greateſt part of a play, called La Comedie des Tuilleries, in which Corneille propoſed ſome alterations

to

Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex [r] *medio* quia res arcéſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet *Comœdia* tanto
Plus

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to be made in the third act: which honeſt freedom the Cardinal never forgave.

The Medea of Corneille was played 1635. It was the firſt tolerable tragedy produced in France after the Sophoniſba of Mairet, 1633. It is remarkable, that both in Italy and France, Sophoniſba was the ſtory that gave riſe to the drama from the hands of Triſſino and Mairet.

Ver. 275. *That France had ſomething*] "Were I a Frenchman," ſaid Akenſide, "concerned for the poetical glory of my country, I ſhould lament its unmuſical language, and the impoſſibility of forming it to numbers or harmony. The French Ode is an uncertain mixture of different feet, changing at random the rhythmus or movement of the verſe, and diſappointing one's ear, juſt as if a dancer in the midſt of a minuet ſhould fall a capering in the harlequin ſtep, or break out into a Lancaſhire hornpipe. Their Alexandrine meaſure, which they call heroic, has its pauſe or cæſura in every line at the ſame place; ſo that two hammers on a ſmith's anvil make juſt as much muſic as Racine or Boileau. If this be without remedy in the French language, their language is very unfortunate for Poetry; but is it not diverting to hear theſe finiſhed critics and maſters of correctneſs valuing themſelves upon this wretched, unmuſical poverty in their verſe, and blaming the licentiouſneſs of Engliſh Poetry, becauſe it allows a variation of the pauſe, and a ſuſpenſion of the period from one verſe into any part of another? without which Poetry has leſs harmony than Proſe."

Ibid. *Something to admire.*] How highly ſoever we ought to think of the exact Racine, who deſerved a ſtronger epithet, and of the ſpirited Corneille, France ſhewed us alſo another Poet worthy admiration, I mean Moliere; who, in his way, is equal, if not ſuperior, to the two former; I fear we have no Engliſh writer of comedy whom we can put in competition with Moliere. Yet this incomparable writer, whoſe comedies are a ſchool of virtue, and whoſe life was irreproachable, was forbidden Chriſtian burial by Harlay archbiſhop of Paris, becauſe he was an Actor; and, on a remonſtrance from his wife to the king, was at laſt allowed to be privately

Not but the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [q] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The [r] humble Muſe of Comedy require.

But

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privately interred without the uſual funeral ceremonies, while Madam Moliere cried out, "Quoi, l'on refuſera la ſepulture à un homme qui merite des autels!" As to the ſkilfulneſs of Racine in ſpeaking, mentioned above, it is known that he taught Chammeſle, with whom he was in love, to ſpeak with juſtneſs and propriety, who alſo inſtructed her niece Madam du Clos in the ſame ſtyle of ſpeaking; but which ſort of declamation being rather too pompous and ſtiff, was brought down to a more natural tone by Baron and Le Covreur. Garrick did the ſame on our ſtage.

VER. 282. *Some doubt,*] "Tragedy," ſays Dr. Hurd, "whoſe end is the pathos, produces it by action, while comedy produces its end, the humorous, by character. Now it is much more difficult to paint manners, than to plan action, becauſe, that requires the Philoſopher's knowledge of human nature; this only the Hiſtorian's knowledge of human events." But in anſwer to this aſſertion, Dr. Brown obſerves, "That, in the courſe of this argument, it ſeems entirely forgot, that the tragic Poet's province is not only to plan, but to paint too. Had he no further taſk, than what depends on the mere hiſtorian's knowledge of human events, the reaſoning would hold; but as it is the firſt and moſt eſſential effort of his genius, in the conſtruction of a complete tragedy, to invent and order a pathetic plan, conſiſtent in all its parts, and riſing towards its completion by a ſucceſſion of incidents which may keep up and continually increaſe terror or pity; it is manifeſt that the perfection of his plan depends not on his mere hiſtoric knowledge of human events, but on his philoſophic diſcernment of human paſſions; aided by a warm and enlarged invention: talents as rare, at leaſt, as the knowledge or diſcernment of human characters. If to this we add the ſubſequent taſk, of giving the

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. [s] aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto [t] *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Doſſennus [u] *edacibus in paraſitis;*
Quam [w] *non aſtricto* percurrat pulpita *ſocco.*
Geſtit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere; poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad ſcenam [y] ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:

Sic

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the high colourings of paſſion to the tragic plan thus ordered, the difficulty of writing a complete tragedy may ſeem to be in ſome reſpects equal, in others ſuperior, to that of producing a complete comedy: for, in the conduct of this laſt ſpecies, it is acknowledged, that a ſmall degree of poetic invention will ſupport it." Brumoy has given a long and judicious diſſertation on this queſtion in the fifth volume of his Grecian Theatre, page 251, which at laſt he leaves undecided. But does there not appear to be a fundamental error in ſtating the queſtion? for character is as eſſentially neceſſary to tragedy as to comedy. How are the incidents that conſtitute a fable to be brought about, but by agents, that are compelled to act in ſuch or ſuch a manner, by their particular propenſities and paſſions, which conſtitute character? Are not Electra and Medea as ſtrong characters as Lady Townly and Millamant? and Othello and Macbeth as Thraſo or Menedemus? In ſhort, in a good tragedy, there muſt be an union both of character and action. But it is ſaid that a good plot is not ſo eſſential to comedy as to tragedy: if ſo, the ſuperior difficulty of writing the former diſappears. In the rank and order of geniuſes it muſt, I think, be allowed, that the writer of good tragedy is ſuperior. And, therefore, I think the opinion, which I am ſorry to perceive gains ground, that Shakeſpear's chief and predominant talent lay in comedy, tends to leſſen the unrivalled excellence of our divine bard.

There ſtill remains another remark to be made on this paſſage of Horace: How were the Romans to judge of the truth and nature of the characters in their comedies, when theſe characters were thoſe of another nation, and their comedies being chiefly

But in known Images of life, I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs[s].
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [t]Congreve's Fools are fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how [u]looſely does Aſtrea tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [w]eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [x]purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom [y]Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With

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mere tranſlations from the Greek, and therefore to them "not known images of life?"

VER. 287. *Congreve*] He alludes to the characters of Briſk and Witwood. Dr. Johnſon ſays, rather ſtrangely, "his comedies have the operation of tragedies."

VER. 290. *Aſtrea*] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoreſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, &c. P.

VER. 291. *Who fairly puts*] How came Mrs. Behn's name to be inſerted among the *beſt* writers that have not ſucceeded?

VER. 296. *Oh you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*] The Metaphor is fine; but inferior to the Original, in many reſpects.

"Ventoſo gloria curru,"

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its alluſion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more ſerious light, as repreſenting the Poet a *Slave* to, and Attendant on, Fame or *Glory*,

"Quem tulit ad ſcenam—Gloria;"

as was the cuſtom in their Triumphs. In other reſpects the imitation has the preference. It is more juſt. For a Poet makes his

Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: [z] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

[a] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, et [b] depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [c] *urſum* aut *pugiles:* his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum [d] *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] *equitum* turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

Si

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firſt entrance on the ſtage not, immediately, to *Triumph*, but to *try his fortune*. However,

"Who pants for Glory," &c.

is much ſuperior to the Original. W.

Dr. Hurd imagines theſe lines are not ſpoken by the Poet in his own perſon, but are the ſentiments of an objector, whom, according to his manner, Horace ſuddenly introduces as urging them. Pope, we ſee, did not conſider the paſſage in this light.

Ver. 300. *Who pants for glory*] I would appeal again to any candid reader, after he has peruſed Dr. Warburton's extraordinary note on this paſſage, and aſk him, if he thinks this learned commentator unjuſtly and unfairly treated, in the ſtrictures which we have preſumed to make on ſome of his over-ſtrained and ſubtle remarks, ſo remote from the meaning of our Poet, and ſo unworthy of the acuteneſs and penetration of the author of the Divine Legation.

Ver. 305. *The many-headed Monſter*] This epithet is taken from Ben Jonſon.

Ver. 310. *What dear delight*] In former Editions,

For Farce the People true delight affords,
Farce, long the taſte of Mobs, but now of Lords.

With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[z] Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[a] There ſtill remains to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit:
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, [b] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, [c] the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taſte of Mobs, but now [d] of Lords:
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot [e] and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold, and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.

With

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Ver. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*] From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from Operas to *Pantomimes*. W.

Ver. 316. *Pageants on pageants,*] Long before Horace wrote, Tully, in an Epiſtle to Marius, book 7. had ridiculed theſe abſurd ſhews, ſpectacles, and proceſſions on the ſtage. "Quid enim delectationis habent ſexcenti muli in Clytemneſtra? aut in equo Trojano craterarum tria millia? aut armatura varia, peditatûs & equitatûs, ut in aliquâ pugnâ? quæ popularum admirationem habuerunt, delectationem tibi nullam attuliſſent."

[f] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g] *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h] narrare putaret *aſello*
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quæ [i] pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[k] *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuſcum.*
Tantum cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
[l] *Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus* [m] *oblitus actor*
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[n] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur

Ire

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Ver. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes vied with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion. P.

Of late years, and ſince this was written, theſe extravagancies have been carried to a greater length of folly and abſurdity, which have nearly ruined the ſtage, and extinguiſhed a taſte for true dramatic poetry.

Yet let this verſe ("and long may it remain!") ſhew there was one who held it in diſdain long before our Author; Rowe thus complains, in his Prologue to one of his firſt plays:

Muſt Shakeſpear, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?

Ver. 328. *Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades. P.

With [f] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Let Bear or [g] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The People, ſure, the People are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs [h] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [i] throats the Gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [k] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the [m] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters,—hark! the Univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
"What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?"
[n] Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:

'Tis

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VER. 331. *At Quin's high plume,*] More celebrated for acting inimitably well the characters of Zanga and Falſtaff, than that of Cato. But ſtill more juſtly celebrated for his original wit, his generoſity and friendſhip for Thomſon, whoſe diſtreſſes he once relieved in the moſt liberal and delicate manner.

VER. 335. *But has he ſpoken?*] Æſopus, ſays Tully, loſt his voice by ſtraining it to ſpeak loud enough to be heard amidſt the noiſe of the theatre. We muſt always recollect the vaſt extent of the ancient theatres, and the multitude of the audience and ſpectators.

Ire poeta; °meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut

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Ver. 342. *'Tis he, who gives*] These six following verses are much superior to the Original, and some of the most forcible in our language. They contain the very end and essence of dramatic poetry. The scenes of most of the ancient tragedies were laid at Thebes or Athens.

This is a perfect and just idea of true and genuine poetry; to the exclusion of mere moral couplets and didactic lines of Horace's and Boileau's Satires and Epistles; the former of whom positively and directly disclaims all right and title to the name of Poet, on the score of his ethic pieces alone. For,

——neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis——

are words we hear often repeated, but whose meaning is not extended and weighed as it ought to be. If by such a decision the ranks of rhymers should be diminished, the greater is the dignity of the few that remain in the field. We do not, it should seem, sufficiently attend to the difference there is betwixt a man of wit, a man of sense, and a true poet. Donne and Swift were undoubtedly men of wit and men of sense; but what traces have they left of pure poetry? It is remarkable that Dryden says of Donne, "He was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of this nation." Which of these characters is the most valuable and useful is entirely out of the question; all we plead for is, to have their several provinces kept distinct from each other.

It is observable, says Dr. Hurd, that Horace, here, makes his own feeling the test of poetical merit. Which is said with a philosophical exactness. For the pathos in tragic, humour in comic, and the same holds of the sublime in the narrative, and of every other species of excellence in universal poetry, is the object not of reason but sentiment, and can be estimated only from its impression on the mind, not by any speculative or general rules. Rules themselves are indeed nothing else but an appeal to experience; conclusions drawn from wide and general observations of the aptness and efficacy of certain means to produce these impressions. So that feeling or sentiment itself is not only the surest but the sole ultimate arbiter of works of genius. Yet though this be true, the invention

'Tis he, ° who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
In rage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345
And

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invention of general rules is not without its merit, nor the application of them without its uſe, as may appear from the following conſiderations: It may be affirmed, univerſally, of all didactic writing, that it is employed in referring particular facts to general principles. General principles themſelves can often be referred to others more general; and theſe again carried ſtill higher, till we come to a ſingle principle, in which all the reſt are involved. When this is done, ſcience of every kind hath attained its higheſt perfection. The account here given might be illuſtrated from various inſtances. But it will be ſufficient to confine ourſelves to the ſingle one of criticiſm; by which I underſtand that ſpecies of didactic writing which refers to general rules the virtues and faults of compoſition. And the perfection of this art would conſiſt in an ability to refer every beauty and blemiſh to a ſeparate claſs; and every claſs, by a gradual progreſſion, to ſome one ſingle principle. But the art is, as yet, far ſhort of perfection. For many of theſe beauties and blemiſhes can be referred to no general rule at all; and the rules which have been diſcovered ſeem many of them unconnected and not reducible to a common principle. It muſt be admitted, however, that ſuch critics are employed in their proper office, as to contribute to the confirmation of rules already eſtabliſhed, or the invention of new ones. Rules already eſtabliſhed are then confirmed, when more particulars are referred to them. The invention of new rules implies, 1. A collection of various particulars not yet regulated. 2. A diſcovery of thoſe circumſtances of reſemblance or agreement, whereby they become capable of being regulated. And, 3. A ſubſequent regulation of them, or arrangement into one claſs according to ſuch circumſtance of agreement. When this is done, the rule is completed. But if the critic is not able to obſerve any common circumſtance of reſemblance in the ſeveral particulars he hath collected, by which they may, all of them, be referred to one general claſs, he hath then made no advancement in the art of criticiſm. Yet the collection of his particular obſervations may be of uſe to other critics; juſt as col-

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[p] Verum age, et his, qui se *lectori* credere malunt,
Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam impende brevem: si [q] munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.

[r] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea,) cum tibi librum
Solicito

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lections of natural history, though no part of philosophy, may yet assist philosophical inquirers. We see then from this general view of the matter, that the merit of inventing general rules consists in reducing criticism to an art; and that the use of applying them, in practice, when the art is thus formed, is, to direct the caprices of taste by the authority of rule, which we call reason.

Ver. 348. *This part of the Poetic state,*] I will give the reader the pleasure of seeing Lord Orford's opinion and estimate of our late writers of tragedy, prefixed to his own Mysterious Mother:

"The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men that we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakespear; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a placid pleasing kind of dignity in Rowe; and even shone in his Jane Shore. It trod in sublime and classic fetters in Cato, but void of nature or the power of affecting the passions. In Southern it seemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakespear; but, falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in the Mourning Bride; grew stark mad in Lee, whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young; yet in both was still a Poet's cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton, who were afraid it

should

And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
[p] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate,
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill [q] a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfiniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:

The

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ſhould relapſe, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand, and then it languiſhed. We have not mounted again above the two laſt."—Except, may I venture to add, in Douglas? Pope and Swift did not do juſtice to the man who could write the Siege of Damaſcus, by ſaying he was one of the Mediocribus.

Ver. 350. *Think of thoſe Authors, Sir,*] Auguſtus being greatly and excluſively fond of dramatic Poets alone, Horace puts in a word of recommendation for thoſe of another ſpecies: The good Prince, to whom our Author was writing, was equally indifferent to Poets of all kinds and ſorts, and aſked, when ſome body was highly praiſing Milton, "Why did he not write his Paradiſe Loſt in proſe!"

Ver. 354. *A Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Auguſtus. P.

Ver. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books. P.

To mention Merlin's Cave, for the Palatine Library, heightens the ridicule.

[s] *Solicito* damus, aut *feſſo:* cum lædimur, [t] *unum*
Si quis *amicorum* eſt auſus reprendere *verſum:*
Cum loca jam [u] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati:*
Cum [w] lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Noſtros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo;*
Cum [x] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et *ſcribere cogas.*
Sed tamen eſt [y] *operæ pretium* cognoſcere, *quales*
Ædituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [z] *indigno* non committenda *poetæ.*
[a] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *ſe* præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra.

Fortis

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Ver. 366. *Repeat unaſk'd;*] Unavoidably weaker than the Original, loca jam recitata; public recitations before great audiences, collected for that purpoſe, being common at Rome, (ſee many Epiſtles in Pliny,) to which we have no cuſtom that can anſwer in an imitation. Juvenal, in a well known paſſage, laughs at Statius's reciting his Thebaid,

"Curritur ad vocem jucundam," *&c.*

Ver. 379. *Laureat's weighty place.*] It became a faſhion for all the admirers and followers of Pope to join with him in condemning Colley Cibber. Dr. Johnſon wrote a very pointed Epigram on this ſubject, which was alſo equally ſevere on George the Second:

"Auguſtus

The [s] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves, when to defend
A [t] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [u] unaſk'd; lament, [w] the Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;
And [x] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine.
Yet [y] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown;)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
Or chooſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [z] Laureat's weighty place.
[a] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

And

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" Auguſtus ſtill ſurvives in Maro's ſtrain,
And Spenſer's verſe prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber ſing;
For nature form'd the Poet for the King."

VER. 380—1. *Charles, to late times, &c.*] In the third volume of the *Catholic Church Hiſtory of England*, printed at Bruſſels 1742, fol. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent:

" Before

Fortis [b] *Alexandri vultum ſimulantia.* quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad

NOTES.

"Before Panzani ſet out on his journey, (to England,) which was about the year 1635, her Majeſty wrote a letter to Cardinal Barberini; wherein, amongſt other things, ſhe deſired he would uſe his intereſt with the famous Sculptor Cavalier Bernini, that he would cut two Buſtos; one of the King, the other of herſelf: which were to be brought over by Panzani, alleging that her huſband was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and no preſent could be more acceptable to him. Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and had lately refuſed the like favour to Cardinal Richlieu, who deſired his own Buſto from the ſame hand. But Barberini's reputation and addreſs prevailed upon him to grant the requeſt. I mention this Buſto upon account of the extraordinary circumſtances which attended it; ſome whereof are taken notice of by our Hiſtorians: But what I ſhall further relate, is not commonly known. It is reported, that when Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to which he was to form the King's Buſto, he obſerved ſuch melancholic lines, that they in a manner ſpoke ſome diſmal fate that would befall the perſon it repreſented. And this he ſignified to thoſe who were preſent." P. 38. W.

Ver. 380. *Charles, to late times*] If Alexander, to whom this alludes in the Original, was fond of Chœrilus, yet had he profited ſo much by the leſſons of his maſter Ariſtotle, as to be ſtill more fond of Homer. The vile taſtes of Tiberius, Nero, and Caligula, are too well known to be here mentioned. It is indeed aſtoniſhing to conſider how few kings have had any diſcerning ſpirit in wit.

Ver. 382. *And great Naſſau*] "This prince," ſays Mr. Walpole, "like moſt of thoſe in our annals, contributed nothing to the advancement of the Arts. He was born in a country where taſte never flouriſhed, and nature had not given it to him as an embelliſhment to his great qualities. Reſerved, unſociable, ill in his health, and ſowered by his ſituation, he ſought none of thoſe amuſements, that make the hours of the happy much happier. He had ſo little leiſure to attend to, or ſo little diſpoſition to men of wit, that when St. Evremond was introduced to him, the king ſaid, coldly, "I think you was a major general in the French ſervice."

And great [b]Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit. 385
The

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VER. 384. *So well in paint*] The taſte and knowledge of Charles I. in the fine arts are univerſally known and acknowledged; and his fondneſs for Shakeſpear and Fairfax's Taſſo, ſhews his judgment in Poetry. The 243d line of the Original, Muſarum dona, is explained, I believe, in a forced and fanciful manner by Dr. Hurd, who ſays, the expreſſion implies, that theſe images of virtue, which are repreſented as of ſuch importance to the glory of princes, are not the mere offerings of Poetry to greatneſs, but the free-gifts of the Muſe to the Poet.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.*] This is not to be wondered at, ſince the *Sacerdocal* character has been ſeparated from the *Regal*. This *diſcerning of Spirits* now ſeems to be the allotment of the eccleſiaſtical branch, which the following inſtance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, ſome how or other, ſurprized the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbiſhop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *Reſcripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmaſks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been ſent over to England by the States. "You muſt take heed how you truſt DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive him to be ſo ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SERVE A TURN. At his firſt coming to the King, by reaſon of his good Latin tongue, he was ſo tedious and full of tittle-tattle, that the KING's *judgment was of him, that he was ſome* PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDGMENT. And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him ſo long as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that he ſhould plainly and directly deliver his mind, or elſe he would make the King weary of him. This did not take place, but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was eſpecially obſerved one night at ſupper at the Lord Biſhop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Caſaubon (as I think), my Lord intreated him to ſtay to ſupper, which

Ad libros et ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares;
[c] Bœotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.
[*At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque*
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetæ;]
Nec magis expreſſi [d] vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes

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which he did. There was preſent Dr. Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out ſome queſtion of that profeſſion; and was ſo full of words, that Dr. Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him, that, like a* SMATTERER, *he had ſtudied ſome two or three queſtions; whereof when he came in company he muſt be talking, to vindicate his ſkill; but if he were put from thoſe, he would ſhew himſelf but a* SIMPLE FELLOW. There was preſent alſo Dr. Richardſon, the King's profeſſor of Divinity in Cambridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he falleth in alſo, about ſome of thoſe queſtions, which are now controverted amongſt the Miniſters in Holland; and being matters wherein he was ſtudied, he uttered all his ſkill concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what a man he had there, who never being in the place or company before, could overwhelm them ſo with talk for ſo long a time. I write this unto you ſo largely, that you may know the diſpoſition of the man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." *Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 459. SCRIBL.

Seriouſly, *my Lord of Ely*'s caſe was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day: for as expoſed as their Lordſhips may be to theſe kind of inſults, happy is it, that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A ſecond *Grotius*, for aught I know, may be as far off as a ſecond Century of *my Lords of Ely*. —But it was enough that this *ſimple fellow* was an Arminian and a Republican, to be deſpiſed by Abbot and his Maſter. For in the opinion of theſe great judges of merit, Religion and Society could

The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
" No Lord's anointed, but a [c] Ruffian Bear."
Not with ſuch [d] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The Forms auguſt, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh!

NOTES.

could not ſubſiſt without PREDESTINATION and ARBITRARY POWER.—However, this *diſcerning ſpirit*, it is certain, had not left L. when the grave Hiſtorian Anthony Wood was ſo hoſpitably entertained there. Who in the journal of his life under the year 1671, tells the following ſtory: " I and John Echard, the Author of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with Archbiſhop Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbiſhop had withdrawn and *ſelected* his company, I was called into the withdrawing-room, and Echard was left behind to *go drink and ſmoke with the Chaplains:*" So well adjuſted was this reſpect of perſons; Echard, the wittieſt man of the age, was very fitly left to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony Wood, without all per-adventure the dulleſt, was called in to enjoy the converſation of his Grace. W.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit*] They may, nevertheleſs, be very good Kings. It is not for his verſes, any more than for his victories, that the late King of Pruſſia will be celebrated by poſterity: but for ſoftening the rigours of a deſpotic government, by a code of milder laws than his crouching people had known before; and for building many villages and farm-houſes, to encourage agriculture, and repair the waſtes and ravages of war. He muſt therefore be pardoned for an abſurd judgment, which he has paſſed on Homer, whom he could not read in the Original, where he ſays; " Ses chants & l'action ont peu ou point de liaſon les uns avec les autres, ce qui leur a mérité le nom de rapſodies." Preface to the Henriade.

VER. 387. *Penſion'd Quarles;*] Who has lately been more favourably ſpoken of by ſome ingenious critics; particularly by the author of Thirty Letters.

Repentes per humum, [e] quam *res* componere *geſtas*,
Terrarumque [f] ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et [g] *barbara regna*, tuiſque
Auſpiciis *totum* [h] *confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Clauſtraque [h] cuſtodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et [i] formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
[k] Carmen *majeſtas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem [l] *ſtulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Præcipue cum ſe *numeris* commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* [m] *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror [n] officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*
In [o] *pejus* vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne [p] rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum [q] ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

Ver. 397. *How dearly bought!*] A very bitter ſtroke of ſatire! eſpecially in the word, *dearly*.

Ver. 409. *They ſay I bite.*] If any key had been wanting to the artful irony contained in this imitation, eſpecially in the laſt ſixteen lines, this one verſe would have been ſufficient to fix the Poet's intention. Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Hurd take the leaſt notice of any irony being intended in this imitation. To what motive ſhall we aſcribe this cautious ſilence?

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [e] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What [f] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g] barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i] Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [k] Verſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
The Zeal of [l] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [m] I bite.
A vile [n] Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o] woful likeneſs; and if lies,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he [p] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings,)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [c] Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
What [f] seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g] barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h] Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i] Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [k] Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of [l] Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say [m] I bite.
A vile [n] Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o] woful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he [p] blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q] Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings,)
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
[b] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi venere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: "Hic et
"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
"Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
"Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
"Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
"Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius æquo
"Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
"Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in ære
"Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
"Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut fit)
"In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
"Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi *fuga* lædit."
Ille

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Dear Col'nel,*] Addreſſed to Colonel Cotterell of Rouſham near Oxford, the deſcendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who at the deſire of Charles the Firſt, tranſlated Davila into Engliſh. The ſecond line of this Imitation, "You love," &c. is feeble and uſeleſs. Horace, without preface, enters at once in his ſecond line on the ſtory, "Si quis forte," &c. And the fifteenth line, "But, Sir, to you," is uncommonly languid and proſaic.

Ver. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is ſpoken in great purity. W.

Ver. 20. *It is, to ſteal.*] The fault of the Slave-ſeller's Boy is only his having run away; but the young Frenchman has been

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
[b] A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
" Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
" My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:
" His French is pure; his voice too—you ſhall hear.
" Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe:
" A perfect genius at an Op'ra-ſong—
" To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord;
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that,) it is, to ſteal."
If,

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guilty of ſtealing; this makes his behaviour more unpardonable, and leſs likely to be overlooked by the purchaſer: a circumſtance that alters the nature of the alluſion, and the probability of the bargain.

[c] Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
[d] Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[e] Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

Clarus

NOTES.

Ver. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Juſtice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P.
Sir Godfrey Kneller. W.

Ver. 27. *Conſider then,*] Horace offers ſeven reaſons by way of apology for not ſending an epiſtle to his friend Florus; that he told him he was naturally indolent; that no man in his ſenſes would write verſes, if not compelled by neceſſity; that he was now too old to be writing verſes; that it was impoſſible to gratify the different taſtes of readers; that it was alſo impoſſible to write amidſt the noiſe and buſtle of Rome; that the profeſſion of a poet is ſubject to many inconveniences, ariſing from envy, jealouſy, and flattery; that it is time to leave off trifling ſtudies and purſuits, and fix his whole attention on morals and the duties of life.

Ver. 33. *In Anna's Wars, &c.*] Many parts of this ſtory are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Original. W.

Marlborough is placed here to anſwer Lucullus in the Original. The character of the latter is ſo well and elegantly drawn by Middleton in the firſt volume of the Life of Tully, as to make it one of the moſt pleaſing parts of that celebrated work.

[c] If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.

[d] Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

[e] In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.

Next

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Ver. 37. *This put the man, &c.*] Much below the Original,

" Poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
" Iratus pariter, *jejunis dentibus acer.*"

The laſt words are particularly elegant and humorous. W.

Ver. 43. *Gave him much praiſe, and* ſome *reward beſide.*] For the ſake of a ſtroke of Satire, he has here weakened that circumſtance, on which the turn of the ſtory depends. Horace avoided

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus *caſtellum* evertere prætor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, "Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.
[f] Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut poſſem *curvo* dignoſcere *rectum*,
Atque inter ſilvas Academi *quærere* verum.
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque

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it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occaſion to indulge his raillery. W.

Ver. 45. *Its name*] An idle, expletive line. As alſo is verſe 49, below, *Don't you remember;* evidently taken from Dacier; ne ſavez vous l'hiſtoire du ſoldat de Lucullus?

Ver. 50. *D'ye think me,*] Dunkin's tranſlation of theſe two lines is Horatian;

An't pleaſe you, Captain, let another trudge it,
The man may venture, who has loſt his budget.

Ver. 51. *Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the juſtneſs of the Original. Horace makes his Soldier ſay,

"——Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit;"

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loſs*, that puſhed him upon danger; many being ſufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the ſud-

den

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter,)
" Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd,) ſee yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a ſot?
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
[f] Bred up at home, full early I begun,
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:

Hopes

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den change of condition occaſioned by loſſes. What betrayed our Poet into this inaccuracy of expreſſion was, its ſuiting better with the *application*. But, in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And ſuch ſhould not forget, that the expreſſion is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application:* for then they reflect mutual light upon one another. W.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.*] This circumſtance has a happier application in the *Imitation* than in the *Original;* and properly introduces the 68th verſe.

VER. 55. *The better art*] Dacier interprets the words, *curve* dignoſcere *rectum*, the ſtudy of geometry, which is rather abſurd.

VER. 57. *In Maudlin's learned grove.*] He had a partiality for this college in Oxford, in which he had ſpent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby, who provided rooms for him at that College.

Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primum me dimiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare *cicutæ*,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?

[c] Singula de nobis anni *prædantur* euntes;
Eripuere *jocos*, *venerem*, *convivia*, *ludum*;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?
Denique

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *Mighty* William's] Horace uſes ſome very artful and apologetical terms, in the Original, in ſpeaking of the part he had taken againſt Auguſtus. Dura tempora—belli æſtus civilis—Auguſti lacertis—dimiſere—deciſis pennis—for being totally plundered.

Ver. 64. *For Right Hereditary*] Admirable as theſe lines are, yet, from the nature of the ſubject, they cannot be ſo intereſting as the events in Horace's life; the inconveniency Pope laboured under from being a papiſt, and ſubject to penal laws, are not ſo ſtriking as Horace's being taken from Athens by Brutus; and having the command of a Roman legion given to him; being preſent at the battle of Philippi; and loſing all his property for his attachment to Brutus and his republican friends. Dacier, like a true Frenchman, imagines, that a want of proper officers induced Brutus to give Horace this command in the army. Did he not recollect or know, that great numbers of young Romans, of ſpirit and ability, flocked to the ſtandard of Brutus, and appeared forward in ſupporting the great cauſe of liberty?

Ver. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive*,] Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the ſubſcribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and conſequently reflects back

Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But, (thanks to Homer,) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.

[g] Years following years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtand ſtill?

But

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back part of it on the *Subſcribers*, ſhould be eſteemed a debt or obligation. W.

Ver. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital. W.

Ver. 73. *At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;*] i. e. *Time* changes all our paſſions, appetites, and inclinations. W.

Ver. 74. *In one our Frolics,*] Theſe two lines are languid in compariſon of the brevity of the Original;

——— jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Languid alſo is verſe 80,

——— what would you have me do?

and verſe 85 is too quaint and proverbial. Alſo in verſe 88, inſtead of the ſingle word, *præterea*, he has given a whole line. But on the other hand, the verſes 90 and 91, are very forcible.

[h] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: his delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

[i] Præter cætera me *Romæne* poemata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

Intervalla

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Ver. 83. *And that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern Lyric Poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid: The other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicey taste, and equally high-flavoured. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense*; whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace. W.

The note on this passage concerning our common modern lyric poetry, was written some years before Gray had so effectually vindicated this species of poetry from the objections here made to it.

Ver. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as *intimating* that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury. W.

But it does not appear to be at all *intimated*.

Ver. 93. *A Poet begs, &c.*] Many are the poets who could not do justice to their works by reading them with propriety. Corneille, Dryden, and Thomson, were remarkably bad readers. On the contrary, Virgil, Racine, and Boileau, and above all Nat Lee, were most excellent reciters. Just reading is an uncommon talent. The Duke de la Rochefoucault would never become a member of the French Academy, lest he should expose himself by his pronunciation of the speech necessary on that occasion. I had once the

[h] But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg;
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts.
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf deteſts.
[i] But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry ſquare—
Before

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the pleaſure of hearing Quin read the Second Book of Milton, with marvellous propriety and harmony. And the late Mr. Henderſon excelled in recitation.

Ver. 95. *In palace-yard*] I am ſorry he omitted, intervalla humane commoda; which heightens the diſtreſs and inconvenience. In verſe 101, a hackney coach is better than, calidus redemtor But verſe 107, contains an image unneceſſarily coarſe and filthy And verſe 115, is little to the purpoſe. I will give the reader an opportunity of comparing, and if he is impartial, of preferring this paſſage of Pope with one of Boileau on the ſame ſubject.

Qu'en tous lieux les chagrins m'attendent un paſſage
Un couſin abuſant d'un factieux parentage,
Veut qu'encore tout poudreux, & ſans me débotter,
Chez vingt juges pour lui j'aille ſolliciter;
Il faut voir de ce pas le plus conſiderables,
L'un demeure au Marais, & l'autre aux incurables

Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
" Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
[k] I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus*, *et fugit urbes*,
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
[l] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit *Athenas*,
Et ſtudiis annos *ſeptem* dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis, *ſtatua taciturnius exit*
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ergo rerum
Fluctibus

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Je recois vingt airs qui me glacent d'effroy,
Hier, dit on, de vous en parla chez le roy—
Epiſtre 6. v. 45.

Compare alſo the ſixth ſatire of Boileau, containing the Deſcription of Les Embarras de Paris, from verſe 3, to verſe 82; particularly verſe 45.

Ver. 112. *Blackmore himſelf,*] In the *Battle* of the *Books*, we are ſurprized to find Swift preferring Blackmore to Dryden.

Ver. 113. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London. P.

Ver. 123. *Court, and city roars,*] Not ſo ſtrong as the original metaphor;

" Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis."

Milton wrote his Paradiſe Loſt in London, as did Thomſon his three laſt Seaſons, and his charming Caſtle of Indolence; and Armſtrong his Art of Preſerving Health, a fine claſſical poem, omitted in the Collection of Engliſh Poets.

Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
" Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?
[k] Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a crowd,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottoes and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
[l] The man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years complete.
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun?
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;

Shall

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?
[m] Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor atque poetas?
[n] *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos;* mirabile visu,
Cælatumque

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Ver. 132. *And shook his head at* Murray, *as a Wit.*] It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excell, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *outwitted*.—The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, M. de Voltaire has well exposed, where, speaking of a great *French* Lawyer, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countrymen, he says, " Il faisoit ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus austères Magistrats, consommés comme lui dans l'etude des Loix, se delassoient des fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux de la literature. Que ceux qui mepriſent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui mettent je ne sai quelle miserable grandeur à se renfermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à plaindre! ignorent ils que Ciceron, après avoir rempli la première place du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Citoyens, écrivoit sur la nature des Dieux, conferoit avec des Philosophes; qu'il alloit au Théatre; qu'il daignoit cultiver l'amitié d'Esopus et de Roscius, et *laissoit aux petits esprits, leur constante gravité, qui n'est que la masque de la mediocrité?*"

The miserable malice of the human heart has been always backward to confess that great Parts and great Science were to be found together. The eminent Person, here mentioned, hath long triumphed over so vile a prejudice. Bacon was not so happy. The blemishes in his moral character disabled him from stemming and subduing it. Indeed, *Envy* was ever unwilling to allow any man to excel in more than one accomplishment. As to the particular application of this wayward judgment, it is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. Thus, for instance, when the Public would not allow the great Lawyer, *Cooke*, to be a Classic Scholar and a Wit too, (though he had given so many delectable specimens of both,)

Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
[m] The Temple late two brother Serjeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd the Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.
" 'Twas, Sir, your law,"—and " Sir, your elo-
" quence,"
" Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's
" ſenſe."
[n] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.

Call

NOTES.

both,) they were perhaps in the right. But when they aſſumed (though they ſpoke by the Organ of Q. Elizabeth herſelf) that Bacon, a great Philoſopher, was yet no Lawyer, they were certainly in the wrong. W.

VER. 132. MURRAY, *as a Wit.*] Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accompliſhed perſon was more of a polite ſcholar than a profound lawyer; as if law and literature were incompatible; a notion that might eaſily be confuted by the examples of Lords Somers and Hardwicke, Mr. Yorke and Judge Blackſtone, and many others.

VER. 135. *All poetic merit,*] The words of the Original alluded to, contain a beautiful metaphor of a work, Cælatum Muſis Novem, poliſhed and finiſhed by the hands of the Muſes themſelves. Bentley has wantonly and taſtleſsly altered the word to *Sacratum;* as he has done the word *alterius*, ver. 176, to *alternis*, and the word *contracta*, ver. 80, to *non tacta;* and in ver. 90, he has changed *vexat* for *verſat;* and in ver. 87, *frater* for *pactus;* and would have *procul* repeated, ver. 199.

Pauperies immunda *procul*, *procul*——

Cælatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum.
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.*
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, et *procul* audi,
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quia, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus;
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum,*
Cum ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.

° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, et ſe venerantur, et ultro,

Si

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Ver. 140. *But Stephen,*] Mr. *Stephen Duck,* a modeſt and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themſelves his betters in poetry, had not) of being eſteemed by Mr. Pope.—Queen Caroline, who moderated in a Sovereign between the two great Philoſophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the moſt ſublime points in Metaphyſics and Natural Philoſophy, choſe this man for her favourite Poet. W.

By the intereſt of Mr. Spence, who had a ſincere regard for Stephen Duck, whoſe life he wrote, and publiſhed his poems, he obtained the living of Byfleet in Surry. He was unfortunately drowned at Reading, 1756.

Ver. 145. *Allow me Dryden's ſtrains,*] The older he grew, the better Dryden wrote. We may apply to him, what Oppian ſays of the ſpirited horſes of Cappadocia;

χραίπνοτεροι δε πελῦσιν ὁσω μαλὰ γήρασκυσι.

Lib. i. Cynegytic, ver. 201.

Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut through Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
" And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis

NOTES.

It has been imagined that Horace laughs at Propertius in that line of the Original,

" Quis, niſi Callimachus?"

Ver. 147. *Much do I ſuffer,*] Multa fero, in the Original, has been idly interpreted to mean, " I carry with me a great many compliments, ſoothing ſpeeches," &c.

Ver. 149. *If the whim ſhould bite*] This expreſſion, and the *confounded ſtuff*, in ver. 152, are coarſe and vulgar, and unworthy of our Author. So alſo are the words above, ver. 131, *would make you ſplit*, which without the addition of the word *laughter* is not Engliſh. Rhyme conceals ſuch defects; as obſerved before.

Ver. 154. *They treat themſelves*] Literary hiſtory ſcarce affords a more ridiculous example of the vanity and ſelf-applauſe of

Si taceas, laudant; quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit, quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et *ſine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ:
[P] *Obſcurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc

NOTES.

authors, than what is related of Cardinal Richlieu, (in the Melanges d'Hiſtoire of M. de Vigneul Marville,) whoſe tragedy of Europa having been cenſured by the French Academy, who did not know the author, the Cardinal, in a fit of indignation, tore the copy into a thouſand pieces, ſcattered it about his chamber, and retired full of rage to his bed. But at midnight, called for light and for his attendant, and with great pains and difficulty, gathered up the fragments of his beloved play and carefully paſted them together.

Ver. 160. *That wants or force,*] Theſe four words are a ſtriking example of the energy and comprehenſiveneſs of our Author's ſtyle; they contain almoſt a whole ſyſtem of criticiſm.

Ver. 162. *Nay tho' at Court*] Not happily turned from intra penetralia Veſtæ.—But he could not forbear a fling at the Court. In ver. 164. why in downright charity?

Ver. 164. *Revive the dead;*] This revival of old words, ſays Dr. Hurd, is one of thoſe niceties in compoſition, not to be attempted by any but great maſters. It may be done two ways; 1. By reſtoring ſuch terms as are grown entirely obſolete; or, 2. By ſelecting out of thoſe, which have ſtill a currency, and are not quite laid aſide, ſuch as are moſt forcible and expreſſive. For ſo I underſtand a paſſage in Cicero, who uſes this double uſe of old words, as an argument, to his orator, for the diligent ſtudy of the old Latin writers. His words are theſe: "Loquendi elegantia, quamquam expolitur ſcientiâ literatum, tamen augetur legendis

'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long,
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
[p] In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright through the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command

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legendis oratoribus (veteribus) et poetis: ſunt enim illi veteres, qui ornare nondum poterant ea, quæ dicebant, omnes prope præclare locuti—Neque tamen erit utendum verbis iis, quibus jam conſuetudo noſtra non utitur, niſi quando ornandi causâ, parcè, quod oſtendam; ſed uſitatis ita poterit uti, lectiſſimus ut utator is, qui in veteribus erit ſcriptis ſtudioſè et multum volutatus. (De Orat. l. iii. c. 10.) Theſe choice words amongſt ſuch as are ſtill in uſe, I take to be thoſe which are employed by the old writers in ſome peculiarly ſtrong and energetic ſenſe, yet ſo as with advantage to be copied by the moderns, without appearing barbarous or affected. (See Hor. lib. ii. ver. 115.) And the reaſon, by the way, of our finding ſuch words in the old writers of every language, may be this; when ideas are new to us, they ſtrike us moſt forcibly, and we endeavour to expreſs, not our ſenſe only, but our ſenſations, in the terms we uſe to explain them. The paſſion of wonder, which philoſophy would cure us of, is of ſingular uſe in raiſing the conception, and ſtrengthening the expreſſion of poets. And ſuch is always the condition of old writers, when the arts are reviving, or but beginning to refine. The other uſe of old terms, *i. e.* when become obſolete, he ſays, muſt be made *parcè*, more ſparingly. The contrary would, in oratory, be inſufferable affectation. The rule holds in poetry, but with greater latitude;

Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet *nova*, quæ *genitor produxerit uſus*:
Vehemens

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for, as he obſerves in another place, and the reaſon of the thing ſpeaks, hæc ſunt poetarum licentiæ liberiora. (De O. iii. 38.) But the elegance of the ſtyle, we are told, is increaſed both ways. The reaſon is, according to Quinctilian, (who was perfectly of Cicero's mind in this matter. See l. x. c. 1.) "Verba à vetuſtate repetita afferunt orationi majeſtatem aliquam non ſine delectatione; nam et auctoritatem antiquitatis habent; et, quia intermiſſa ſunt, gratiam novitati ſimilem parant."

Ver. 167. *Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,*] The imagery is here very ſublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their ſepulchres.

"Et mugire ſolum, maneſque exire ſepulchris."

Horace has not the ſame force,

"Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum." W.

Ver. 167. *Old words*] Mr. Harte told me he had often talked on this ſubject with his friend Pope, and the following was the reſult of their converſations: "That language of ours may be called Claſſical Engliſh, which is to be found in a few choſen writers incluſively from the times of Spencer till the death of Mr. Pope; for falſe refinements, after a language has ariſen to a certain degree of perfection, give reaſons to ſuſpect that a language is upon the decline. The ſame circumſtances have happened formerly, and the event has been almoſt invariably the ſame. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace; and yet the former was, if one may ſo ſpeak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

"I have known ſome of my contemporary poets, (and thoſe not very voluminous writers,) who have coined their one or two hundred words a man; whereas Dryden and Pope deviſed only about threeſcore words between them; many of which were compound-epithets. But moſt of the words which they introduced into our language, proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being choſen and raiſed from excellent off-ſets. Indeed, the former Author revived alſo a great number of ancient words and expreſſions; and this he did (beginning at Chaucer) with ſo much delicacy of choice, and in a manner ſo comprehenſive, that he left the

Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Raleigh ſpake;
Or

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the latter Author (who was in that point equally judicious and ſagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

" Some few of Dryden's revived words I have preſumed to continue; of which take the following inſtances: as, *gridéline*, *filamet*, and *carmine*, (with reference to colours and mixture of colours,) *cymar*, *cygre*, *trine*, EYPHKA, *paraclete*, *panoply*, *rood*, *dorp*, *eglantine*, *oriſons*, *aſpirations*, &c. I mention this leſt any one ſhould be angry with me, or pleaſed with me in particular places, where I diſcover neither boldneſs nor invention.—I owe alſo to Fenton the participle *meander'd;* and to Sir W. Davenant the Latiniſm of *funeral* ILICET.

" As to compound-epithets, thoſe *ambitioſa ornamenta* of modern poetry, Dryden has deviſed a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution; but thoſe few are exquiſitely beautiful. Mr. Pope ſeized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own poliſhing.

" Compound-epithets firſt came into their great vogue about the year 1598. Shakſpeare and Ben Jonſon both ridiculed the oſtentatious and immoderate uſe of them, in their prologues to Troilus and Creſſida, and to Every Man in his Humour. By the above-named prologues it appears that bombaſt grew faſhionable about the ſame æra. Now in both inſtances an affected taſte is the ſame as a falſe taſte. The author of Hieronimo (who, I may venture to aſſure the reader, was one John Smith *) firſt led up the dance. Then came the bold and ſelf-ſufficient tranſlator of Du Bartas †, who broke down all the flood-gates of the true ſtream of eloquence, (which formerly preſerved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks,) and, like the rat in the low country dikes, miſchievouſly or wantonly deluged the whole land.

" Of innovated phraſes and words, of words revived, of compound-epithets, &c. I may one day or other ſay more, in a diſtinct Criticiſm on Dryden's Poetry. It ſhall therefore only ſuffice to

* John Smith writ alſo the Hector of Germany.
† Joſhua Sylveſter.

Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:

Ludentis

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to obſerve here, that our two great poetical Maſters never thought that the interpoſition of an hyphen, without juſt grounds and reaſons, made a compound-epithet. On the contrary, it was their opinion, (and to this opinion their practice was conformable,) that ſuch union ſhould only be made between TWO NOUNS, as *patriot-king*, *ideot-laugh*, &c. or between an ADJECTIVE and NOUN, or NOUN and ADJECTIVE, *vice verſa*, or an ADJECTIVE and PARTICIPLE, as *laughter-loving*, *cloud-compelling*, *roſy-fingered*, &c. As alſo by an Adverb uſed as part of an ADJECTIVE, as you may ſee in the words *well-concocted*, *well-digeſted*, &c. But NEVER by a full real ADVERB and ADJECTIVE, as *inly-pining*, *ſadly-muſing*, and, to make free with myſelf, (though I only did it by way of irony,) my expreſſion of *ſimply-marry'd*, Epithets, p. 163. of which ſort of novelties modern poetry chiefly conſiſts. Nor ſhould ſuch compound-epithets be looked upon as the Poet's making; for they owe their exiſtence to the compoſitor of the preſs, and the intervention of an hyphen."

Much of the ſame analogy by which Dryden and Pope guided themſelves, in the preſent caſe, may be ſeen in the purer Greek and Roman languages; but all the hyphens in the world (ſuppoſing hyphens had then been known) would not have truly joined together the *dulce ridentem* or *dulce loquentem*, of Horace.

In a word, ſome few precautions of the preſent kind are not unneceſſary: Engliſh poetry begins to grow capricious, fantaſtical, and affectedly luxuriant; and theſe therefore (as Auguſtus ſaid of Haterius)

" Sufflaminari paululùm debet."

Horace, it is ſaid, gave but two new words, and Virgil only one, to the Latin tongue.

Old words to *wake*, is taken from Bacon, to *awake all antiquity*.

VER. 168. *Brave Raleigh ſpake;*] The concluſion of his Hiſtory of the World, is written with uncommon energy and elegance. Among other particulars, Aubrey, in his manuſcript notes, relates,

Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe,)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line:
Then

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lates, that he was accuſtomed to ſpeak, though ſo great a maſter of ſtyle, in a broad Devonſhire dialect. His voice was ſmall. And he adds a remarkable anecdote, that, at a conſultation held at Whitehall, among ſeveral conſiderable perſonages, juſt after Queen Elizabeth's death, Raleigh declared his opinion, that it was the wiſeſt way for them to keep the ſtaff in their own hands, and ſet up a commonwealth, and not to be ſubject to a needy, beggarly nation. This ſecret declaration of Raleigh was conveyed by one of the Cabal to King James, who never forgave Raleigh for uttering it.

Ver. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, &c.*] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with *Walſh*, whoſe candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*. Walſh encouraged him greatly; and uſed to tell him, there was one road ſtill open for diſtinction, in which he might excel the reſt of his countrymen; and that was *correctneſs*; in which the Engliſh poets had been remarkably defective. For though we have had ſeveral great geniuſes, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriancies*. This therefore, as he had talents that ſeemed capable of things worthy to be improved, ſhould be his principal ſtudy. Our young Author followed his advice, till habit made correcting the moſt agreeable, as well as uſeful, of all his poetical exerciſes: and the delight he took in it, produced the effect he ſpeaks of, in the following lines:

" Then poliſh all with ſo much *life* and *eaſe*,
" You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe."

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been obſerved oftener to produce a heavy ſtiffneſs; which, by another image, the Ancients called *ſmelling of the lamp*. And without doubt, moſt an end, this will be the conſequence, when

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,

In

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when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it is diſcharged as a taſk. But when it becomes, by habit, an exerciſe of amuſement, the judgment, lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its ſallies, will preſerve the *life;* and the fancy lightening the judgment, will produce the *eaſe* here ſpoken of. W.

Ver. 176. *Then poliſh all, &c.*] M. Voltaire, ſpeaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, ſays,—" L'art d'être eloquent en vers eſt de tous les arts le plus difficile et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui ſçauront aranger un ouvrage, et le verſifier d'une maniere commune; mais le traiter en vrai Poete, c'eſt un talent qui eſt donné à trois ou quatre hommes ſur la terre." W.

We are informed by his ingenious Biographer, that it was not Gray's method to ſketch his general deſign in careleſs verſe; he always finiſhed as he proceeded; this, though it made his execution ſlow, made his compoſitions more perfect.

Ver. 177. *You think 'tis nature,*] Inferior to the example Horace has here uſed for executing a difficulty with ſeeming eaſe, taken from a pantomime, who repreſents the rude and awkward and diſtorted geſtures of a Cyclops, with apparent facility and grace, though theſe geſtures cannot be performed without much real labour and previous diſcipline. The cyclops of Euripides is alluded to; the only ſatyric drama that has remained of the ancients.

Ver. 178. *But eaſe in writing, &c.*] That ſpecies of Writers, which Mr. Pope elſewhere calls

" The mob of Gentlemen who wrote *with eaſe*,"

underſtood this quality of a poem to belong only to ſuch as (a certain Wit ſays) were *eaſily written;* whereas our Poet ſuppoſes it to be the laſt, and hardly attained perfection of a laboured work. But the *Gentleman-writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its oppoſite, which he ſometimes calls *proſe run mad*, are the

two

Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
" But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance;
" As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."
" If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
Who,

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two extremes of that perfect ſtyle, the idea of which he has here ſo well deſcribed from his own writings. As *eaſe* was the mode of the laſt age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern; ſo the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardneſs into the affected writings of the preſent. Which laſt character, Quintilian deſcribes very juſtly, and accounts as well for its ſucceſs,—" Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniat, qui ſemper quærit quod nimium eſt; verum et raro evenit, et cætera vitia non penſat." I remember once on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope, called *Night Thoughts*, where the Poet was always on the ſtrain, and labouring for expreſſion, he ſaid pleaſantly: *This is a ſtrange man; he ſeems to think with the Apothecaries, that Album Grecum is better than an ordinary ſtool.* He himſelf was never ſwelling or pompous: and if ever he inclined to hardneſs, it was not from attempting to ſay a common thing with magnificence, but from including a great deal in a little room. W.

In point of correctneſs, of perſpicuity of ſtyle, and propriety of ſentiment, there cannot be, on the whole, any compariſon betwixt Pope and Young. But the ſtrokes of the true ſublime in the Night Thoughts, the ſallies of wit in the Univerſal Paſſion, and the ſtrong character of Zanga in the Revenge, are ſufficient to preſerve Young from the contempt flung upon him in this note of Dr. Warburton.

VER. 184. *There liv'd* in primo] Much of the grace and propriety of this ſtory of the Madman at Argos is loſt, by tranſferring the

In vacuo lætus seſſor plauſorque *theatro:*
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus, *amabilis* hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem; *poſſet* qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno læſo *non inſanire* lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
[r] Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum *pueris* concedere ludum;
[s] Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *veræ numeroſque modoſque* ediſcere *vitæ*.
Quocirca *mecum* loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor:
Si

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the ſcene from the theatre to the parliament houſe, from poetry to politics. The original ſtory of this ſort of madneſs is mentioned by Ariſtotle, and alſo by Ælian. Var. Hiſt. c. xxv. l. 4. of a madman, named Thraſyllus, who uſed to go down to Piræum, and thought all the ſhips that arrived in that port were his own. Horace judiciouſly laid the ſcene of this inſanity in the theatre. Pope's ſtory was entirely fiction, and unſuited to the ſubject, which was dramatic poetry. The reader ſhall have the pleaſure of comparing it with Boileau's imitation of the ſame paſſage, in his 4th Satire, ver. 103.

" Jadis certain bigot, d'ailleurs homme ſenſé,
D'un mal aſſez bizarre eut le cerveau bleſſé,
S'imaginant ſans ceſſe, en ſa douce manie,
Des eſprits bien heureux entendre l'harmonie.
Enfin un medicin fort expert en ſonetot,
Le guerit par adreſſe, ou plutot par hazard,

Mais

Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My Friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care;
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
'Well, on the whole, plain Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
'Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.

There

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Mais voulant de ſes ſoins exiger le ſalaire,
Moi, vous payez? lui dit le bigot en colere,
Vous, dont l'art infernal, par des ſecrets maudit
En me tirant d'erreur, m'oſte du paradis?"

Ver. 202. *To rules of Poetry*] Theſe four lines are far ſuperior to the Original, particularly the third and the fourth.

[t] Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

[u] Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iſdem?
At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uno.

[w] Si *proprium* eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et ære eſt,
Quædam (ſi credis *conſultis*) mancipat *uſus*:
Qui te paſcit aget, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum

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Ver. 210. *Compliments apart,*] This is languid and redundant; but the two preceding lines, hinting at what paſſed in his mind, on leaving London until he got to Twickenham, very pleaſing. *Feel the ſmart*, ver. 217, is ill expreſſed.

Ver. 218. *When golden Angels*] Theſe lines are undoubtedly good; but the introduction of the abſurd practice of touching for the king's evil, and the ſatire on ſervile chaplains, ſeem forced.

Ver. 220. *When ſervile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Kennet. W.

Ver. 229. *If* D*** *lov'd*] I have in vain ſearched for the name to whom this blank belongs. Of all ſorts of writing, perſonal ſatire is not only the moſt unintelligible, but the moſt ſhort-lived.

How

There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
[t] If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
" Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
[u] When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to Church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
[w] If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.

Delightful

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How many of the characters to whom La Bruyere alludes, are unknown; Theodas, is Santeuil; Menalcas, Count de Brancas.

It was a long time before it was underſtood that M. de la Rochefoucault, in his 71ſt maxim, meant to point out the Chevalier de Rohan: in his 342d maxim, the D. d'Eſpernon; and in his 393d, M. le Tellier; and in maxim 200, the narrow converſation of Boileau and Racine, who never talked on any ſubject but poetry and criticiſm. Three parts of Hudibras are become unintelligible.

Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit.

[x] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emptum,
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim?*

[y] Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emptis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z] Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *uſus*, at hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid

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Ver. 232. *Delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-againſt Hampton-Court.

Ver. 248, *Hang in Fortune's pow'r—Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here ſupplied the Imitator with expreſſion much ſuperior to his Original. W.

Ver. 254. *All vaſt poſſeſſions*] The next ten lines are far ſuperior to the Original, both for their poetry and philoſophy; and for the artful introduction of the name of his excellent and amiable friend, Lord Bathurſt.

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All [x] Worldly's hens, nay partridge, ſold to town,
His ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[y] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood, that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Weights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[z] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'ſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions, (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chaſe,)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,

Quid *vici* proſunt, aut *horrea?* quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curat habere.
[b] Cur alter fratrum *ceſſare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silveſtrem

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Ver. 264. *Gold, Silver,*] Theſe four lines are fine examples of the cloſe, energetic, comprehenſive, ſtyle of which he was ſo perfect a maſter.

Ver. 273. *All Townſhend's Turnips,*] Lord Townſhend, Secretary of State to George the Firſt and Second.—When this great Stateſman retired from buſineſs, he amuſed himſelf in Huſbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which ariſes from Turnips; it was the favourite ſubject of his converſation. W.

He is ſaid to have been ſlow in his parts, rough in his manners, and impatient of contradiction; but generous and humane at bottom; and of ſtrong, good judgment.

Ver. 274. *Like Bu—*] Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe, whoſe curious Diary has diſcovered many deſpicable court-ſecrets and mean intrigues.

Ver. 277. *Fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in ſettling the Colony of Georgia. P.

Here are lines that will juſtly confer immortality on a man who well deſerved ſo magnificent an eulogium. He was at once a great *hero* and a great *legiſlator*. The vigor of his mind and body have ſeldom been equalled. The vivacity of his genius continued to a great old age. The variety of his adventures, and the very different ſcenes in which he had been engaged, makes one regret that his life has never been written. Dr. Johnſon once offered to do it,

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
[a] Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
[b] Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One driv'n by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is

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it, if the General would furniſh the materials. Johnſon had a great regard for him, for he was one of the firſt perſons that highly, in all companies, praiſed his *London*. His firſt campaign was made under Prince Eugene, againſt the Turks; and this great General always ſpoke of Oglethorpe in the higheſt terms. Neither he nor Eugene loved Marlborough. He once told me, (for I had the pleaſure of knowing him well,) that Eugene, ſpeaking of Marlborough, ſaid, "There is a great difference in making war *en maitre*, or *en avocat*." But his ſettlement of the Colony in Georgia gave a greater luſtre to his character than even his military exploits.

Silveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:
Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum—
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.
[c] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *hæres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumptum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.
[f] Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva*; ferar *unus et idem*.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.

Non

NOTES.

Ver. 280. *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illuſtrating his own Philoſophy; and ſo giving a much better ſenſe to his Original; and correcting both the *Naturaliſm* and the *Fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in theſe words:

"Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ." W.

Ver. 302. *In pow'r, wit,*] The ſix words in the Original,

"Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,"

are wonderfully cloſe, emphatical, and compact; but I think they could hardly be better expreſſed than by our Author. He has not, perhaps, ſucceeded ſo well in imitating another line below,

"Somnia,

Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
[c] Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid Want be far away.
[f] What is't to me, (a paſſenger God wot,)
Whether my veſſel be firſt rate or not?
The Ship itſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

" But

NOTES.

" Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,"
a line of admirable brevity. If I was to undertake to point out all the beauties of our Author, as I preſume to do ſome of his

[g] Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una?
[h] Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

NOTES.

blemishes, these notes would be almost nauseously confined to perpetual panegyric;—it being the rare and singular talent of this Poet in general, rendre sans effort chaque idée, par le terme qui lui est propre.

Ver. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition, he would explode; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits; such as the *diablerie* of *witchcraft* and *purgatory*. W.

If this was the intention of the Imitator, he should not have inserted the words, *devils* and *fire*.

Ver. 326. *Leave such to trifle*] It, perhaps, might have been better to have omitted these two last lines: the second of which has a quaint and modern turn; and the humour consists in being driven off the stage, *potum largius æquo*. The word *lusisti* in the Original, is used in a loose and naughty sense, says Upton. As also l. 4. 13. Od. and in Propertius,

"—— populus lusit Erichthonius."

[g] "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no fourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
[h] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

THE

SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et noſmet *Lucili* ſcripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

THE wit, the vigour, and the honeſty of Mr. Pope's Satiric Writings had raiſed a great clamour againſt him, as if the *Supplement*, as he calls it, *to the Public Laws*, was a violation of morality and ſociety. In anſwer to this charge he had it in his purpoſe to ſhew, that two of the moſt reſpectable characters in the modeſt and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Biſhop Hall, had arraigned Vice publicly, and ſhewn it in ſtronger colours, than he had done, whether they found it,

" On the Pillory, or near the Throne."

In purſuance of this purpoſe, our Poet hath admirably *verſified*, as he expreſſes it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Biſhop Hall's likewiſe, whoſe force and claſſical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better verſifier, and as a mere Academic, had not his vein viciated like Donne's, by the fantaſtic language of Courts, Mr. Pope's purpoſe was only to correct a little, and ſmooth the verſification. In the firſt edition of Hall's Satires, which was in Mr. Pope's library, we find that long Satire, called the firſt of the Sixth Book, corrected throughout, and the verſification mended for his uſe. He intitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. Opt.* This writer Hall fell under a ſevere examiner of his wit and reaſoning, in the famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles I. and the long Parliament, having written in defence of Epiſcopacy, Milton, who firſt ſet out an advocate for Preſbytery, thought fit to take Hall's defence to taſk. And as he rarely gave quarter to his adverſaries, from the Biſhop's theologic writings, he fell upon his Poetry. But a ſtronger proof of the excellency of theſe Satires can hardly be given, than that all he could find to cavil at, was the *title* to the three firſt Books, which Hall, ridiculouſly enough, calls TOOTHLESS SATIRES: on this, for want of better hold, Milton faſtens, and ſufficiently mumbles. W.

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things, ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Yes; thank my ſtars!*] Two noblemen of taſte and learning, the Duke of Shrewſbury and the Earl of Oxford, deſired Pope to melt down and caſt anew, the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's Satires; who had degraded and deformed a vaſt fund of ſterling wit and ſtrong ſenſe, by the moſt harſh and uncouth diction. Pope ſucceeded in giving harmony to a writer, more rough and rugged than even any of his age, and who profited ſo little by the example Spencer had ſet, of a moſt muſical and mellifluous verſification; far beyond the verſification of Fairfax, who is frequently mentioned as the greateſt improver of the harmony of our language. The Satires of Hall, written in very ſmooth and pleaſing numbers, preceded thoſe of Donne many years; for his Virgidemiarum were publiſhed, in ſix books, in the year 1597; in which he calls himſelf the very firſt Engliſh Satiriſt. This, however, was not true in fact; for Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington Caſtle in Kent, the friend and favourite of Henry VIII. and, as was ſuggeſted, of Ann Boleyn, was our firſt writer of Satire worth notice. But it was not in his numbers only that Donne was reprehenſible. He abounds in falſe thoughts, in far-ſought ſentiments, in forced unnatural conceits. He was the firſt corrupter of Cowley. Dryden was the firſt who called him a metaphyſical poet. He had a conſiderable ſhare of learning, and though he entered late into orders, yet he was eſteemed a good divine. James I. was ſo earneſt to prefer him in the church, that he even refuſed the Earl of Somerſet, his favourite, the requeſt he earneſtly made, of giving

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant

NOTES.

Donne an office in the council. In the entertaining account of that converſation, which Ben Jonſon is ſaid to have held with Mr. Drummond, of Hauthornden in Scotland, in the year 1619, containing his judgments of the Engliſh Poets, he ſpeaks thus of Donne, (who was his intimate friend, and had frequently addreſſed him in various poems:) "Donne was originally a poet; his grandfather, on the mother's ſide, was Heywood the epigrammatiſt; but for not being underſtood, he would periſh. He eſteemed him the firſt poet in the world for ſome things; his Verſes of the Loſt Ochadine, he had by heart; and that paſſage of the Calm, "That duſt and feather, did not ſtir, all was ſo quiet." He affirmed, that Donne wrote all his beſt pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. The conceit of Donne's transformation, or metempſychoſis, was, that he ſought the ſoul of that apple which Eve pulled, and hereafter made it the ſoul of a bitch, then of a ſhe-wolf, and ſo of a woman; his general purpoſe was to have brought it into all the bodies of the heretics, from the ſoul of Cain, and at laſt left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one ſheet of this; and ſince he was made Doctor, repented heartily, and reſolved to deſtroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his Anniverſary was prophane; that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable; to which Donne anſwered, That he deſcribed the idea of a woman, and not as ſhe was."

Donne

Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As, I think, that brings *Dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
Though like the peſtilence, and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf,) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rythmes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

But

NOTES.

Donne was one of our Poets who wrote elegantly in Latin; as did Ben Jonſon, Cowley, Milton, Addiſon, and Gray. In Donne's Introduction to his Witty Catalogue of Imaginary Books, (which Swift has imitated before the Tale of a Tub,) there is a paſſage ſo minutely applicable to the preſent times, that I am tempted to tranſcribe it: "Ævum fortiti ſumus, quo plane indoctis nihil turpius, *plenè doctis* nihil rarius. Tam omnes in literis aliquid ſciunt, tam nemo omnia. Mediâ igitur plerumque itur viâ, & ad evitandam

I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath, th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.

One ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched

NOTES.

evitandam ignorantiæ turpitudinem, & legendi faſtidium." Mr. Moore has lately anſwered Donne's Paradox on *Self-Murder* Vol. 2. p. 2. 41. The private character of Donne, the inconvenience he underwent on account of his early marriage, and his remarkable ſenſibility of temper, render him very amiable.

VER. 27. *Thoſe write*] The Original required little alteration.

But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth theſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
. . . . . to out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath

NOTES.

VER. 38. *Iriſhmen out-ſwear;*] The Original ſays,
" out-ſwear the Letanie,"
improved by the Imitator into a juſt ſtroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's is a low alluſion to a licentious quibble uſed at that time by the enemies of the Engliſh Liturgy: who, diſliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphraſis for *ſwearing*. W.

VER. 43. *Of whoſe ſtrange crimes*] Such as Sanchez de Matrimonio has minutely enumerated and deſcribed. Such Canoniſts deſerved this animadverſion. In Paſcal's fine Provincial Letters are alſo ſome ſtrange and ſtriking examples.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous:
" In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell."

As

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt through him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And

NOTES.

As if the *Ten Commandments* were ſo wide, as to ſtand ready to *receive* every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature*, or the *Goſpels*, enjoins. A juſt ridicule on thoſe *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original ſenſe is much more confined; being a ſhort ſummary of moral duty fitted for a ſingle people, upon a particular occaſion, and to ſerve temporary ends. W.

VER. 48. *Makes a calf an ox,*] An unaccountable blunder in our Author. As if an ox was in his *natural* ſtate.

Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet: jollier of this ſtate,
Than are new-benefic'd Miniſters, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſoe'r he goes
His title of Barriſter on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.**
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.
Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practice for mere gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.

Like

NOTES.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas*—] The Original has here a very fine ſtroke of Satire,

"Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar."

The frauds with which that work (ſo neceſſary for the welfare both of religion and the ſtate) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the diſſoluteneſs in which the plunder ariſing from it was waſted, had ſcandalized all ſober men; and diſpoſed ſome even of the beſt Proteſtants to wiſh, that ſome part of that immenſe wealth, ariſing from the ſuppreſſion of the Monaſteries, had been reſerved for charity, hoſpitality, and even for the ſervice of religion. W.

And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too;
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widow's hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretyſhip that brought them there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets through rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.

Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lie to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand.
And ſpying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When *Luther* was profeſt, he did deſire
Short *Pater-noſters*, ſaying as a Fryar

Each

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Like a King's Favourite*] A line from the Original, as alſo line 60; which ſhews that Donne, if he had properly attended to it, could have written harmoniouſly.

Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly **
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of Baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In Shillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at White's,
Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
But

NOTES.

VER. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet, by judiciouſly tranſpoſing this fine ſimilitude, has given new luſtre to his Author's

Each day his Beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clauſe);
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where

NOTES.

thought. The Lawyer (ſays Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal inſtruments, to the bigneſs of *gloſs'd civil Laws*, when it is to convey property to himſelf, and to ſecure his own ill-got wealth. But let the ſame Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the neceſſary words; and becomes as conciſe and looſe as the haſty poſtils of a modern Divine. So *Luther*, while a Monk, and by his Inſtitution, obliged to ſay Maſs, and pray in perſon for others, thought even his *Pater-noſter* too long. But when he ſet up for a Governor in the Church, and his buſineſs was to direct others how to pray for the ſucceſs of his new Model; he then lengthened the Pater-noſter by a new clauſe. This repreſentation of the firſt part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clauſe*, was to ſatirize his ambition; and both together, to inſinuate that from a Monk, he was become totally *ſecularized*. —About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a ſtrong propenſity to the Roman Catholic Religion, which appears from ſeveral ſtrokes in theſe Satires. We find amongſt his works, a ſhort ſatirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, alluding to Luther's omiſſion of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechiſms; which ſhews the Poet was fond of his joke. In this *catalogue* (to intimate his ſentiments of Reformation) he puts Eraſmus

and

But having caſt his cowl, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That

NOTES.

and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only obſerve, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the fineſt paſſages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the ſubject of many imitations. The beſt of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.—Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his ſermons in the falſe taſte of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pſeudo martyr*, to prove that Papiſts ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*, he has approved himſelf entirely ignorant both of the *Origin* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 168th page, and elſewhere, he holds, that when men congregate to form the *body* of Civil Society, then it is, that the *ſoul* of Society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is ſent into it immediately from God, juſt as he ſends the ſoul into the human embryo, when the two ſexes propagate their kind. In the 191ſt page, and elſewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this abſurd and blaſphemous traſh, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and ſublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the *better* part of his life. W.

Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts. but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jaws.

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Theſe as good works, &c.*] Dr. Donne ſays,

——— " But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now."

The popiſh doctrine of *good works* was one of thoſe abuſes in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. To this the Poet's words ſatirically allude. And having throughout this ſatire given ſeveral malignant ſtrokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous to abuſe, he had reaſon to beſpeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding lines,

——— " But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jaws." W.

That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
Let no Court Sychophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

NOTES.

VER. 125. *Thus much I've ſaid,*] Theſe three additional lines are redundant. And two ſtrong epithets in the laſt line of Donne, *waſt* and *huge*, were too emphatical to be omitted.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive *, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd Hell is
A Recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As

NOTES.

* More ſhort, ſevere, and pointed, than Pope's paraphraſtical lines.

VER. 7. *The Poet's hell,*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expreſſion of his Original. W.

VER. 10. *Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the ſame pride *in admiring*, which *Poets* have *in being admired.* For VANITY is often as much gratified in paying our Court to our ſuperiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors. W.

VER. 13. *Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;*] Inſinuating that *Court-poetry*, like *Court-clothes*, only comes thither in honour of the Sovereign; and ſerves but to ſupply a day's converſation. W.

VER. 14. *The Dev'l would*] This addition is mean. And line below, 26. is perhaps the greateſt violation of *harmony* Pope has ever

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it ſo.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As

NOTES.

ever been guilty of, by beginning the Verſe with the word *Noah*. And line 17, *his fine was odd*, ſeems to be very exceptionable.

VER. 19. *So was I puniſh'd,*] Thus in former editions:
Such was my Fate, whom Heav'n adjudged,
Pope

As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Nile's ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africk Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'Prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your Prieſthood, tell me what you are?
His cloathes were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, tho' bare.
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become

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Pope made many alterations in this Satire, and ſeems to have taken pains in correcting it. Line 65, and ſucceedings one, ſtood thus:

Well met, he cries, and happy ſure for each,
For I am pleas'd to learn and you to teach.

Line 86 ſtood as follows:

Obliging Sir, I love you I profeſs,
But wiſh you lik'd Retreat a little leſs,
Spirits like you, believe me, ſhould be ſeen,
And like Ulyſſes viſit Courts and men;
So much alone, to ſpeak plain truth between us,
You'll die of ſpleen—excuſe me, nunquam minus.

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Africk's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropt out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe Juſtice, ſtarting from his chair,
Cry, By your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our

NOTES.

Line 154, ran thus:

Shows Poland's Intereſt, takes the Primate's Part.

Dr. Johnſon ſpeaks, methinks, too ſlightingly of theſe Imitations of *Donne*, when he ſays, "That Pope ſeems to have known their *imbecillity*."

Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants motly tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God,
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay,

NOTES.

VER. 68. *The King's, ſaid I.*] "This ſneer," ſaid the ingenious Mr. Wilkes, "is really indecent. The good Biſhop who publiſhed an edition of his works, ought, in the *mild limbo* of his Commentary, to have ſoftened the ſeverity of this paſſage."

VER. 71. *Onſlow,*] By an affected gravity, and a ſolemn and important air, he preſided for many years over the Houſe of Commons; but not with the ability, knowledge, patience, prudence, and

Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travell'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's Wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dullneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if —'s your name.
What *Speech* eſteem you moſt? "The *King*'s," ſaid I.
But the beſt *words?*—"O, Sir, the *Dictionary.*"
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute,
And perfect *Speaker?*—"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."

But,

NOTES.

and amiable manners, of the *preſent* Speaker, Mr. Addington, 1795. It is a curious fact in the Hiſtory of Engliſh Liberty, that

Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter

To

NOTES.

that the very firſt perſon who was raiſed by the Commons to the dignity of their Speaker, was a member who had been impriſoned by Edward the Third, for attacking his Miniſters and his Miſtreſs in Parliament.

VER. 73. *But Hoadly for a period*] Party occaſioned this cenſure on a Writer, whoſe ſtyle, it muſt be confeſſed, was *ſometimes*, but not *always*, (as for inſtance, in his *Treatiſe* on the *Sacrament*,) *languid* and *diffuſe*: but who, having ſpent his life in defending the Britiſh Conſtitution, the Revolution, and the Succeſſion of the Houſe of Hanover, certainly did, by no means, deſerve to be ſtyled, as he lately hath been, "That *Republican* Prelate, Biſhop Hoadly." The late excellent Biſhop of London, Dr. Lowth, thought very differently of him, and calls him, in his admirable Life of Wickham, "The great *Advocate* of *Civil* and *Religious* Liberty."

VER. 73. *A period of a mile.*] *A ſtadium of Euripides* was a ſtanding joke amongſt the Greeks. By the ſame kind of pleaſantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long;* which, becauſe the humour, as well as the meaſure of the expreſſion, was exceſſive, all his tranſlators have judiciouſly agreed to omit; without doubt paying due attention to that ſober rule of Quintilian, licet omnis hyperbole ſit ultra fidem, non tamen debet eſſe ultra MODUM. SCRIBL.

But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for cloſer ſtyle,
"But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſt, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay troth th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty *gift of Tongues* enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus other talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till

NOTES.

VER. 75. *So Panurge was;*] It is ſurprizing that Rabelais, whoſe book is the moſt cutting ſatire on the Pope, the Church, and the principal events of his time, ſhould have eſcaped ſevere cenſure and puniſhment. Garagantuas is deciſively Francis I. and Henry II. is Pantagruel; and Charles V. Pierocole. Swift, who formed himſelf on Rabelais, has exactly copied the famous ſpeech of Panurge, in the Tale of the Tub, where Lord Peter, giving to Martin and John a piece of dry bread, tells them, it contains beef, partridge, capons, and the beſt wine of Burgundy. Rabelais, like Swift, loved *politics*. See his Letters from Rome, when he accompanied the Cardinal Bellay, Embaſſador of Francis I. to Pope Paul III. Rabelais imitated, in many paſſages, the *Literæ* Virorum *Obſcurorum*.

VER. 78. *Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his Original. Donne makes his threadbare Traveller content himſelf under his poverty, with the reflection, that even Panurge himſelf (the great Traveller and Linguiſt in Rabelais) went a-begging. There is infinite wit in this paſſage of Donne, yet very *licentious*, in coupling the *Apoſtles* and *Panurge* in this buffoon manner. W.

By adding the words, "a pretty *gift of Tongues*," Pope has made it ſtill more *licentious*.

To Babel's Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Luteſtring ſqueaks, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are

NOTES.

VER. 95. *Aretine has made;*] Alluding to the infamous Sonnets which this celebrated Italian wit compoſed to accompany the *Sixteen* obſcene Figures that were deſigned by Julio Romano, who, as well as Titian, was his friend; and engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi. By writing which, Aretine loſt the favour and countenance of Leo the Tenth, and Clement VII. but was afterwards reſtored to the favour of the Medici Family, and wrote ſome books of devotion. The lines written for his epitaph ſhew his character ſufficiently:

Qui giace l'Aretin poeta Toſco,
Che diſſe mal d'ogn'un fuor che dio,
Scuſandoſi col dir non lo conoſco.

Mazzuchelli, vol. i. p. 1012.

VER. 104. *From King to King*] Much ſuperior to the Original, where is a vile conceit,

"The way to it is King's-ſtreet."

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
" Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
" Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
" Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
" The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen."
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
" Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;
He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
" Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
" And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which ſtayes
A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;
Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores .....
He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells

NOTES.

VER. 116. *Wild to get looſe,*] Donne in this Satire imitates the *Impertinent* of Horace. Sat. ix. b. 1. And Horace copied the character from Theophraſtus. There was an edition in folio, 1737, with this title, *The Impertinent*, or a *Viſit to the Court*, a Satire, by Mr. Pope.—And no mention is made of Donne in this Edition.

" How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Paduaſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, " What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it,
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:

Shells to tranſport;
ſhortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.

Like

NOTES.

VER. 144. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuſes, he has imitated his Original with great ſpirit. Amongſt thoſe which Dr. Donne mentions, is

" A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;"

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the muſt unpopular abuſe of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent maſk. And one of their *Antimaſks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuſe of Monopolies; which Mr. Whitlocke thus deſcribes: " In this Antimaſque of Projectors," (ſays he) " came a fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his fiſt, deſcribing a Projector who begged a patent of Monopoly, as the firſt inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himſelf might make uſe of that invention, &c. Several other Projectors were in like manner perſonated in this Antimaſque; and it pleaſed the ſpectators the more, becauſe by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitneſs and ridiculouſneſs of theſe projects againſt the Law; and the Attorney Noy, who had moſt knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Antimaſque of the *Projectors*." This exorbitancy became ſo general, that Ben Jonſon makes a cheating procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; juſt as he had done a cheating Alchymiſt in another. W.

Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis ſee the Country, or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
And laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,—yet he thruſts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſtboys o'er by heart.

Like

NOTES.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, &c.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of ſcandal concludes thus,

" And wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady——"

the Reader expects it will conclude—*what Lady is painted.* No, juſt the contrary,

" what Lady is not painted:"

ſatirically inſinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodneſs of his intelligence than the other. The Reader ſees there is greater force in the uſe of theſe plain words, than in thoſe which the Imitator employs. And the reaſon is, becauſe the ſatire does not turn upon the *odiouſneſs* of painting; in which caſe, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expreſſion; but upon the frequency of it, which required only the ſimple mention of the thing. W.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients.*] Alluding to the effects of his uſe of oils in bilious diſorders. W.

Like a big Wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron * talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw,
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my pow'r
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'ſcape a torturing,

And

NOTES.

* Whom we call an Aſs, the Italians ſtyle *Maccheroni*. W.

Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traytor by ſurprize.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lie
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid, to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jig upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
Itſelf

NOTES.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] Theſe four lines are wonderfully ſublime, His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *heat*. They both call out, as if they were half ſtifled by the ſulphury air of the place,

" O qui me gelidis——"
" Oh quickly bear me hence——" W.

The next twenty-two lines are not only far ſuperior to the Original, but, perhaps, equal to any Pope ever wrote, or to any in our language in rhyme. The 188th and 189th lines in the firſt Edition ran thus,

Here ſtill reflection led on ſober thought,
Which Fancy colour'd and a Viſion wrought.

It may indeed be urged, that theſe lines, though containing exquiſite poetry, are not of an uniform tone with the reſt of the piece. But ſuch a frigid objection ought to vaniſh before ſo much excellence.

VER. 192. *Not Dante dreaming*] It is only within a few years that the merits of this *great* and *original* Poet were attended to, and

Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.

Baſe

NOTES.

and made known in this country. And this ſeems to be owing to a tranſlation of the very pathetic ſtory of *Count Ugolino;* to the judicious and ſpirited ſummary given of this poem, in the 31ſt ſection of the *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry;* and to Mr. Hayley's elegant tranſlation of three cantos of the *Inferno.* Notwithſtanding the feeble and taſteleſs attacks of Voltaire, real judges will ever think that it abounds in many ſtrokes of the true *ſublime*, and the *pathetic*, though mixed with the ſtrongeſt traits of the *ſatiric.* With what vigour and vehemence has he juſtly laſhed the profligacy, the tyranny, and the corruptions of the Church of Rome, being one of the *very firſt* writers that called her the *Great Harlot* in the Apocalypſe, canto 19, of the Inferno. Nor has he been leſs ſevere on cruel and deſpotic princes; and in one place makes Hugh Capet confeſs that his father was a *butcher: Figliuol d' un' Beccaio di Parigi. Purgat.* canto 20. and own himſelf the cauſe and origin of much miſchief to Chriſtendom:

I ſui radice de la mala pianta,
Che la terra Chriſtiana tutta aduggia,
Si che buon frutto rado ſe ne ſchianta.

I only juſt add, that Mr. Addiſon appears not to have read Dante, from his never *once* referring to him in his Criticiſms on Milton, who was ſuch an *admirer* and *imitator* of this great Italian Poet. Algarotti juſtly laments the loſs of an ineſtimable treaſure, a copy of Dante, which Michael Angelo had enriched with deſigns drawn with his pen, on the margin of each leaf. Dante was juſtly ſtyled, *Il poeta dell' avidenza.*

Theſe firſt ſtanzas of the 24th canto of the Inferno, printed in Dodſley's Muſæum, No. 2. page 57. is by Mr. Spence. Voltaire abſurdly calls Il Inferno, "Ce Salmigondis."

Itſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of highborn or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your Waxen * garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſt have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are †; their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Preſence*, and I (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well

At

NOTES.

* A ſhow of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of King James the Firſt. W.

† i. e. of wood. W.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous ſhew of the Court of France in Waxwork. P.

Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff'd Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! ſuch varniſh'd a race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.

See where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.

" That's

NOTES.

VER. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-houſe: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility received inſtruction in thoſe days: It was alſo cuſtomary for the Nobility and Gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel)
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers

NOTES.

VER. 218. *That's Velvet*] Much ſuperior to the Original in brevity and elegance: the next line is a ſtricture on the act for licenſing plays, which about this time occaſioned great debates in the Houſe of Lords, and a very ſpirited and remarkable ſpeech of Lord Cheſterfield in behalf of play-writers: "Wit," ſaid he, "my Lords, is the *property* of thoſe who have it; and very often the *only property* they have. Thank Heaven, my Lords, we are otherwiſe provided for." The firſt play that was prohibited by this act, was *Guſtavus Vaſa*, by Brooke; the next was the *Edward and Eleonora* of Thomſon.

VER. 220. *Our ſtage give rules,*] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain. W.

" That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers clothes?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.

Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
" Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And " Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pagod.

See

NOTES.

VER. 227. *Like frigates fraught*] Here is a very cloſe reſemblance to the picture of *Dalilah*, in *Samſon Agoniſtes*:

" ——Who is this
That ſo bedect, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing like a ſtately ſhip
Of Tarſus bound for th' iles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and ſtreamers waving?

Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquiſition;*
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſneſs, good faſhion:
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,

He

NOTES.

VER. 240. *By Durer's rules,*] The beſt Painter Germany ever produced; he was patronized and beloved by Maximilian I. and by Charles V. and, what was of more conſequence to an artiſt, by Raphael himſelf, who ſent him ſeveral deſigns, and his own portrait. He formed himſelf on no other painter, had a manner of his own, which indeed was hard; he wanted *grace*, had not ſtudied the *antique*, and copied only *common nature* and the *forms* before him. He attended not to *Coſtume*. His Madonna's were dreſt like German ladies, and his Jews had beards and muſtacchios. See a moſt

See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their clothes, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt*, *proteſt*:
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath:

The

NOTES.

moſt judicious Criticiſm on the Works and Talents of Albert Durer, by a living painter of great genius and learning, Mr. Fuſeli, in the *third* volume of that entertaining publication, intitled, *Anecdotes of ſome diſtinguiſhed Perſons*, p. 234.

VER. 250. *So firſt to preach*] An inimitable portrait of a ſmooth, and ſmug, and ſattin, modern divine!

VER. 256. *Or Gonſon*] He was a famous Weſtminſter juſtice of peace; and Hogarth introduced him in one of his pictures.

He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe *Aſkaparts* *, men big enough to throw
Charing-Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie—Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of

NOTES.

* A Giant famous in Romances. P.

VER. 262. *The Captain's honeſt,*] Much reſembling Noll Bluff, in Congreve's *Old Batchelor*, who was copied from *Thraſo*, and alſo from Ben Jonſon.

VER. 273. *As men from Jails*] A line ſo ſmooth that our Author thought proper to adopt it from the Original. There are many *ſuch*, as I have before obſerved, which ſhew, that if Donne had taken equal pains, he need not have left his numbers ſo *much more rugged* and *diſguſting*, than many of his cotemporaries, eſpecially one ſo exquiſitely melodious as Drummond of Hawthornden; who, in truth, more than Fairfax, Waller, or Denham, deſerves to be called the firſt poliſher of Engliſh Verſification. Milton read him much. And Pope copied him, not only in his Paſtorals, as before obſerved, but in his Eloiſa. A well written

Life

The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore'right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jails to execution go;
For, hung with deadly ſins, I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Aſkapart*, of ſtrength to toſs
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.

Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.

Howe'er

NOTES.

Life of Drummond is inſerted in the fifth volume of the new Edition of the Biographia Britannica, with many curious particulars imparted by Mr. Park.

VER. 274. *For, hung with deadly ſins,*] The room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins. P.

Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

NOTES.

VER. 286. *My Wit*,] The private character of Donne was very amiable and intereſting; particularly ſo, on account of his ſecret marriage with the daughter of Sir George More; of the difficulties he underwent on this marriage; of his conſtant affection to his wife, his affliction at her death, and the ſenſibility he diſplayed towards all his friends and relations.

Vss. 286. My Wife.] The private character of Donne was very amiable and interesting: particularly in, on account of his secret marriage with the daughter of Sir George More; of the difficulties he underwent on this marriage; of his constant affection to his wife, his affliction at her death, and the tenderness he displayed towards all his friends and relations.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES,

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

The following words of Quintilian might not be an improper motto for theſe Dialogues;

" Ingenii plurimum eſt in eo, et acerbitas mira, et urbanitas, et vis ſumma; ſed plus ſtomacho, quam conſilio dedit. Prætereà ut amari ſales, ita frequenter amaritudo ipſa ridicula eſt."

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Becauſe you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom ſo much was ſaid,
That when his name was up he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refreſh us with a livelier ſong,
Or, like St. Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, ſhould be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Beſides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth, &c.*] Theſe two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are ſo in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Cenſurer,

" 'Tis all from Horace," &c. P.

By long habit of writing, and almoſt conſtantly in one ſort of meaſure, he had now arrived at a happy and elegant familiarity of ſtyle,

You grow correct that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis

NOTES.

style, without flatness. The satire in these pieces is of the strongest kind; sometimes, direct and declamatory, at others, ironical and oblique. It must be owned to be carried to excess. Our country is represented as totally ruined, and overwhelmed with dissipation, depravity, and corruption. Yet this very country, so emasculated and debased by every species of folly and wickedness, in about twenty years afterwards, carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all the quarters of the world, and astonished the most distant nations with a display of uncommon efforts, abilities, and virtue. So vain and groundless are the prognostications of poets, as well as politicians. It is to be wished, that a genius could be found to write an *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-one*, as a counter-part to these two Dialogues, which were more diligently laboured, and more frequently corrected than any of our Author's compositions. I have often heard Mr. Dodsley say, that he was employed by the Author to copy them fairly. Every line was then written twice over; a clean transcript was then delivered to Mr. Pope, and when he afterwards sent it to Mr. Dodsley to be printed, he found every line had been written twice over a second time. Swift tells our Author, these Dialogues are equal, if not superior, to any part of his works. They are, in truth, more Horatian than the professed *Imitations* of Horace. They at first were intitled, from the *year* in which they were published, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*. They were afterwards called, *fantastically* enough, *Epilogue to the Satires*, as the Epistle to Arbuthnot was intitled *Prologue to the Satires*. It is remarkable that the first was published the very same morning with Johnson's admirable *London;* which Pope much approved, and searched diligently for the Author, who lived then in obscurity. *London* had a second edition in a week. Pope has himself given more notes and illustrations on these Dialogues than on any other of his poems.

Ver. 2. *See nothing in't.*] He used this *colloquial* (I will not say *barbarism*, but) *abbreviation*, to imitate familiar conversation.

'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice; 11
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice:*
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown,*
Blunt could *do buſ'neſs,* H—ggins *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,* 15
In rev'rend Biſhops note ſome *ſmall Neglects,*
And

NOTES.

VER. 9, 10. *And taught his Romans in much better metre,*
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."]
The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,
"Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,
Qu'on eſt aſſis à l'aiſe aux ſermons de Cotin."

VER. 12. *Bubo obſerves,*] Some guilty perſon, very fond of making ſuch an obſervation. P.

Bubo is ſaid to mean Mr. Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe.

VER. 13. *Horace would ſay,*] The buſineſs of the friend here introduced is to diſſuade our Poet from *perſonal* invectives. But he dexterouſly turns the very advice he is giving into the bittereſt ſatire. Sir Billy was Sir William Young, who, from a great fluency, was often employed to make long ſpeeches till the miniſter's friends were collected in the Houſe.

VER. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Gaoler of the Fleet priſon, enriched himſelf by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

He was the father of the Author of the abſurd and proſaïc Tranſlation of *Arioſto;* an account of him is given in the Anecdotes of Hogarth.

VER. 15. *In Sappho touch*] In former Editions,
Sir George of ſome ſlight gallantries ſuſpect.

And own, the Spaniard did a *waggiſh thing*,
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
That great men never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?

Seen

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26. in the MS.

There's honeſt *Tacitus* * once talk'd as big,
But is he now an *independant Whig?*

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

NOTES.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spaniſh ſhip on one Jenkins, a Captain of an Engliſh one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his maſter. P.

VER. 22. *Screen.*]

"Omne vaſer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit." PERS.

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain perſon in power. P.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to thoſe in oppoſition to the Court. Though ſome of them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and intereſted to deſerve that name. P.

VER. 26. *The Great man*] A phraſe, by common uſe, appropriated to the firſt Miniſter. P.

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
Seen

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Go ſee Sir* ROBERT] We muſt not judge of this miniſter's character from the *Diſſertation* on *Parties*, nor from the eloquent *Philippics*, for *eloquent* they were, uttered againſt him in both Houſes of Parliament. Hume has drawn his portrait with candour and impartiality. And ſome of his moſt vehement antagoniſts, particularly the great Lord Chatham, lived to allow the merits of that *long* and *pacific* miniſtry, which ſo much extended the commerce, and conſequently enlarged the riches of this country.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This, and other ſtrokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occaſions, were in acknowledgment of a certain ſervice he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his ſolicitation. Our Poet, when he was about ſeventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which it was feared would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Prieſt of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his laſt leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and ſolicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down poſt to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the deſired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an intereſt in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehenſion that his promotion would give umbrage to the Engliſh Court; to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's ſervice, was become very obnoxious. The perſon to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the caſe, he immediately wrote a pleaſant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the Prieſt's behalf: He acquainted the Miniſter with the grounds of his ſolicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his Mr. P.'s ſake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt muſt needs be diſcharged either here or in purgatory. The Miniſter received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obſtruction. In conſequence

Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

Come,

NOTES.

sequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility. W.

To the account given in this note may be added, that in gratitude for this favour conferred on his friend, Pope presented to Mr. Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, a set of his Works in quarto, richly bound; which are now in the library at Wolterton.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

VER. 34. *He does not think me*] In former Editions,

He thinks me Poet of no venal kind.

VER. 34. *What he thinks mankind.*] This *request* appears somewhat absurd: but not more so than the *principle* it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at. W.

If Walpole really thought so ill of mankind, which may be doubted, it may remind us of what Suetonius says of Nero, c. 29. "Ex nonnullis comperi, persuasissimum habuisse eum, neminem hominum pudicum esse; verùm plerosque dissimulare vitium, calliditate obtegere." When Pulteney and the Patriots had resolved not to oppose Sir Robert's famous *Excise* scheme, as really thinking it a wise, expeditious, and certain method of collecting the Revenue, Lord Bolingbroke went round to them all, in a great hurry, and earnestly told them they *must oppose* it, unless they wished Sir Robert to be Minister for ever. "The wiser any measure is,"

Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out. 36
F. Why, yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty;*
A Joke

NOTES.

is," added he, "the more thoſe that are in oppoſition, and out of place, ſhould oppoſe it; a fooliſh ſcheme falls to the ground of itſelf."

Juſt before Atterbury went into exile, a large fine dropt to him as Dean of Weſtminſter, but he could have no right to receive it, without the ſeal being ſet to the leaſe in a full chapter. Sir Robert Walpole earneſtly inquired, if a chapter could *not be* held in the tower, that the Biſhop might receive the benefit of this fine. A chapter was accordingly there held, and the Biſhop received a thouſand pounds for his ſhare of the fine. This anecdote, which is well authenticated, does great credit to the liberality and good temper of Sir Robert Walpole.

VER. 37. *Why, yes: with Scripture, &c.*] A ſcribler, whoſe only chance for reputation is the falling in with the faſhion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preſervation of a tranſitory name. But a true Genius could not do a fooliſher thing, or ſooner defeat his own aim. The ſage Boileau uſed to ſay on this occaſion, "Une ouvrage ſevere peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais une ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux perſonnes ſeveres." W.

VER. 37. *Why, yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Oſborne* (who was in the Miniſter's pay, and wrote Coffee-houſe Journals) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two againſt J. C. W.

VER. 38. *A horſe-laugh,*] When the Abbé Terrai, Comptroller of the Finances in France, under Louis XV. was once informed that one of his oppreſſive and iniquitous meaſures was univerſally condemned, he only replied coolly, "Who pretends that it is juſt?"—an anſwer exactly ſuited to a Miniſter of a deſpotic Prince. The Abbé had ſwallowed a proper doſe of that uſeful *nepenthe* mentioned below at verſe 96.

A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.

If any aſk you, "Who's the Man ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?"
Why, anſwer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.

Laugh

NOTES.

VER. 39. *A Joke on* JEKYL,] Sir Joſeph Jekyl, Maſter of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmoſt probity. He ſometimes voted againſt the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here deſcribed of ONE who beſtowed it equally upon Religion and Honeſty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem. P.

VER. 39. *Some odd* Old Whig] Whoſe principles are, or ought to be; "That the government of *one*, for the ſake of *one*, is Tyranny; and ſo is the Government of a *few*, for the ſake of *themſelves*; but Government executed for the good of *all*, and with the conſent of *all*, is *Liberty*."

VER. 47. *Why, anſwer,* LYTTELTON,] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, diſtinguiſhed both for his writings and ſpeeches in the ſpirit of liberty. P.

VER. 51. *Sejanus,*] This profligate miniſter prevailed on the Senate to order a book of Crematius Cordus, in praiſe of Brutus and Caſſius, to be burnt. This prohibition naturally increaſed the circulation of the work. "Libros cremandos," ſays Tacitus,

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.

Laugh

NOTES.

" cenſuere patres; ſed manſerunt occultati, etenim punitis ingeniis, gliſcit auctoritas." " The puniſhing of wits enhances their authority," ſays Lord Bacon; " and a *forbidden* writing is thought to be a certain ſpark of truth, that flies up in the faces of them who ſeek to tread it out."

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolſey,*] The one the wicked miniſter of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers againſt the Court uſually beſtowed theſe and other odious names on the Miniſter, without diſtinction, and in the moſt injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. P.

VER. 51. FLEURY,] Cardinal, and Miniſter to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-faſhion, at that time, to cry up his wiſdom and honeſty. P.

VER. 51. *Honeſt* FLEURY,] Fontenelle who had been acquainted with the Cardinal before his miniſtry, viſiting him and finding him in his uſual ſerenity and gaiety of temper, ſaid to him, " Is it poſſible that your Eminence ſtill continues to be happy?" The ſhort Billets which the Cardinal wrote to Fontenelle, and which are preſerved in the 11th Vol. of his Works, are full of wit, elegance, and pleaſantry.

A perſon who had ſeen many courts, and been acquainted with many miniſters, ſays, " I cannot refrain from combating the opinion, which ſuppoſes prodigious abilities, and a genius almoſt divine, in thoſe who have governed Empires with ſome degree of ſucceſs. It is not a ſuperior penetration that makes ſtateſmen; it is their character. All men, how inconſiderable ſoever their ſhare of ſenſe may be, ſee their own intereſt nearly alike. A citizen of *Bern* or *Amſterdam*, in this reſpect, is equal to *Sejanus, Ximenes, Buckingham, Richelieu*, or *Mazarine;* but our own conduct, and our enterprizes, depend abſolutely on our own natural diſpoſitions; and our ſucceſs depends upon fortune.

A curious account is given of the riſe and fortunes of Cardinal Fleury, in the firſt volume of St. Simon's Memoirs, by which it appears that it was with great difficulty Louis XIV. who thought the manners of Fleury, at that time, too diſſipated for a grave eccleſiaſtic, was prevailed on by the Archbiſhop of Paris, to give him the Biſhopric of Frejus, his firſt great preferment.

Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are
fore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Henley—Oſborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to ſome Court ſermons, and florid panegyrical ſpeeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an addreſs in the ſame pretty ſtyle; and was laſtly ſerved up in an Epitaph, between Latin and Engliſh, publiſhed by its author. P.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,*] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of *Pulpit Eloquence.* This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occaſions, but ſlight and ſuperficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this maſter-ſtroke of Pulpit Eloquence: but Maſter Doctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine, in his *Spital ſermon, preached in the year* 1595, layeth open the whole Myſtery. "The voice of a Preacher (ſaith

That firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy, Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!

Then

NOTES.

(ſaith he, himſelfe a powerful Preacher) ought to be the voice of a *Crier*, which ſhould not pipe to make the People dance, but mourne to make them *weep*. Hence it is, that in the oulde law, none that was blinde, or had anie blemiſhe in his eye, might ſerve at the Aulter; becauſe for that impediment in his eye he could not well ſhew his inwarde ſorrowing by his outward *weeping*. And when they offered up their firſt-borne, who was ordinarily in every family their Prieſte, or their *Preacher*, they offered alſo with him a paire of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. That paire of turtle-doves did ſignify a paire of *mournfull eyes:* thoſe two younge pigeons did ſignifie likewiſe *two weeping eyes:* And at that offering they prayed for their firſt-borne, that afterwards he might have ſuch eyes himſelfe. For indeed, as Auſtin witneſſeth, THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE with *ſighing* than with ſpeaking, with *weeping* than with words. Plus gemitibus quam ſermonibus, plus fletu quam affatu." SCRIBL. W.

VER. 75. *Pride of Middleton*] The life of Tully, the moſt important of his works, procured Dr. Middleton a great reputation, and a great ſum of money, which he generouſly gave to his nieces. It is a moſt pleaſing and uſeful work, and gives a comprehenſive view of a moſt intereſting period in the Roman Hiſtory, and of the characters principally concerned in thoſe important events. It may be worth obſerving, that he is much indebted, without acknowledging it, to a curious book little known, intitled, *G. Bellendini, Scoti, de Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, Libri 16. *Pariſiis. Apud Taſſanum du Bray:* 1634. Folio; dedicated to King Charles. It comprehends a hiſtory of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Auguſtus, drawn up in the very words of Cicero, without any alteration of any expreſſion. In this book Middleton found every part of Cicero's own hiſtory in his own words, and his works arranged in chronological order, without farther trouble. The impreſſion of this work being

Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe;*
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children bleſt!

So

NOTES.

ſhipped for England, was loſt in the veſſel, which was caſt away, and only a few copies remained that had been left in France. I venture to ſay, that the ſtyle of Middleton, which is commonly eſteemed very *pure*, is blemiſhed with many *vulgar* and *cant* terms; ſuch as, "Pompey *had a month's mind; on that ſcore; theſe advances; this ſqueamiſhneſs;*" &c. He has not been ſucceſsful in the tranſlations of thoſe many Epiſtles of Tully which he has inſerted; which, however curious, yet break the thread of the narration. Mongault and Melmoth have far exceeded him in their excellent tranſlations of thoſe pieces.

VER. 75. *And Bland,*] He had been maſter of Eton College, and a friend of Sir Robert Walpole. He tranſlated into Latin, with much purity and elegance, the Soliloquy of Cato in the beginning of the fifth act of that Tragedy.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!*] i. e. full of ſchool *phraſes* and *Angliciſms*. W.

VER. 78. *Nation's Senſe;*] The cant of Politics at that time. W.

VER. 80. CAROLINA] Queen conſort to king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occaſion, as is obſerved above, to many indiſcreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whoſe laſt moments manifeſted the utmoſt courage and reſolution. P.

VER. 82. *And* all *her Children bleſt!*] No ſubtle commentary can torture theſe words to mean any thing but the moſt poignant ſarcaſm on the behaviour of this great perſonage to her ſon on her death-bed. A very ſevere copy of verſes was circulated at the time, ſaid to be written by Lord Cheſterfield, which ended thus:

"And unforgiving unforgiven, died!"

at the ſame time our Author himſelf wrote the following couplet on the ſame ſubject:

"Here lies wrapt up in forty thouſand towels
The only proof that C*** had bowels."

So

So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I.—
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd through Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.

Silent

NOTES.

So that our Author's own Note is at *variance* with his *Text*, as is a Letter written to Mr. Allen.

VER. 84. *No* Gazetteer *more innocent than I.*] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his buſineſs is to write the Government's news-paper, publiſhed by authority. Sir Richard Steele for ſome time had this poſt; and he deſcribes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himſelf and his writings:* "My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the loweſt Miniſter of State, to wit, in the office of *Gazetteer;* where I worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring againſt the rule obſerved by all Miniſters, to keep that paper very innocent and very inſipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette-day againſt the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what People ſay, which I do not deſerve." W.

VER. 87. *Why ſo? if Satire*] About this time a great ſpirit of liberty was prevalent. All the men of wit and genius, who indeed were all in the oppoſition, joined in increaſing it. *Glover* wrote his *Leonidas* with this view; *Nugent*, his *Odes* to *Mankind*, and to Mr. *Pulteney; King*, his *Miltonis Epiſtola*, and *Templum Libertatis; Thomſon*, his *Britannia*, his *Liberty*, and his Tragedy of *Agamemnon; Mallet*, his *Muſtapha;* and *Brooke*, his *Guſtavus Vaſa;* our Author, his *Imitations* of Horace, and theſe two *Dialogues;* and *Johnſon*, his *London*.

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to

Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There,

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King William; he was ſo to King George I. he was ſo to King George II. *This* Lord was very ſkilful in all the forms of the Houſe, in which he diſcharged himſelf with great gravity. P.

VER. 97. *There, where no Paſſion, &c.*] The excellent writer *De l'Eſprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: "Qu'on liſe ce que les Hiſtoriens de tous les tems on dit ſur la Cour des Monarques; qu'on ſe rapelle les converſations des hommes de tous les Pais ſur le miſerable caractère des COURTISANS; ce ne ſont point des choſes de ſpeculation, mais d'une triſte expérience. L'ambition dans l'oiſiveté, la baſſeſſe dans l'orgueil, le deſir de s'enrichir ſans travail, l'averſion pour la vérité; la flaterie, la trahiſon, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ſes engagements, le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'eſperance de ſes foibleſſes, et plus, que tous cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, ſont, je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courtiſans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il eſt très mal-aiſé que les principaux d'un Etat ſoient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les inferieurs ſoient gens-de-bien, que ceux-la ſoient trompeurs, & que ceux-ci conſentent à n'être que dupes. Que ſi dans le Peuple il ſe trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de Richelieu dans ſon *Teſtament politique* inſinue, qu'un Monarque doit ſe garder de s'en ſervir. Tant il eſt vrai que la Vertu n'eſt pas le reſſort de ce Gouvernment." W.

This teſtament which Voltaire laboured to prove to be ſpurious, has lately been ſhewn to be genuine.

The paſſage in our Author far exceeds a celebrated one in *Paſtor Fido*, where *Guarini* thus characterizes courts and courtiers. Scena 1.

L' ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,
E la rapina di pieta veſtita,
Creſcer col danno e precipizio altrui,
Eſar a ſe di l' altrui biaſmo onore,
Son le virtu di quella gente infida.

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friends, disgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. In ſome Editions,
Who ſtarves a Mother——

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VER. 99. *There, where no Father's,*] The miſeries and meanneſſes of a mere court-life, are painted with a force and vigour ſurprizing in an Author that was himſelf a courtier, and preceptor to Louis the XIVth's brother; the celebrated *La Mothe Le Vayer*, 2d vol. p. 354. in his Eſſay, intitled, *De la Servitude de la Cour;* abounding, as his manner is, with a multitude of examples and illuſtrations from ancient and modern hiſtory. He goes ſo far as to ſay, that a true courtier would not ſcruple to behave as *Harpalus* does in *Herodotus*, who being aſked by Aſtyages, how he reliſhed the fleſh of his own ſon, which the tyrant had obliged him to eat, politely anſwered, "That *every thing* he found at the king's table was *always agreeable*."

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things,)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!

But

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VER. 115. *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two Players: look for them in the Dunciad. P.

VER. 122. *To pay their Debts,*] This ſevere line relates to a fact of too delicate a nature to be explained.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious fooliſh book called *The Oracles of Reaſon*, who being in love with a near kinſwoman of his, and rejected, gave himſelf a ſtab in the arm, as pretending to kill himſelf, of the conſequence of which he really died. P.

VER. 123. *If Blount diſpatched himſelf,*] He was the younger ſon of Sir Henry Blount, who wrote an admirable account of a *Voyage* to the Levant, 1636; and younger brother of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who wrote the *Cenſura Authorum*. And this *Charles Blount* was not only the Author of *The Oracles of Reaſon*, but of an infidel treatiſe, intitled, *Anima Mundi*, and of the *Life of Apollonius Tyanæus*, in folio, 1680; with notes ſaid to be taken from the manuſcript of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It was his ſiſter-in-law, with whom he was in love, when he deſtroyed himſelf.

VER. 124. *Paſſeran!*] Author of another book of the ſame ſtamp, called, *A Philoſophical Diſcourſe on Death*, being a defence of ſuicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, baniſhed from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmoſt miſery, yet feared to practiſe

But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This

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practiſe his own precepts; of which there went a pleaſant ſtory about that time. Amongſt his pupils, to whom he read in moral philoſophy, there was, it ſeems, a noted *Gameſter*, who lodged under the ſame roof with him. This uſeful citizen, after a run of ill-luck, came one morning early into the Philoſopher's bed-chamber with two loaded piſtols; and, as Engliſhmen do not underſtand raillery in a caſe of this nature, told the Piedmonteſe, on preſenting him with one of his piſtols, "that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himſelf, having loſt his laſt ſtake, he was become an *uſeleſs* member in ſociety, and ſo was reſolved to quit his *ſtation;* and that as to him, his *guide, philoſopher, and friend,* ſurrounded with miſeries, the outcaſt of government, and the ſport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtleſs would rejoice for ſuch an opportunity to bear him company." All this was ſaid and done with ſo much reſolution and ſolemnity, that the Italian found himſelf under a neceſſity to cry out Murder; which brought in Company to his relief.—This unhappy man at laſt died a penitent. W.

VER. 125. *But ſhall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few year paſt. The unhappy man left behind him a paper juſtifying his action by the reaſonings of ſome of theſe Authors. P.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1732, it is related, that Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and priſoner for debt in the King's Bench, and Bridget his wife, were found hanging in their chamber, about two yards diſtant from each other; and below in their kitchen, their little child, two years old, ſhot through the head, in its cradle. They were neatly dreſſed in clean linen, a curtain was drawn between the man and woman, a piſtol loaded lying near him, and a knife by her. They left two letters, one for the landlord about his rent, and the other to Mr. Brindley, endeavouring to juſtify the manner and cauſes of their death; and begging their dog and cat might be taken care of. Voltaire alſo has given this account in an Eſſay on Engliſh Suicides. *Melanges*, vol. iv.

This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin.*
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.

Virtue

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VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Alluding to the *Forms of Prayer* compoſed in the times of public calamity and diſtreſs; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People.* W.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A ſpirituous liquor, the exorbitant uſe of which had almoſt deſtroyed the loweſt rank of the People, till it was reſtrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

VER. 131. *Let modeſt* FOSTER,] This confirms an obſervation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very few Biſhops that act a ſermon ſo well, as divers Preſbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do.* Hiſt. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIBL. W.

He was an eloquent and perſuaſive Preacher, and wrote an excellent Defence of Chriſtianity againſt *Tindal.* Dr. Warburton's note is a direct *contradiction* to the ſentiment of his friend, who meant to pay a deſerved compliment to a worthy and amiable diſſenting Teacher, and who quoted him with approbation to Bolingbroke.

VER. 133. *A Quaker's Wife,*] Mrs. Drummond, celebrated in her time.

VER. 134. *Outdo Landaffe*] A Prelate of irreproachable character, who is ſaid never to have offended Pope; and whoſe ſon is no ſmall ornament to his Profeſſion, Dr. Harris of Doctors Commons.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Biſhopric in Wales, as poorly ſupplied. P.

VER. 135. *Let humble* ALLEN,] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. *Allen*, writes thus—" I am going to inſert, in the body of my works, my two laſt poems in quarto.

Virtue may chooſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* OWN HER, and ſhe's mean no more,
Her

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quarto. I always profit myſelf of the opinion of the public, to correct myſelf on ſuch occaſions; and ſometimes the merits of particular men, whoſe names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean *Humility*. I muſt therefore, in juſtice to my own conſcience of it, bear teſtimony to it, and change the epithet I firſt gave you of *low-born*, to *humble*. I ſhall take care to do you the juſtice to tell every body, this change was not made at your's, or at any friend's requeſt for you, but my own knowledge, you merited it," &c. *Twit. Nov.* 2. W.

VER. 144. *Let* Greatneſs OWN HER, *and ſhe's mean no more,*] The Poet, in this whole paſſage, was willing to be underſtood as alluding to a very extraordinary ſtory told by *Procopius*, in his *Secret Hiſtory*; the ſum of which is as follows:

The Empreſs THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beaſts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora and her two Siſters, his place of *Maſter of the Bears* was diſpoſed of to a ſtranger: and his widow had no other way of ſupporting herſelf than by proſtituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither ſhe brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora firſt attended her Siſters in the habit and quality of a ſlave. And when it came to her turn to mount the ſtage, as ſhe could neither dance nor play on the flute, ſhe was put into the loweſt claſs of Buffoons, to make diver-

ſion

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;
In

NOTES.

ſion for the Rabble; which ſhe did in ſo arch a manner, and complained of the indignities ſhe ſuffered in ſo ridiculous a tone, that ſhe became an abſolute favourite of the people. After a complete courſe of infamy and proſtitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and diſtreſs: from whence (as it was no wonder) ſhe was willing to remove. And to Conſtantinople ſhe came; but after a large circuit through the Eaſt, where ſhe worked her way by a free courſe of proſtitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time conſort in the Empire with his Uncle *Juſtin;* and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no ſooner ſaw Theodora than he fell deſperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empreſs *Euphemia*, a Barbarian, and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And ſhe, although ſhe rarely denied him any thing, yet obſtinately refuſed giving him this inſtance of her complaiſance. But ſhe did not live long: and then nothing but the ancient LAWS, which forbad a Senator to marry with a common proſtitute, hindered Juſtinian from executing this extraordinary project. Theſe he obliged Juſtin to revoke; and then, in the face of the ſun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (ſays the Hiſtorian) and an encouragement to the moſt abandoned licence. And now, no ſooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phraſe) OWNED *by Greatneſs*, than ſhe, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a ſingle Magiſtrate (ſays Procopius) that expreſſed the leaſt indignation at the ſhame and diſhonour brought upon the ſtate; not a ſingle Prelate that ſhewed the leaſt deſolation for the public ſcandal. They all drove to Court ſo precipitately, as if they were ſtriving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very ſoldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her virtue. As for the common People, who had ſo long been the ſpectators of her ſervility, her buffoonry, and her proſtitution, they all in a body threw themſelves at her feet, as ſlaves at the footſtool of their Miſtreſs. In a word, there was no man, of what condition ſoever, who ſhewed the leaſt diſlike of ſo monſtrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's firſt care was to fill her Coffers, which ſhe ſoon did, with immenſe wealth.

To

In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the Duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!

See

NOTES.

To this end, Juſtinian and ſhe pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other the *green* Faction; till in a long courſe of intrigue, by ſometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiſcation, and ſometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See *Procop. Anec.* c. ix.—x. W.

Upon this note Gibbon obſerves, vol. iv. p. 26. "Without Warburton's critical *Teleſcope*, I ſhould never have ſeen, in this general picture of triumphant vice, any perſonal alluſion to *Theodora*." Her infamous conduct may be read in the 4th vol. of the *Menagiana*. What Bayle ſays of J. Scaliger may be juſtly applied to many of Warburton's notes. "Les commentaires qui viennent de lui ſont pleines de conjectures hardies, ingenieuſes, et fort ſcavantes; mais il n'eſt gueres apparent que les auteurs ayent ſongés à tout de qu'il leur fait dire. On s' eloigne de leur ſens auſſi bien, quand on a beaucoup d'eſprit, quand on en a pas." *Repub. des Lett.* 1684.

VER. 148. *And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,*] i. e. She diſpoſed of the honours of both. W.

VER. 149. *Scarlet head,*] Alluding to the *ſcarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypſe*. W.

VER. 151. *Lo! at the wheels*] A groupe of allegorical perſons worthy the pencil of *Rubens!* and deſcribed in expreſſions worthy of *Virgil!* This is perhaps the nobleſt paſſage in all his works, without any exception whatever.

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet through the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."
Yet

NOTES.

VER. 162. *'Tis Av'rice all,*] "So far from having the virtues, we have not even the vices of our anceſtors," ſays Bolingbroke.

VER. 169. *While Truth, Worth,*] "Sitting once in my library," ſays Mr. Harris, "with a friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I read him, out of a book, the following paſſage: In our times it may be ſpoken more truly than of old, that virtue is gone; the Church is under foot; the Clergy is in error; the Devil reigneth, &c. &c. My friend interrupted me with a ſigh, and ſaid, Alas! how true! How juſt a picture of the times! I aſked him, Of what times? Of what times? replied he, with emotion, Can you ſuppoſe any other, but the preſent? Were any before ever ſo bad, ſo corrupt, ſo, &c. Forgive me (ſaid I) for ſtopping you, The times I am reading of are older than you imagine; the ſentiment was delivered above four hundred ago; its Author, Sir John Mandeville, who died in 1371."

VER. 170. *Nothing is Sacred now*] "There is a certain liſt of vices committed in all ages, (ſays Sir Thomas Brown,) and declaimed againſt by all Authors, which will laſt as long as human nature; or

Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

NOTES.

or digeſted into common places, may ſerve for any theme, and never be out of date until doomſday."

They, whom envy, malevolence, melancholy, diſcontent, and diſappointment, have induced to think that the world is totally degenerated, and that it is daily growing worſe and worſe, would do well to read a ſenſible, but too much neglected, treatiſe of an old divine, written 1630, Hakewill's Apology, or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;

And for that very cauſe I print to-day.

How

NOTES.

VER. 1. *'Tis all a Libel*] The King of Pruſſia obſerving from his window, a mob aſſembled to read a paper fixed on a wall, ordered one of his pages to ſee what it contained, who informed him that it was a vile and ſevere invective againſt his Majeſty. "Take it down, ſaid the King, and place it lower on the wall, that it may be more eaſily and more univerſally read."—"Rien ne raccourcit plus des grands hommes," ſays Monteſquieu, "que l'attention qu'ils donnent à de certaines procedés perſonels. J'en connois *deux*, qui ont été abſolument inſenſibles, Cæſar & le Duc d'Orleans regent."

The liberty of the Preſs was about this time thought to be in danger; and Milton's noble and nervous diſcourſe on this ſubject, intitled, *Areopagitica*, was reprinted in an octavo pamphlet, with a preface written by Thomſon, the poet. "If we think to regulate printing," ſays Milton, "thereby to rectify manners, we muſt regulate all recreations and paſtimes, all that is delightful to man. No muſic muſt be heard, no ſong be ſet or ſung, but what is grave and Doric.—He who is made judge to ſit upon the birth or

How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the ſins of *Thirty-nine?*
Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come

NOTES.

death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common meaſure, both ſtudious, learned, and judicious."—"It ſeems not more reaſonable," ſays Johnſon, "to leave the right of printing unreſtrained, becauſe writers may be afterwards cenſured, than it would be to ſleep with doors unbolted, becauſe by our laws we can hang a thief." To which Mr. Hayley anſwers, "To ſuffer no book to be publiſhed without a licence, is tyranny as abſurd, as it would be to ſuffer no traveller to paſs along the highway, without producing a certificate that he is not a robber."

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late ſolicitor to the Treaſury. W.

VER. 8. *Feign what I will, &c.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himſelf with great art. You attack perſonal characters, ſay his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *invention;* and then, to prevent a likeneſs, I aggravate the features. But alas! the growth of vice is ſo monſtrouſly ſudden, that it riſes up to a *reſemblance* before I can get from the preſs. W.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be ſo tender of their reputation, as to ſet down no more than the initials of their name. P.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?*] It is pity that the livelineſs of the reply cannot excuſe the bad reaſoning: The *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never ſtand for it; which

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and fouſe on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Siſter, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt

NOTES.

which his argument requires they ſhould do. For *dice* are only the *inſtruments* of fraud; but the queſtion is not, whether the *inſtrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, ſhould be expoſed, inſtead of the *perſon*. W.

VER. 21. *The Town's enquiring yet.*] So true is Swift's obſervation on *perſonal* ſatire; "I have long obſerved, that twenty miles from London nobody underſtands, *hints*, *initial letters*, or *town*-facts and *paſſages*; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London." See verſe 238 below, for two *aſteriſks*, not filled up or known. A mortifying reflection to the writers of *ſatire*, and daily topics of cenſure!

VER. 22. *F. You mean—P. I don't.*] The ſame friend is here again introduced making ſuch remonſtrances as before. And ſeveral parts of the dialogue here are more rapid and ſhort, and approach nearer to common converſation than any lines he had ever before written; and are examples of that ſtyle mentioned by Horace,

"——parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò."

Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires,
As beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.

P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*,
Or,

NOTES.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old Game laws; when our Kings ſpent all the time they could ſpare from human ſlaughter, in Woods and Foreſts. W.

VER. 31. *As beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expreſſion is rough, like the ſubject, but without reflection: For if *beaſts of Nature*, then not beaſts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler; *Feræ naturæ*, *Things* uncivilized and free. *Feræ*, as the Critics ſay, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, Aſinus ſilveſtris. SCRIBL. W.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man*] In a *former* Edition there was the following note on this line: "For as the reaſonable De la Bruyere obſerves, Qui ne ſait être un *Eraſme*, doit penſer à être *Eveque*." Dr. Warburton omitted it after he got a ſeat on the Bench.

VER. 35. *Riſing in the Trade.*] This was as offenſive to ſome ambitious Eccleſiaſtics, as was the late propoſal to put a ſtop to tranſlations of Biſhops.

VER. 39. *Wretched* Wild;] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own train, and hanged. P.

Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! ſtop!

P. Muſt Satire, then, not riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to virtue ſome years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange

NOTES.

VER. 51. *Why lay it on a King.*] He is ſerious in the foregoing ſubjects of Satire, but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practice of Miniſters, in laying their own miſcarriages on their Maſters. W.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly eſcaped the Pillory for forgery; and got off with a ſevere rebuke only from the bench. P.

F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful Grove,
(Where *Kent* and Nature vie for PELHAM's Love,)
The Scene, the Maſter, op'ning to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGGS anew!
Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart:

Manners

NOTES.

VER. 65. SCARB'ROW] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whoſe perſonal attachments to the King appeared from his ſteady adherence to the royal intereſt, after his reſignation of his great employment of Maſter of the Horſe, and whoſe known honour and virtue made him eſteemed by all parties. P.

His character is ably and elegantly drawn by Lord Cheſterfield, and the manner of his lamented death, minutely and pathetically related by Dr. Maty, in the Memoirs of Lord Cheſterfield's Life.

VER. 66. Eſher's *peaceful Grove*] The houſe and gardens of Eſher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcaſtle. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

VER. 67. Kent *and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this conſiſts the compliment to the Artiſt. W.

VER. 71. Secker *is decent*,] To ſay of a prelate, whoſe life was exemplary, and his learning excellent, that he was only *decent*, is ſurely to *damn with faint praiſe*. His lectures and his ſermons are written with a rare mixture of ſimplicity and energy, and contain (what ſermons too ſeldom poſſeſs) a great knowledge of life and human nature. Dr. Lowth, Dr. Kennicott, and Mr. Merrick, frequently acknowledged his uncommon ſkill in Oriental learning; but the Author of Warburton's Life has lately thought proper to deny him this praiſe. The characters of *Benſon* and *Rundel* are

juſtly

Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love: 75
I ſhun

NOTES.

juſtly drawn. It was *Gibſon*, Biſhop of London, who prevented the latter, though ſtrongly patronized by Lord Chancellor Talbot, from being an Engliſh Biſhop, on account of ſome unguarded expreſſions he had uſed relating to *Abraham*'s offering of his ſon *Iſaac*.

VER. 73. *Berkley*, &c.] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good Man, a good Chriſtian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was beſides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abuſed by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life perſiſting in, the moſt outrageous whimſey that ever entered into the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impoſſibility of the real or actual exiſtence of matter; which he ſupported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falſehood; expoſe reaſon to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticiſm; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonſtration doubtful. To this man may be eminently applied that oracle of the Stagirite, which ſays, *To follow Reaſon againſt the* SENSES, *is a ſure ſign of a bad underſtanding*.

But if (though at the expence of his moral character) we ſhould ſuppoſe, that all this was only a wanton exerciſe of wit; how his metaphyſics came to get him the character of a great genius, unleſs from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loſs to conceive. His pretended demonſtration, on this capital queſtion, being the pooreſt, loweſt, and moſt miſerable of all ſophiſms; that is, a ſophiſm which begs the queſtion, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly ſhewn: a few pages of whoſe reaſoning have not only more ſenſe and ſubſtance than all the elegant diſcourſes of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the character of a great Genius. He was truly ſuch: and a time will come, if learning ever revive amongſt us, when the preſent inattention to his admirable Metaphyſics, eſtabliſhed on the Phyſics of Newton, will be deemed as great a diſhonour to the Wiſdom of this age as the neglect of Milton's Poetry was to the Wit of the paſt. W.

I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALLIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:
CARLETON's calm Senſe, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:
How

NOTES.

VER. 77. SOMMERS] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the ſeals in 1700. The Author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Miniſter; who, to qualities of a conſummate ſtateſman, added thoſe of a man of Learning and Politeneſs. P.

" One of thoſe divine men," ſays Lord Orford finely, " who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the reſt is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the hiſtorians of the laſt age, and its beſt authors, repreſent him, as the moſt incorrupt lawyer, and the honeſteſt ſtateſman; as a maſter orator, a genius of the fineſt taſte, and as a patriot of the nobleſt and moſt extenſive views; as a man, who diſpenſed bleſſings by his life, and planned them for poſterity. He was at once the model of Addiſon, and the touchſtone of Swift: The one wrote from him, the other for him."

VER. 77. HALLIFAX,] A Peer, no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his love of Letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was diſgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's miniſtry. P.

VER. 79. SHREWSBURY,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewſbury, had been Secretary of State, Embaſſador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treaſurer. He ſeveral times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

VER. 80. CARLETON] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle,) who was Secretary of State under William III. and Preſident of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

VER. 80. STANHOPE] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, ſpirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. P.

How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
ARGYLL,

NOTES.

VER. 80. STANHOPE's *noble Flame,*] Who confeſſed to old Whiſton, that, in his opinion, it was almoſt impoſſible for a Miniſter of State to be an honeſt man.

VER. 83. *How ſhin'd the Soul,*] Among theſe, Atterbury was his chief intimate. The turbulent and imperious temper of this haughty prelate was long felt and remembered in the college over which he preſided. It was with difficulty Queen Anne was perſuaded to make him a biſhop; which ſhe did at laſt, on the repeated importunities of Lord Harcourt; who preſſed the Queen to do it, becauſe truly ſhe had before diſappointed him, in not placing Sacheverell on the bench. After her deceaſe, Atterbury vehemently urged his friends to proclaim the Pretender; and on their refuſal, upbraided them for their timidity with many oaths; for he was accuſtomed to ſwear, on any ſtrong provocation. In a Collection of Letters, lately publiſhed by Mr. Duncombe, it is affirmed, on the authority of Elijah Fenton, that Atterbury, ſpeaking of Pope, ſaid, there was,

Mens curva in corpore curvo.

This ſentiment ſeems utterly inconſiſtent with the warm friendſhip ſuppoſed to ſubſiſt between theſe celebrated men. But Dr. Herring, in the 2d vol. of this collection, p. 104. ſays, "If Atterbury was not worſe uſed than any honeſt man in the world ever was, there were ſtrong contradictions between his public and private character."

VER. 84. PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD] I have heard a lady of exquiſite wit and judgment, ſay of theſe two celebrated men, "The latter was always ſtriving to be witty, and the former could not help being ſo."

The two lines on *Argyle* are ſaid to have been added, on the Duke's declaring in the Houſe of Lords, on occaſion of ſome of Pope's ſatires, that if any man dared to uſe his name in an invective, he would run him through the body, and throw himſelf on the mercy of his Peers, who, he truſted, would weigh the provocation.

Boling-

ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue;* where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe:
Point

NOTES.

Bolingbroke's Letters to Wyndham, is one of the moſt curious of his works, and gave a deadly and incurable blow to the folly and madneſs of Jacobitiſm.

VER. 84. CHESTERFIELD *forget,*] His character was much ſunk by the publication of the looſe and libertine Letters to his Son.

VER. 88. WYNDHAM,] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a conſiderable figure; but ſince a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmoſt judgment and temper. P.

VER. 88. *Or* WYNDHAM, *juſt to*] In former Editions,
Or WYNDHAM arm'd for Freedom——

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the eſteem and favour of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales. W.

Frederic Prince of Wales; who poſſeſſed many of what the King of Pruſſia called, ces qualités ſociables qui s'allient ſi rarement avec la morgue et la grandeur des Souveraines.

VER. 93. *Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties,* and attached only to their *perſons.* W.

VER. 93. *A Friend.*] At a viſit at Twickenham, the Prince very pleaſantly obſerved to Pope, that his profeſſed love to Princes was inconſiſtent with his diſlike of Kings, ſince Princes may in time be Kings. "Sir," replied Pope, "I conſider Royalty, under the known and authorized type of a Lion; whilſt he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and careſſed with ſafety and pleaſure."

Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Bias to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for *the Beſt of Men*,
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough

NOTES.

VER. 99. *My* LORD MAY'R.] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public ſpirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magiſtrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and ſignal ſervices to his Country, erected a ſtatue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man. W.

VER. 100. *Nay, look not grave*] This is a feeble and uſeleſs parentheſis.

VER. 102. *To find an honeſt man, &c.*] In this ſearch, in which he was very ſincere, it would have been well if he had not ſometimes truſted to the reports of others, who had *leſs penetration, but more paſſions* to gratify. W.

Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What Richlieu wanted, Louis ſcarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!

—What

NOTES.

Ver. 112. *Enough for half*] Is not this rather too high language! except you will call it,

" ſuperbiam
Quæſitam meritis."——

Ver. 116. *What* Richlieu *wanted*,] A curious and uncommon fact is mentioned by the learned Abbé Longuerue, Part ii. p. 5. That Cardinal Richlieu had, from time to time, fits of infanity, during which no perſon was permitted to approach him but a few confidents, and eſpecially Bois-Robert. He gave, ſays Segrais, p. 170. one hundred and twenty thouſand crowns a-year in penſions to men of learning and ſcience. The hiſtory of his founding the French Academy is well known; which is frequently ſaid to have poliſhed and fixed the French language. But Malherbe, their firſt correct writer, died before the inſtitution of this Academy.

Ver. 116. Louis *ſcarce could gain*,] By this expreſſion finely inſinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himſelf in thoſe paſſages where he flatters his Maſter. Of which he gives us an inſtance in Ver. 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childiſh and extravagant. W.

" The *relentleſs* deſpotiſm of Louis," ſays a certain eloquent writer, " was proudly arrayed in manners, gallantry, ſplendor, magnificence, and even covered over with the impoſing robes of ſcience and literature."—But the deſpotiſm was notwithſtanding *relentleſs*.

Ver. 120. *One honeſt line*;] The line, however, is not ſo *honeſt*, as, at firſt ſight, it appears to be. Virgil here ſpoke the language of

—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no
fin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.

COBHAM'S

NOTES.

of Auguſtus's courtiers, who held that the rigid precepts of the *over-virtuous Cato* were utterly *impracticable*, and *unſuited* to the times in which he lived; that they were calculated for a nation of *Sages* and *Philoſophers*, and were proper for the Polity of *Plato*, and not for the Dregs of *Romulus*. *Auguſtus* was too cool and ſubtle a tyrant, not to ſuffer the praiſes of the patriots; and even his friend Horace was permitted to ſay, "*Catonis nobile* Lethum." The line in queſtion is in the 8th Book of the Æneid, v. 670.

Secretoſque *Pios*, *his* dantur jura *Catonem*.

They were only the *Pii* (not the *Romans* of *that* age,) who were capable of obeying the *jura Catonis*. So artful is the expreſſion! A much honeſter paſſage, in Virgil, is that in which he had the courage to repreſent his hero aſſiſting the Etruſcans in puniſhing their tyrannical king, in the 8th Book of the Æneid, v. 494.

VER. 121. *O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!*] A pretty expreſſion, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion. W.

A remote alluſion!

VER. 128. *Come then, I'll comply*] Here is a moſt happy imitation of Perſius, and of Boileau;

——Per me equidem ſunt omnia protinus alba,
Nil moror; euge omnes, omnes, bene miræ eritis res:
Hoc juvat? *Perſius*, Sat. 1. v. 110.

And thus Boileau, Sat. ix. v. 287.

Puiſque vous le voulez, je vais changer de ſtile,
Je le declare donc, Quinault eſt un Virgile.

Pradon

Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave,
And Lyttelton a dark designing Knave,
St. John has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure,

NOTES.

Pradon comme un soleil en nos ans a paru
Pelletier ecrit mieux qu' Ablancourt ni Patru.
Cotin a ses sermons trainant toute la terre,
Fend les flots d'auditeurs pour aller à sa chaire.

But Pope has plainly the superiority by the artful and ironical compliments paid to his friends.

Ver. 129. *Spirit of* Arnall!] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. P.

Ver. 130. Polwarth] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

Ver. 143. *To break my Windows*] Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst were one day dining with him at Twickenham. All the great persons celebrated in these Satires were in violent opposition to government. It is rather singular that he has not mentioned Mr. Pitt, one of the most able and most formidable; especially with his friends Lyttelton, Cobham, and Pulteney.

Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchet's Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend*]
To W—le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.

And

NOTES.

VER. 159. *Or P—e*] Judge Page, who is ſaid to have treated delinquents too roughly.

VER. 160. *The Bard*] A verſe taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.

VER. 161. *In Pow'r*] Lord Melcombe was the Author of this line, in an Epiſtle to Sir Robert Walpole.

VER. 164. *The Prieſt, &c.*] Spoken not of any particular prieſt, but of many prieſts. P.

Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a Panegyric on Queen Caroline. The two following unpubliſhed lines of our Author, have

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;

From

NOTES.

have been communicated to me by a learned friend, on a picture of this Queen, drawn by Lady Burlington:

Peace! flattering Biſhop, lying Dean!
This Portrait only faints the Queen!

A comet happening to appear when Cardinal Mazarine lay on his death-bed, ſome of his many abject flatterers inſinuated, that it had reference to *him*, and his deſtiny. The Cardinal pleaſantly anſwered, "Gentlemen, the comet does me too much honour." Teniſon preached a very fulſome funeral Eulogium of Nell Gwyn.

VER. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This ſeems to allude to a complaint made Ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue. P.

VER. 172. *As Hog to Hog*] "Our modern Authors write plays as they feed hogs in *Weſtphaly*, where but one eats peaſe or acorns, and all the reſt feed upon his, and one another's *excrements*." *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ii. p. 497. Though thoſe remarks were not publiſhed in the life-time of Pope, yet the Author of them, Mr. Thyer, informs us, that Mr. Longueville, in whoſe cuſtody they were, communicated them to Atterbury, from whom Pope might hear of them. It is impoſſible any two writers could caſually hit upon an image ſo very peculiar and uncommon.

From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach ——
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read;
In

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *So does Flatt'ry mine;*] Fontenelle has written a pleaſant Dialogue between Auguſtus and Peter Aretine, the Italian Satiriſt, who laughs immoderately at the Emperor, for the groſs flattery he ſo cordially received from his poets, particularly Virgil, at the beginning of the Third Georgic. And Aretine, among other delicate ſtrokes of ridicule, tells him, "On louoit une partie de votre vie, aux depens de l' autre." But Fontenelle ends like a true Frenchman, and aſſures Auguſtus, "he will no longer be quoted as a model for Kings, ſince Louis XIV. has appeared." Such is the language held of a man, who could baniſh Fenelon, burn the Palatinate, and drive away or deſtroy ſo many of his proteſtant ſubjects; who kept in pay 440,000 men. It is grievous to reflect, that for incurring the diſpleaſure of *ſuch* a man, *Racine* had the weakneſs to be ſo much affected, as to bring on, by vexation and grief, a diſeaſe that was fatal to him. Racine and Boileau relinquiſhed, after a ſmall progreſs, the Hiſtory of Louis XIV. which they were appointed to write. Boileau honeſtly owned to his friends, that he did not well know what reaſons to alledge in juſtification of the war againſt Holland in 1672. The pride, profuſion, ambition, and deſpotiſm of Louis XIV. laid the foundation of the ruin of France, and all the miſeries we have lived to ſee.

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good Man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?

Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.

F. You're ſtrangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So

NOTES.

VER. 184. *Is Excrement.*]
"Thou haſt ſuch unſavory ſimiles, Hal."

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt. P.

We are wearied and diſguſted with the perpetual repetition of theſe names, and thoſe of *Ward, Waters, Dennis*, &c. as we are with Voltaire for eternally bringing forward *Freron, Des Fontaines, La Beaumelle*, and *Clement*.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.*] From Terence: "Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." P.

So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.

O ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouſe the Watchmen of the public Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye

NOTES.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet inſinuates a ſubject of the deepeſt humiliation. W.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The paſſions are given us to awake and ſupport Virtue. But they frequently betray their truſt, and go over to the intereſts of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cauſe of Virtue, ſhames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the uſe and importance of *Satire*. W.

VER. 212. *O ſacred weapon!*] Neither Shaftebury nor Akenſide, whoſe opinions, on this ſubject have been attacked by Warburton and Brown, have ſaid ſo much of the *power* and *utility* of *ridicule* as this paſſage contains.

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good *Euſebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the Chriſtian *Prieſthood*. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever ſince called their *thrones* by the name of *ſtalls*. To which a great Prelate of Wincheſter, one W. Edinton, modeſtly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this eccleſiaſtical aphoriſm, who would otherwiſe have been forgotten; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Wincheſter is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of thoſe here condemned, who *ſlumber in their ſtalls*. SCRIBL. W.

Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muse's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All,

NOTES.

Ver. 220. *Ye tinſel Inſects!*] Poets have frequently been party-men, ancient as well as modern. *Euripides* was of *Alcibiades*'s faction, for *war; Ariſtophanes*, for *peace*. Hence aroſe their mutual animoſity The *Inferno* of *Dante* is as much a *political* poem as the *Abſalom* and *Achitophel* of *Dryden*. The *Æneid* is alſo of this *kind;* and ſo is the *Pharſalia* of Lucan, and the *Henriade* of Voltaire.

Ver. 220. *Ye Inſects—The* Muse's *wing ſhall bruſh you all away:*] This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miſerable Being. There is now in his Library at Mr. Allen's, a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and publiſhed againſt him;

"The tale reviv'd, the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'ſcape,
The libell'd Perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape."

Theſe he had bound up in ſeveral volumes, according to their various ſizes, from folios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

Behold, my deſire is, that mine adverſary ſhould write a book. Surely I ſhould take it upon my ſhoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36. W.

Ver. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and ſlight ſophiſtry againſt virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to ſhade the Sun. P.

Ver. 225. *Gods of Kings.*] When James the Firſt had once beſpeeched his Parliament, Biſhop Williams, Keeper of the Great Seal, added—that, *after his Majeſty's* DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM,

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.

When black Ambition ſtains a public Cauſe,
A Monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,

Not

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to riſe?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the Skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckleſs Sorel fell?
Hence, lying Miracles! reduc'd ſo low
As to the regal touch, and papal-toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

DICTUM, *he would not dare mortale aliquid addere.* On which, Wilſon the Hiſtorian obſerves—*This is not inſerted to ſhew the* PREGNANCY *and* GENIUS *of the man, but the temper of the times.* W.

" To be born a King is a matter of chance; never forget you are a man," ſaid the late great King of Pruſſia to his Nephew in his will. A ſentiment that does this monarch more honour than all his victories.

Every Engliſhman muſt read with pride and pleaſure, Forteſcue's ſpirited cenſure on that degrading and infamous maxim, " Quod *principi* placuit, *legis* habet vigorem," in the 10th chap. of his invaluable treatiſe, De Laudibus Legum Angliæ.

VER. 227. *Like the laſt Gazette,*] If theſe Satires are not now read with the avidity and applauſe with which they were peruſed fifty years ago, it muſt be attributed to the reaſon aſſigned by *D'Olivet*, for the preſent neglect of *La Bruyere*'s Characters in France. " Tant qu' on a cru voir dans ce livre les portraits de gens vivans, on l'a devoré, pour ſe nourrir du triſte plaiſir que donne la ſatire perſonelle. Mais a meſure que ces gens-là ont diſparu, il a ceſſé de plaire ſi fort par la matière." Hiſtoire de l'Academie, p. 339.

VER. 228. *When black Ambition, &c.*] The caſe of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (Ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conqueſt of the Low Countries. P.

Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.
Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;

Far

NOTES.

VER. 230. *Not Waller's Wreath*] "Such a ſeries of verſes," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "as the Panegyric on Cromwell, had hardly appeared before in the Engliſh language." I cannot forbear adding, that I am ſurprized Waller ſhould never name Milton, who was of the ſame party, and which he had ſo many opportunities of doing in his works. But Waller was not of Milton's ſchool.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to uſe his own words) "Il a fait un Aſtre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à ſon Chapeau, et qui eſt en effet une eſpece de Comete, fatale à nos ennemis." P.

Prior burleſqued this Ode with infinite pleaſantry and humour. And the ſame may be ſaid of Prior's *Epiſtle to Boileau*. Louis XIV. who had a perſonal regard for Prior, did not, we may well imagine, know that he had ridiculed his favourite Poet. Another French flatterer read to Malherbe ſome fulſome verſes, in which he had repreſented France as moving out of its place to receive the King. "Though this," ſaid the honeſt Malherbe, "was in my time, yet I proteſt I do not remember it."

VER. 235. *And opes*] From Milton's Comus, ver. 14.
"That opes the Palace of Eternity."

VER. 236. *There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,*
Than ſuch as ANSTIS *caſts into the Grave;*] Shakeſpear tells us, that the *Poet's Creation*

—— "*Gives to* AIRY NOTHING
A local HABITATION *and a* NAME;"

juſt ſo, the *King's*; i. e. a SEAT and a TITLE. W.

Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from STAIR;
(Such as on HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine;)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.

Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here,

NOTES.

VER. 237. *Anſtis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the cuſtom, at the funeral of great peers, to caſt into the grave the broken ſtaves and enſigns of honour. P.

VER. 239. STAIR] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thiſtle, ſerved in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embaſſador in France. P.

VER. 240. *On* HOUGH's *unſully'd*] In the fifty-ſeventh *Perſian* Letter, is an elegant and well-written eulogium on this excellent prelate, by Lord Lyttelton. Theſe Letters have been too much depreciated and neglected.

VER. 240, 241. HOUGH *and* DIGBY] Dr. John Hough, Biſhop of Worceſter; and the Lord Digby. The one an aſſertor of the Church of England in oppoſition to the falſe meaſures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cauſe of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

VER. 249. *When Truth ſtands trembling*]

England, with all thy faults, I love thee ſtill,
My country! and while yet a nook is left

Here, Laſt of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit theſe themes and write Eſſays on Man.

NOTES.

Where Engliſh minds and manners may be found,
Shall be conſtrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, moſt part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a froſt,
I would not yet exchange thy ſullen ſkies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Auſonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bow'rs.

Lines of the tender and benevolent Cowper, which I here inſert, in order to put us again in good humour with our country, after having juſt ſeen her placed in a diſagreeable light.

VER. 253. *Of their degen'rate Line.*] Such was the language at that time, uſed by our Author and his friends and aſſociates. Lord Cheſterfield ends the account of his friend Hammond, author of the Love Elegies, with theſe words: "He looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon theſe glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wiſdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates; in theſe ſentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in theſe times; in theſe ſentiments he died; but in theſe times too, ut non *erepta* a diis immortalibus vita, ſed *donata*, mors videatur. Speaking of the *effects* of ſatire, ſays a certain wit, "Cette ſcene du monde, preſque de tous les temps, & de tous les lieux, vous voudriez la *changer!* voilà votre folie, à vous autres moraliſtes. Montez en chaire avec Bourdaloue, ou prenez la plume avec La Bruyere, temps perdu; le monde ira toujours comme il va."

In every age, and in every nation, there is a conſtant *progreſſion* of manners; "For the manners of a people, ſeldom ſtand ſtill, but are either POLISHING or SPOILING."

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.* 255

NOTES.

VER. 254. *Pray end what*] We muſt own that theſe Dialogues, excellent as they are, exhibit many and ſtrong marks of our Author's petulance, party-ſpirit, and ſelf-importance; and of aſſuming to himſelf the character of cenſor-general; who, alas! if he had poſſeſſed a thouſand times more genius, integrity, and ability, than he actually enjoyed, could not have altered or amended the manners of a *rich* and *commercial*, and *conſequently* of a *luxurious* and *diſſipated* nation. But we make ourſelves unhappy, by hoping to poſſeſs *incompatible* things; we want to have *wealth* without *corruption*, and *liberty* without *virtue!*

VER. *ult.*] This was the laſt Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a reſolution to publiſh no more; but to enter thus, in the moſt plain and ſolemn manner he could, a ſort of PROTEST againſt that inſuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been ſo unhappy as to live to ſee. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued thoſe attacks; but bad men were grown ſo ſhameleſs and ſo powerful, that Ridicule was become as unſafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raiſed him, as he knew it would, ſome enemies; but he had reaſon to be ſatiſfied with the approbation of good men, and the teſtimony of his own conſcience. P.

ON RECEIVING FROM

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms;
" Secure

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whoſe great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleaſure in celebrating. W.

Yes, I beheld, &c.] To enter into the ſpirit of this Addreſs, it is neceſſary to premiſe, that the Poet was threatened with a proſecution in the Houſe of Lords, for the two foregoing poems, *the Epilogue to the Satires*. On which, with great reſentment againſt his enemies, for not being willing to diſtinguiſh between

Grave Epiſtles bringing Vice to light,

and licentious Libels, he began a *third Dialogue*, more ſevere and ſublime than the firſt and ſecond; which being no ſecret, matters were ſoon compromiſed. His enemies agreed to drop the proſecution, and he promiſed to leave the third Dialogue unfiniſhed and ſuppreſſed. This affair occaſioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more eſpecially in the four laſt ſtanzas. W.

Theſe ſtanzas are obſcure and hard, and below the uſual preciſion and elegance of our Author. See particularly the *ſecond*, *third*, *fifth*, and *eighth* ſtanzas.

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard Deſert,
" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the ſable Well,
The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's *, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a Houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs †,
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib ‡.

" *Athenian*

NOTES.

* A famous toy-ſhop at Bath. W.

† The *Dunciad.* W.

‡ The *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.* W.

" *Athenian Queen!* and *ſober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms *;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print †.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies ‡,
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

NOTES.

* Such toys being the uſual preſents from lovers to their miſtreſſes. W.

† When ſhe delivers Æneas a ſuit of heavenly armour. W.

‡ i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* Poem.—He was then meditating on ſuch a work. W.

I ſhall here preſent the Reader with a valuable Literary Curioſity, a Fragment of an unpubliſhed Satire of Pope, intitled, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY; communicated to me by the kindneſs of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilſon, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who ſpeaks of the Fragment in the following terms:

"This Poem I tranſcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus Eye of thoſe who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treaſon; yet, ſpite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics, there are direct alluſions, I think, in ſome of the notes on the Dunciad. It was lent me by a grandſon of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curioſity by a boxful of the rubbiſh and ſweepings of Pope's ſtudy, whoſe executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont."

1740.

A POEM.

O WRETCHED B - - -, jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, ſhall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And ſee what ſuccour from the Patriot Race.
C - - -, his own proud dupe, thinks Monarchs things
Made juſt for him, as other fools for Kings;
Controls, decides, inſults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to Pow'r.
Thro' Clouds of Paſſion P - -'s views are clear,
He foams a Patriot to ſubſide a Peer;
Impatient ſees his country bought and ſold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous S - joggs on till, paſt belief,
He finds himſelf companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and ſword,
Is all the help ſtern S - - wou'd afford.
That thoſe who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good C - - hopes, and candidly ſits ſtill.
Of Ch - s W - - who ſpeaks at all,
No more than of Sir Har-y or Sir P - .
Whoſe names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but ſure they lay too long.

G - - r, C - m - B - t, pay thee due regards,
Unleſs the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that muſt
And C - - - d who ſpeaks ſo well and writes,
Whom (ſaving W.) every S. *harper bites*,
muſt needs
Whoſe wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at beſt, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the reſt, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that ſomething muſt be done.
Then urg'd by C - - t, or by C - - t ſtopt,
Inflam'd by P - -, and by P - - dropt;
They follow rev'rently each wond'rous wight,
Amaz'd that one can read, that one can write:
So geeſe to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiſs if he hiſs, and if he ſlumber, ſleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a ſpeech, and aſk'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five ſhillings in the pound,
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
Riſe, riſe, great W - - fated to appear,
Spite of thyſelf a glorious miniſter!
Speak the loud language Princes . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .
At length to B - - kind, as to thy . . . .
Eſpouſe the nation, you . . . . . .
What can thy H . . . . . .
Dreſs in Dutch . . . . . .

Tho'

Tho' ſtill he travels on no bad pretence,
To ſhow . . . . . .

Or thoſe foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious W - - - and frontleſs Young;
Sagacious Bub, ſo late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more ſagacious H - - -?
Hervey and Hervey's ſchool, F - H - - y, H - - n,
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.
How! what can O - - w, what can D - - -
The wiſdom of the one and other chair,
N - - - laugh, or D - - s ſager,
Or thy dread truncheon M.'s mighty peer?
What help from J - - s opiates canſt thou draw,
Or H - - k's quibbles voted into law?

C. that Roman in his noſe alone,
Who hears all cauſes, B - -, but thy own,
Or thoſe proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the Sword of State.

Can the light packhorſe, or the heavy ſteer,
The ſowzing Prelate, or the ſweating Peer,
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken State?
Alas! the people curſe, the carman ſwears,
The drivers quarrel, and the maſter ſtares.

The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To ſave thee in th' infectious office *dies*.
The firſt firm P - - y ſoon reſign'd his breath,
Brave S - - w lov'd thee, and was ly'd to death.

Good M - m - t's fate tore P - - th from thy ſide,
And thy laſt ſigh was heard when W - - m died.
Thy Nobles Sl - s, thy Se - - s bought with gold,
Thy Clergy perjur'd, thy whole People ſold.
An atheiſt ☋ a ⊕'''s ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and ſink . . .
Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honeſt, and he muſt be wiſe,
Let him no trifler from his ſchool,
Nor like his . . . . . ſtill a . . . .
Be but a man! unminiſter'd, alone,
And free at once the Senate and the Throne;
Eſteem the public love his beſt ſupply,
A ☉'s true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* . . . his ſtrong,
Affect no conqueſt, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's juſt balance and our own may ſtand,
And one man's honeſty redeem the land.

THE

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM,

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE,

AND INTITLED,

BRUTUS.

THE

PLAN

OF AN

EPIC POEM.

AS ENEAS was famed for his piety, ſo his grandſon's characteriſtic was benevolence; this firſt predominant principle of his character, prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the deſcendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to eſtabliſh their freedom and felicity in a juſt form of government.

He goes to Epirus; from thence he travels all over Greece; collects all the ſcattered Trojans; and redeems them with the treaſures he brought from Italy.

Having collected his ſcattered countrymen, he conſults the oracle of Dodona, and is promiſed a ſettlement in an Iſland, which, from the deſcription, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to ſea, and enters the Atlantic Ocean.

The Firſt Book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the Straits of Calpe, in ſight of the Pillars of Hercules (the *ne plus ultra*). He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was adviſable to launch into the great Ocean, on an enterpriſe bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

One reaſon, among others, aſſigned by Brutus, for attempting the great Ocean in ſearch of a new country was, that he entertained no proſpect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and laws to that purpoſe.

A debate enſues. Piſander, an old Trojan, is rather for ſettling in Betica, a rich country near the Straits, within the Mediterranean, of whoſe wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage.

Brutus apprehends that the ſoftneſs of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners; beſides, that the Tyrians, who had eſtabliſhed great commerce there, had introduced their ſuperſtitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the inſtructions he was deſirous to give.

Cloanthes, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheleſs deſires to ſettle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the Ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroiſm.

This

This has ſuch an effect, that the whole council being diſmayed, are unwilling to paſs the Straits, and venture into the great Ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the preſumption of going beyond a God. To which Brutus, riſing with emotion, anſwers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them; and that if their virtue was ſuperior to his, they would have the ſame claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

At length he reſolves to go in a ſingle ſhip, and to reject all ſuch daſtards, as dared not accompany him.

Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage and the love of glory; that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading ſettlements in a country for the ſake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree to the ſentiments of Orontes; and, for the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterpriſe; and it is reſolved to ſet ſail the next day. That night, Hercules appears to him in a viſion, applauding and confirming the ſentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to perſevere in the purſuit of the intended enterpriſe.

The

The Second Book opens with a picture of the Supreme God in all his majeſty, ſitting on his throne in the higheſt Heaven. The ſuperintending Angel of the Trojans empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confeſſes his juſtice in having overturned that kingdom, for the ſins of the princes, and of the people themſelves. But adds, that after having chaſtiſed and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodneſs, to raiſe up a new ſtate from their ruins, and form a people who might ſerve him better; that, in Brutus, his providence had a fit inſtrument for ſuch a gracious deſign.

This proſtrate Angel is raiſed by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to aſſiſt him in the reduction of of that Iſland.

The Guardian Angel, in purſuance of this commiſſion, flies from Heaven to the high Mountain of Calpe; and from thence cauſes an eaſt wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the Streights weſtward to the Canary Iſlands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a deſcription of Teneriff, and of the Volcanos, as likewiſe of a moſt delicious Iſland, which is deſcribed to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are diſpoſed to ſettle here. What more, ſay they, can we wiſh for ourſelves, than ſuch a pleaſing end of all our labours?

In an inhabited country we muſt, perhaps, be forced to fight and deſtroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conqueſt, we may have a land that will ſupply us with all the neceſſaries of life. Why then ſhould we go farther? Let us thank the Gods, and reſt here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful deſcription of the land of Lazineſs.

Brutus, however, rejects the narrow and ſelfiſh propoſition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by inſtructing and poliſhing uncultivated minds. He deſpiſes the mean thought of providing for the happineſs of themſelves alone, and ſets the great proſpect of Heaven before them.

His perſuaſions, being ſeconded by good omens, prevail; nevertheleſs they leave behind them the old man and the woman, together with ſuch as are timid and unfit for ſervice, to enjoy their eaſe there, and to erect a city. Over this colony, conſiſting however of about three thouſand perſons, he propoſes to make Piſander, King, under ſuch limitations as appear to him wiſeſt and beſt.

To this propoſal they all aſſent with great ſatisfaction; only Piſander abſolutely refuſes to be King, and begs, notwithſtanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterpriſe. He urges that his experience and councils may be of uſe, though his

ſtrength

ſtrength is gone; and that he ſhall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company, with great expreſſions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worſhip, and a ſhort and ſimple body of laws, orders them to chooſe a government for themſelves, and then ſets ſail with none but reſolute and noble aſſociates.

Here the Poet, by way of epiſode, meant to have introduced the paſſion of ſome friend, or the fondneſs of ſome female, who refuſed to ſtay behind, and determined to brave all hardſhips and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence is now ſuppoſed to ſend his ſpirit to raiſe the wind, and direct it to the northward. The veſſel at length touched at Liſbon or Ulyſſipont, where he meets with the ſon of a Trojan, captive of Ulyſſes. This gives occaſion for an epiſode; and, among other things, furniſhes an account of Ulyſſes ſettling there, and building of Liſbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and ſuperſtition he had eſtabliſhed, and of his being at length driven away by the diſcontented people he had enſlaved.

Brutus is afterwards driven by a ſtorm, raiſed by an evil ſpirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His Guardian Angel calms the ſeas, and conducts the fleet ſafe into a port; but the evil ſpirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

Brutus,

Brutus, however, repulſes them, lands, and encamps on the ſea-ſhore. In the night an *aurora borealis* aſtoniſhes his men, ſuch a phenomenon having never been ſeen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their ſpirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature uſual in thoſe countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing ſupernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favour, becauſe Heaven never works miracles but for the good.

About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the *aurora* is of great uſe to them for their defence.

Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the three next in command. This diſcourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes priſoners of ſome of the natives, who had been uſed to thoſe ſeas and inquires of them concerning a great iſland to the ſouth-weſt of their country; they tell him they had been in ſuch an iſland upon piratical voyages, and had carried ſome of the natives into captivity. He obtains ſome of thoſe captives, whom he finds to be Britons; they deſcribe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next Book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manner of the Savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate ſtrange ſtories concerning one of the greateſt

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of their iſlands, ſuppoſed to be inhabited by dæmons, who forbid all acceſs to it, by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the Northern Iſlands of the Ocean, ſome of the Titans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their ſuperſtition, reſolves to land in that iſland.

Brutus ſails thither in a ſmall veſſel of ſix oars, attended only by Orontes, who inſiſts on ſharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the ſhore, a violent hurricane riſes, which daſhes it againſt the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who ſwim to land. They find a thick foreſt dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noiſe.

All at once the ſun was darkened, a thick night comes over them; thundering noiſes and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth ſhakes beneath their feet. Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being ſwallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceaſes, and his Guardian Angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had permitted the evil ſpirit to work ſeeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence. That

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the hill before them was a volcano; that the effects of it, dreadful, though natural, had made the ignorant ſavages believe the Iſland to be an habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a uſual ſymptom, preceding an eruption. That he might have periſhed in the eruption, if God had not ſent him his good Angel to be his preſerver.

He then directs him to ſeek the ſouth-weſt part of Great Britain, becauſe the northern parts were infeſted by men not yet diſpoſed to receive religion, arts, and good government, the ſubduing and civilizing of whom was reſerved by Providence for a ſon, that ſhould be born of him after his conqueſt of England.

Brutus promiſes to obey; the Angel vaniſhes: Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is ſo aſhamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himſelf. Brutus comforts him, aſcribes it to a ſupernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the Angel. They go down to the coaſt, where they find Hanno, with a ſhip to carry them off.

The enſuing Book deſcribes the joy of Brutus, at ſight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the weſtern part of the Iſland, meets with a kind reception.

The climate is deſcribed to be equally free from the effeminacy and ſoftneſs of the ſouthern climes, and the ferocity and ſavageneſs of the northern. The natural genius of the natives being thus in the medium between theſe extremes, was well adapted to receive

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the improvements in virtue, he meditated to introduce. They are repreſented worſhippers of the Sun and Fire, but of good and gentle diſpoſitions, having no bloody ſacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to Heaven.

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is ſucceeded by an account of the northern parts, ſuppoſed to be infeſted by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell ſtrange ſtories, repreſenting them as giants, whom he undertakes to aſſiſt them in conquering.

Among theſe iſlands, our Poet takes notice of the iſland Mona, groaning under the laſh of ſuperſtition, being governed by prieſts.

Likewiſe of another, diſtracted by *diſmal anarchy*, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful epiſode, deſcribing the feelings of a paſſionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the reſcue of a favourite fair-one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal raviſher.

Our Poet alſo ſpeaks of a third, under the dominion of Tyranny, which was ſtronger than the reſt, and defended by giants living in caſtles, high rocks, &c. Some of theſe giants our Poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, &c. Here he propoſed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

Brutus, however, is oppoſed in his attempt by the prieſts, conjurers, and magicians; and the prieſts are

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to have had ſecrets, which paſt for ſupernatural, ſuch as the uſe of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewiſe from his own people, which interrupt his deſigns; particularly from one of his kinſmen, who is fierce, young, and ambitious. He is earneſt for conquering all by force, and treating the people who ſubmitted to him as ſlaves.

But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and deſtroy the natives of the new-diſcovered land, but to poliſh and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of ſuperſtition and all falſe notions of the Deity, which only leads to vice and miſery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of uſeful arts, under the ſanction of a good government, to eſtabliſh and enſure their felicity.

This turbulent kinſman likewiſe endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Briton.

Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raiſe a faction, which, by his wiſdom and firmneſs, he ſuppreſſes, and brings the diſcontented back to their duty; who at length unite with him againſt the giants, their common enemy. It muſt not be omitted, that the kinſman is repreſented as repenting of his receſſion, and much aſhamed that Brutus, having left him a victim to female blandiſhments, went to the war without him.

Brutus, in the end, ſucceeded in his enterprize againſt the giants, and enchantment vaniſhed before him; having reduced the fortreſſes of ſuperſtition, anarchy, and tyranny, the whole Iſland ſubmits to good government, and with this the Poem was intended to cloſe.

Such was the outline of this Poem, which, if he had finiſhed, it would not, perhaps, have added much to his reputation.

He had likewiſe planned two Odes, or Moral Poems, on the Miſchiefs of Arbitrary Power, and the Folly of Ambition. The firſt was to open with a view and deſcription of Mount Ætna or Veſuvius, after a long intermiſſion from eruptions; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the moſt enchanting ſcenes of vine-yards and olive-yards in one place; the products of Ceres in another; and flowery paſtures, overſpread with flocks and herds, in a third; while the ſhepherds were indulging themſelves in their rural dances, ſongs, and muſic; and the huſbandmen in feats of activity. In the heat of theſe amuſements, is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcaſt, and after other dreadful ſymptoms of approaching deſolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declivity, carries away every thing in its paſſage; and as Milton ſays—

"All the flouriſhing works of Peace deſtroys."

That

That on the Folly of Ambition and a Name, was to open with the view of a large champaign defart country; in the midſt of which was a large heap of ſhapeleſs and deformed ruins, under the ſhadow of which was ſeen a ſhepherd's ſhed, who at his door was tending a few ſheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller paſſing by, who, curious to be informed of what he ſaw, addreſſes himſelf to the ſhepherd, to know to what ſuperb ſtructures theſe ruins belonged. The ſhepherd entertains him with an abſurd and fabulous account of ancient times, in which there were ſuch traces of true hiſtory, that the traveller at length diſcovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themſelves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the public expence, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

PREFACE

TO

HOMER'S ILIAD.

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HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praiſe of Judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that, in different degrees, diſtinguiſhes all great Genius's: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſter every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but *ſteal wiſely:* for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a

ſingle beauty in them, to which the Invention muſt not contribute. As in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common Critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of Nature.

Our Author's work is a wild paradiſe *, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nurſery which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome

* Theſe words ſeem to imply that the *Iliad* is deficient in point of *regularity* and *conduct* of the Fable. Whereas one of its moſt tranſcendent and unparalleled excellencies is the *coherence*, the *conſiſtency*, the *ſimplicity*, and the *perſpicuity* of its plan; all which qualities are the reſult of *judgment* as well as of *invention*; and all which the beſt critics, from *Ariſtotle* to *Clarke*, have joined in admiring and applauding. Let *Quintilian* ſpeak for all the reſt; *in diſpoſitione totius operis nonne humani generis modum exceſſit?* And he excels Virgil as much in *judgment* as *invention*; and in exact *diſpoſition*, *juſt thought*, *correct elocution*, and *poliſhed numbers*, as in *poetical fire*. Mad. *Dacier* was vehemently angry at Mr. *Pope* for this paragraph. In fact, we *do ſee* the beauties of this *well-ordered garden*; which is *not* a mere *nurſery*; its plants are *not too luxuriant*, and are *arrived* to *perfection* and *maturity*.

ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes,

Οἱ δ' ἀῤ ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where

where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This *Fire* is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant: in Lucan and Statius, it burſt out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton * it glows like a furnace

* Of all paſſages in our Author's Works, I moſt wiſh he had never written this taſteleſs and unjuſt compariſon. But indeed he never ſpeaks of our divine Bard, *con amore*. This has lately been done by Mr. *Hayley*, in his curious and animated Life of Milton. I do not honour Sir John Denham ſo much for his writing Cooper's Hill, as I do for being the very firſt perſon that ſpoke highly of Paradiſe Loſt; who coming one day into the Houſe of Commons with a proof ſheet of this Poem, wet from the preſs, and being aſked what paper he held in his hand, replied, "It was part of the nobleſt poem that was ever written in any language, or in any age."

"Milton," ſays Warburton, with his uſual love of bringing every thing into ſyſtem, "found Homer poſſeſſed of the province of Morality; Virgil of Politics; and nothing left for him, but that of Religion. This he ſeized, as aſpiring to ſhare with them in the government of the poetic world; and by means of the ſuperior dignity of his ſubject, hath gotten to the head of that triumvirate, which took ſo many ages in forming. Theſe are the three ſpecies of the Epic Poem; for its largeſt ſphere is human action, which can be conſidered but in a MORAL, POLITICAL, or RELIGIOUS View; and theſe the three makers; for each of their poems was ſtruck at a heat, and came to perfection from its firſt eſſay. Here then the grand ſcene was cloſed, and all farther improvements of the Epic at an end." A cruel ſentence indeed, and a very ſevere ſtatute of

nace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare, it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhow, how this vaſt *Invention* exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts † of his work,

Limitation! enough, if it had any foundation, to deſtroy every future attempt of any exalted genius that might ariſe. But, in truth, the aſſertion is totally groundleſs and chimerical. Each of the three poets might change the ſtations here aſſigned to them. Homer might aſſume to himſelf the province of politics; Virgil of morality; and Milton of both; who is alſo a ſtrong proof that human action is not the largeſt ſphere of Epic Poetry. But of all Dr. Warburton's forced and fanciful interpretations, next to his extraordinary interpretation of the Sixth Book of the Æneid, is the ſuppoſition, that Virgil, by the epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus, meant to recommend the Grecian inſtitution of the Band of Lovers and Friends that fought at each other's ſides: and, alſo, that by the behaviour and death of Amata, and her celebration of the Bacchic Rites in the Seventh Book, Virgil meant to proſcribe and expoſe the abominable abuſes that had crept into the *myſteries*. I lament that Mr. Gibbon, in his able confutation of the notion of Auguſtus's Initiation, has not touched on this topic.

† Convinced that this Tranſlation is the moſt ſpirited and the beſt ever given of any ancient Poet, and moſt ſuited to modern times and readers; yet I have always been of opinion, that Pope would have made it ſtill more excellent, and would have profited much, if he could have ſeen *Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer;* a work, though written indeed with ſome affectation of ſtyle, that abounds in curious reſearches and obſervations, and places Homer in a new light; by endeavouring to ſhew *how it has happened* that no poet has ever equalled him for upwards of two thouſand years; namely, by the *united influence* of the happieſt *climate;* the moſt natural *manners* to paint; the boldeſt *language*

work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its *vortex*. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions: but wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of *Fable*. That which Ariſtotle calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt, and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of ſuch actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature: or of ſuch

guage to uſe; the moſt expreſſive *religion*; and the richeſt *ſubject* to work upon. *Nature*, after all, is the ſureſt rule, and *real* characters the beſt ground of *fiction*. The paſſions of the human mind, if truly awaked, and kept up by objects fitted to them, dictate a language peculiar to themſelves. *Homer* has copied it, and done juſtice to nature. We ſee her image in his draft; and this Work is the *great Drama of Life*, acted in our view. A moſt ingenious theory, if not ſolid, in every reſpect.

ſuch as though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epic Poem, *the return of* Ulyſſes, *the ſettlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger* of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that was ever choſen by any Poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes, and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus.

If

If Ulyſſes viſit the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved * this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable:* If we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what

* The learned and judicious *Heyne*, in the Preface to his edition of Virgil, has exhauſted all that can be ſaid of his *Imitations of Homer;* but he does not aſſent to what Dr. *Hurd* has urged on this ſubject, in his Diſcourſe on *Poetical Imitation*. *Heyne* lays a great ſtreſs on the following obſervation, p. 45, v. 2. "In Virgilio vel reprehendendo, vel laudando, id, quod primo loco reputandum erat, non meminerant viri docti; poetam, etiamſi ingenium cum ad nova & intacta tuliſſet, hoc ſuæ ætati ſuiſque popularibus tribuere debuiſſe, aut ſaltem in opinione ejus temporis communi excuſationem habere, cum ad artem poetæ & ad majorem carminis ſuavitatem pertinere crederetur, ſi multa ex Græcis eſſent expreſſa vel adumbrata."

what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed? This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems * the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors

* In the former editions this ſentence ſtood thus; "If Homer was not the firſt who introduced the Deities into the religion of Greece, (as Herodotus imagines,) he ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry."

authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his *machines* in a philoſophical or a religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his perſons: And here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurprizing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of *courage* is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice and ſubject to command: that of Ajax is heavy and ſelf-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for

his

his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in *wiſdom;* and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, beſides, characters of *courage;* and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends ſtill upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil* are far from ſtriking

* "Virgil had been accuſtomed to the ſplendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his repreſentations of that part of life are more auguſt and ſtately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and thoſe poliſhed manners which render men ſo much of a piece, and make them all reſemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His ſtate deſigns and political managements are finely laid, and carried on much in the ſpirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magiſtrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a ſtranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural; either ſtratagems of war, or ſuch deſigns in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the ſimple inſtructive parts of life; the play of the paſſions, the proweſs of bodies, and thoſe ſingle virtues of perſons and characters, that ariſe from untaught, undiſguiſed nature. And afterwards, even the ſtately Agamemnon is not aſhamed to own his paſſion for a

ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſtus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, etc. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely

captive maid before the whole army. He is, beſides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to ſuch a degree, that his teeth chatter and knees knock againſt each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in ſuch piteous plight, that, if we were not well aſſured of his perſonal bravery, we ſhould take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durſt make no condeſcenſion to nature, nor repreſent the human frailties in their genuine light."

Theſe fine and judicious remarks of Blackwell ſeem to have been borrowed from an Epiſtle of *Gravina* to *Maffei*, p. 248. In Napoli, 1716.

I have been ſometimes ſurpriſed at an opinion of Plato, in the Third Book of his Republic, who thinks that a due dignity of character is not preſerved, in the fine deſcription of Achilles's frantic grief on the death of Patroclus, and of Priam's ſupplication to Achilles for the dead body of his ſon. Surely he talks here like a modern critic, of the French ſchool.

infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *ſpeeches* are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it); that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts *, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſt us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If

* This cenſure is too general; many of the ſpeeches are appropriated and adapted to the character that ſpeaks; none more ſo, than one, not ſo frequently noticed as it ought to be, that of Æneas to the Ghoſt of Hector, in which the confuſion and obſcure ideas of a man in a dream are finely repreſented by the queſtions he aſks. Lib. ii. v. 281.

If in the next place we take a view of the *ſentiments*, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we obſerve his *deſcriptions*, *images*, and *ſimiles*, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art*, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagi-

* "Dans Homere," ſays Winkelman, "tout eſt image, tout eſt fait pour etre peint; diſons mieux, tout y eſt peint."

Circumſtantial deſcription is, after all, the true teſt of a vivid imagination. It is not intended by this remark, nor by what is ſaid before in theſe notes, to commend or juſtify *uſeleſs* or *trifling* circumſtances in any deſcription. What Demetrius Phalereus has ſaid, from page 124 to page 130 of Gale's edition, περὶ ἑρμηνείας, is well worth an attentive perſual, and ſhews the true uſe of circumſtantial deſcription.

imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarties and ſide views, unobſerved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcription of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the *Iliad*, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the *expreſſion*, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expreſſion * is like

* Of all the excellencies of Homer's ſtyle, Clarke is of opinion that its *perſpicuity* is the moſt peculiar and predominant; and ſays, no writer whatever, not of verſe only but *proſe*, in any language, is ſo uniformly *perſpicuous*. This teſtimony of a philoſopher and mathematician, remarkable for a *clear head* himſelf, is worth remembering

like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out *living words;* there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirſts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. 'Tis the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: and in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more conſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the compound *epithets.* This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not

membering and regarding. This matchleſs perſpicuity, on which Pope has not ſufficiently dwelt, is owing to the clearneſs of his images, and the truth of his ſentiments; in ſhort, to his copying nature exactly. It is mortifying to hear an eminent critic and ſcholar declare, that, "among the readers of Homer, the number is very ſmall of thoſe who find much in the Greek more than in the common Latin tranſlation, except the muſic of his verſification." Pope would have profited much if Clarke's admirable Notes had preceded his tranſlation.

not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it assisted and filled the *numbers* with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the *images*. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet of Κορυθαίολος, the landscape of mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and so of others, which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a Metaphor is a short simile, one of these Epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his *versification*, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different *dialects** with this particular

* Clarke has given the true rational account of the *dialects* of Homer; a thing so frequently misunderstood, and as appears by our Author: "Homerus *non* dialectis *omnibus* promiscuè & ἀλόγως, sed eâ solum modo usus est, quæ inter suos erat, *Ionico*-Poeticâ; ex variis quidem illa dialectis existens, non communiter & universè, sed certâ quâdam & constanti ratione, poetis Ionicis (ut credere æquum est) usitatâ." Lib. ii. ad ver. 43.

Homer did not use such a jargon as Fontenelle idly imagines; as if a French poet was to introduce in the same page, *Gascon*, *Norman*, *Breton*, &c. words. See *Monboddo*, vol. iii. and *Burgess's* Edition of *Dawes*, Preface, p. 21.

cular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels or conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeble *Æolic*, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them, (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian Operas,) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to

aſcribe

aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek * has ſome advantages both from the natural *ſound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verſe*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer critics have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the *Compoſition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the courſe of my Notes. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpirited vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his *invention*. It is that which

* Such is the ſweetneſs of this language, that it admits of no word ending with theſe three harſh letters, Θ, Φ, Χ.

which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extenſive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *ſtrongly marked*, his ſpeeches more *affecting* and *tranſporting*, his ſentiments more *warm* and *ſublime*, his images and deſcriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expreſſion more *raiſed* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhed excellence of each: it is in *that* we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty: and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment* *. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment,

* This is a commonly received opinion. It might, perhaps, however be proved, as has been hinted before, that the *judgment* of Homer was equal to his invention. But there is a ſet of notions and doctrines, concerning the characters of great writers, handed down from critic to critic, and implicitly adopted without due conſideration. This is one of that kind. Another, relating alſo to Virgil, is, that his chief excellence lay in deſcribing what is beautiful. But he appears to be equally excellent in painting the *terrible*. What images are exhibited in the following paſſages! Armorum

judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer

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Armorum ſonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit; inſolitis tremuerunt molibus Alpes.—
—caligantem nigra formidine lucum ——
—terque fragor ſtagnis auditus Avernis—
—tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora—
—ipſæ ſtupuere domus, atque intima leti
Tartara———
—ſtygiis emiſſa Tenebris
Pallida Tiſiphone, Morbos agit ante Metumque
Inque dies avidum ſurgens caput altius effert.—
Noctem illam tecti ſylvis immania monſtra
Perferimus: neç quæ ſonitum det cauſa videmus.
—— feſſum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam———
Cernimus aſtantes nequicquam lumine torvo
Ætnæos fratres, cœlo capita alta ferentes
Concilium horrendum———
——terque ipſa ſolo, mirabile dictus
Emicuit——
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exuperant undas——
——vaſtos a rupe Cyclopas
Proſpicio, ſonitumque pedum, vocemque tremiſco.—
Hinc exaudiri voces & verba vocantis
Sæpe viri——
—— Latices nigreſcere ſacros,
Fuſaque in obſcœnum ſe vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi effata ſorori.
—— Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat——
Tiſiphoneque ſedens pallâ ſuccincta cruentâ
Veſtibulum inſomnis ſervat noctesque dieſque——
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, & ſæva ſonare
Verbera, tum ſtridor ferri, tractæque Catenæ;
Conſtitit Æneas, ſtrepitumque exterritus hauſit.
Sævior intus habet ſedem——

Quantus

Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion; Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets reſemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the

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Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx——
—— quærentem dicere plura
Reppulit, & geminos erexit crinibus angues,
Verberaque inſonuit———
———Turni ſe peſtis ad ora,
Fertque refertque ſonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

All theſe bold and maſterly ſtrokes, to which many may be added, are certainly more in the manner of MICHAEL ANGELO, than of RAPHAEL.

the Heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief *objections* againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his *ſpeaking horſes*, and Virgil his *myrtles diſtilling blood*, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *groſſer repreſentations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following *Eſſay*[a]: But I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt

[a] See the articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Eſſay. W.

muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier [b], "that thoſe times and manners * are "ſo much the more excellent, as they are more con-"trary to ours." Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhewn but for the ſake of lucre, when the greateſt Princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? On the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern critics, who are ſhocked at the *ſervile offices* and mean employments in which we

[b] Preface to her Homer. W.

* In that *progreſſion* of manners that happens in every age and every country, there is a *certain* period more *proper* for poetical deſcription than another. The more any nation becomes poliſhed, the more the genuine feelings of nature are diſguiſed and ſuppreſſed, and their manners are conſequently leſs adapted to bear a faithful repreſentation. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by modern governments, are not ſuited to the dignity and ſimplicity of the *Epic* Muſe. Our preſent modes muſt be forgotten, when we attempt any thing in the ſerious or ſublime poetry; for heroiſm diſdains the luxurious refinements, the falſe delicacy, the fictitious grandeur, and idle ſtate of modern ages. What our Author replies here to Madame Dacier, relates to the circumſtance of manners being *morally*, not *poetically* good: and he ſhould have inſiſted more on the *latter* circumſtance. The lovers of Homer cannot but read with great pleaſure the compariſon Mr. Wood has made of the *Heroic*, *Patriarchal*, and *Bedouin manners*, dividing their ſimilarities, with much judgment and acuteneſs, into ſix general claſſes, and ſhewing their exact conformity to what he obſerved in his travels. *Eſſay on the Original Genius of Homer*, p. 158.

we ſometimes ſee the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirrour of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may further ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, ſuch as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-eyed* Pallas, the *ſwift-footed* Achilles, etc. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an ir-

reverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like; as, Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, etc. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a further conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes diſtinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the iſlands of the bleſſed*[c]. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

[c] Heſiod, Op. et Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, etc.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe critics never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt; a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſey above the Æneis: as that the Hero is a wiſer man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince * as Æneas, when the very

* Lord *Shafteſbury*, in his third volume, p. 260, has completely demoliſhed the notion which originated from the French critics, that the hero of an Epic Poem ſhould be a *perfect character*; and has with exquiſite taſte and judgment given an effectual anſwer to the queſtion; "how it comes to paſs that Homer has drawn no ſingle pattern of the kind in either of his Heroic Pieces?" The paſſage is too long to be here inſerted, and too good to be abbreviated. The ſixth chapter of *Gravina* is on this ſubject. He ſays admirably well, that Homer intending to paint, "i veri coſtumi, e le naturali paſſioni degli uomini, ſenz' alcun veilo, non eſpreſſe, mai ſopra i ſuo perſonaggi il *perfetto*, del quale l' umanità non e vaſo capace."—From page 17 to page 22. Pope in his notes has not ſufficiently enlarged on this ſubject.

very moral of his poem required a contrary character: It is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them: This is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetice. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardneſs of their own tranſlations: This is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: And in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, etc.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of Poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one ſort* of Critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart * of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of Poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe; it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty Tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might

* In reading Homer, ſays *Dionyſius*, ἐνθυσιῶ τε, καὶ δεῦρο κακεῖσε ἀγομαι.

A curious reader will be entertained by peruſing the animated letter which *Petrarch* wrote to the *Byzantine* Ambaſſador, his friend, from whom he firſt received a copy of *Homer* in Greek. *Epiſt. Famil.* 9.

might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation *, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as *that* is ſeen in the main parts of the Poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions.

* That man muſt be void of all ſenſibility and feeling, who is not delighted with the *ſpirit*, *fire*, and *harmony* of this tranſlation; but at the ſame time, he muſt be void alſo of all taſte and knowledge of the *majeſty* and *ſimplicity* of the original, which are *diſguiſed* and *diminiſhed* by a profuſion of *florid* and *figurative* epithets and expreſſions, and a *variety* of gawdy, glittering, and modern ornaments, with which our Engliſh Iliad ſo much abounds; as to ſet at variance the *ſentiment* and *imagery*, with the *diction* and *ſtyle*.

No compoſition of any kind ſhould be equally laboured and ornamented in every part. "Id non debet eſſe fuſum æquabiliter per omnem orationem, ſed ita diſtinctum, ut ſint quaſi in ornatû diſpoſita quædam inſignia & lumina. Genus igitur dicendi eſt eligendum, quod maximè teneat eos qui audiant, & quod non ſolùm delectet, ſed etiam ſine ſatietate delectet. Quanto colorum pulchritudine & varietate floridiora ſunt in picturis novis pleraque, quàm in veteribus? quæ tamen etiamſi primo adſpectû nos ceperunt, diutius non delectant; cum iidem nos in antiquis Tabulis illo ipſo horrido obſoletoque teneamur." *De Oratore*, *l.* 3.

We ſhould always carefully remember, "that Homer's poems were made to be *recited* or *ſung* to a *company*, and not *read* in private, or peruſed in a *book*; which few were then capable of doing." Whoever reads not Homer in *this view*, loſes a great part of the delight he might receive from the poet. A lover of ancient ſimplicity blamed our Tranſlator by ſaying;

——Niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem.

"If he had not done ſo, nobody would have worn it,"—replied a defender of Pope's modern elegancies.

tractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for tranſuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: And I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing;

managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English Critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: Some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the *sublime;* others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle) others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call *simplicity*, and the rest of the world will call *dulness*. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from

each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: 'tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made uſe of no other words than what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand, to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a further preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe *moral ſentences* and *proverbial ſpeeches* which are ſo numerous in this Poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they

are

are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Greciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as *platoon*, *campagne*, *junto*, or the like, (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen,) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a ſort of *marks* or *moles* by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers looks upon them as defects; and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions* *. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanc-

* Of which there is a judicious defence in the Epiſtolæ Homericæ of Klotzius, p. 145, and in a Diſſertation of Schulzius.

a ſanction from the authority of our beſt Poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle word as in a compounded one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally *leaf-ſhaking*, but affords a majeſtic idea in the *periphraſis: The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods.* Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-ſhooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect of the darts and bow, the enſign of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing

placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions* *, we may divide them into three ſorts: of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe the beſt rule is to be guided by the nearneſs,

* Which are abſurdly cenſured by *Rapin;* to whom *Clarke* anſwers; "at verò erant hæc omnino *ſimpliciſſimè* & ſine *ornatû* dicenda, ut raptim, ac velut in tranſitû, legendi, percurrentur." I recollect only one note in Clarke but what contains ſenſe and judgment; and that is a note in the taſte of thoſe of Warburton, which we have ventured ſo often to cenſure. It is on the 49th line of Book 1, on the ſound of Apollo's Bow-ſtring. "Peſtis ſcilicit ingruentis, primus rumor terribilis." This ſort of interpretation reſembles what has been obſerved by another learned divine, an admirer of Warburton, namely, that the tranſaction of our Saviour's waſhing his Diſciples feet, was not only giving them an example of humility and condeſcenſion, but chiefly ſignified the efficacy of his own precious blood, by which their ſins were to be waſhed away for ever. *Hurd's Sermons*, vol. 2.

nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion, but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the *Verſification*. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſſed of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope, but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken * the advantage of an

* In the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. 3, p. 441, an account is given of *Chapman*'s Homer; from which our Author condeſcended to borrow, and to read with attention, as appears from my

an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth Book of the Odyſſey, ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his Author, inſomuch as to promiſe in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he has revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion

my copy of this Work, which once belonged to *Pope*, and in which he has noted many of *Chapman*'s improper interpolations, extending ſometimes to ten and twelve lines. But there was a Tranſlation of Homer, little known, by an *Arthur Hall*, 1581. which *Hall* copied from a French Tranſlation of *Hugue's Sald*, Abbé of St. *Cheron*, 1555. This *Sald* had eventually the power of miſleading Pope. For in Book 3. v. 386, it is ſaid,

Γρηΐ δε μιν εικυῖα,

which *Sald* tranſlates,

C'eſt de *Grea* la bonne chambrien,

miſtaking *Grea* for a proper name; which Hall follows, p. 57,

In Grea's forme, the good handmaid;—

followed again by *Chapman*,

She tooke on her the ſhape
Of beldam *Grea*;—

after whom comes Pope in his firſt Edition, 1715, v. 476,

In Græa's form——
Grea her favourite maid.

I owe this remark to that accurate reſearcher Mr. *Steevens*.

expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy d'Amboiſe, etc. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been one of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us * a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general, but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by

* Though this tranſlation of *Hobbes*, made in the eighty-ſeventh year of his age, be ſo contemptible and tedious, yet his *proſe*, for *preciſion*, *terſeneſs*, and *elegance*, is ſome of the beſt in our language. And when we read his fine *critical* Letter to *Davenant*, on his *Gondibert*, we are ſurpriſed at his bad verſes. With his principles, *religious* or *political*, I have nothing to do at preſent. A very curious Letter of *Waller* to *Hobbes*, highly commending the *Leviathan*, is publiſhed in the entertaining *Anecdotes of Diſtinguiſhed Perſons*, vol. ii. p. 94. We know how highly he was celebrated by Ralph Bathurſt and Cowley; and even by Lord Clarendon, in his anſwer to the Leviathan.

by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world, that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his Verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters, though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his

his chief character: in particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would further recommend to him, is to ſtudy his Author rather from his own text than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the Archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus * may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our Author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic Poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct.

But

* The chief fault of which is, the mixture of ancient and modern manners; and an introduction of ſentiments too pure and refined for old heroes to utter or think of.

But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit* can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the public, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation

* Notwithſtanding the manifold and important improvements, in *philoſophy*, and *ſciences*, and the *arts*; yet, what has *Epic Poetry* profited by theſe diſcoveries, which, it might have been expected, would have been improved by them?

mendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer *. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the *Great* have done me, while the *firſt names* of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find that my higheſt obligations are to

* In former editions it followed, "*as I wiſh for the ſake of the world, he had prevented me in the reſt;*" alſo in page 420, in former editions, ſpeaking of Lord Lanſdown, it was ſaid, "*that ſo excellent an Imitator of Homer as the Author,*"—which words are now omitted. Several other expreſſions are altered, up and down, as in page 376, "*muſt not contribute,*" inſtead of "*owing to the inſertion;*" and "*common* critics," for "*moſt*;" page 380, "to *furniſh*," inſtead of "*ſupply*;" page 384, "*that of Ajax,*" inſtead of "*we ſee in Ajax.*" Theſe alterations, it is preſumed, were made by Dr. Warburton, who tells us, Pope deſired him to *correct* this Preface: ſuch was the partiality of Pope to his friend!

to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of Poet: that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Eſſay*) ſo complete a Praiſe *:

Read

* In the former editions it was, "*the fineſt praiſe he ever received*;" and the two laſt lines here quoted from Buckingham ſtood thus,

Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer will be all the Books you need.

But Buckingham was for ever altering and reviſing his Eſſay. It concluded with theſe lines,

Muſt above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where great Torquato, and where greater Spenſer fail;

which he thus at laſt corrected,

Muſt above Taſſo's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenſer, and e'en Milton fail.

Boileau's praiſe of Homer is ſurely far more *complete* than theſe *proſaic* lines of Buckingham, ſo much extolled by our Author:

"On diroit que pour plaire, inſtruit par la nature,
Homere ait à Venus dérobé ſa ceinture,
Son livre eſt d'agrémens un fertile thréſor,
Tout ce qu'il a touché ſe convertit en or,
Tout recoit dans ſes mains une nouvelle grace,
Par tout il divertit, & jamais il ne laiſſe;
Une heureuſe chaleur anime ſes diſcours.
Il ne s'égare point en de trop longs detours,
Sans garder dans ſes vers un ordre methodique
Son ſujet de ſoi-meme & s'arrange & s'explique,
Tout, ſans faire d'appreſts, s'y prepare aiſément,
Chaque vers, chaque mot, court à l'évènement,
Aimez donc ſes écrits, mais d'un amour ſincère,
C'eſt avoir profité que de ſçavoir s'y plaire."

No nation in Europe can boaſt of having ſuch excellent tranſlations of the more eminent Greek Poets, as the Homer of Pope, the Pindar of Weſt, the Sophocles of Franklin, the Eſchylus and Euripides of Potter.

> Read *Homer once*, and you can read no more;
> For all Books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
> Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
> And *Homer* will be all the Books you need.

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critic of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage, not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent Secretary of State, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive

that

that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: and I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens that has been ſhewed me by its learned rival, the Univerſity of Oxford*. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

* It is remarkable that in the long liſt of his Subſcribers prefixed to the firſt quarto Edition, ten Colleges in Oxford ſubſcribed for their reſpective Libraries, and not a ſingle College in Cambridge.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

It was thought improper to omit this Poſtſcript to the Odyſſey, as it is apparently one of our Author's moſt elegant and finiſhed compoſitions in proſe. It were to be wiſhed he had enlarged on the ſubject; for a Critical Treatiſe on the Nature and Conduct of the Odyſſey, is as yet wanting in our language; the Diſcourſe prefixed to Pope's Tranſlation, by Broome, being but a meagre and defective Extract from Boſſu. More than forty years ago, three Eſſays were printed in the third volume of the *Adventurer*, on the excellence of the *Odyſſey*. They were deſigned to ſhew this excellence in the manner of conducting the fable, which is of the *complex* kind; in the extenſive utility of its *moral*; in the vaſt and entertaining variety of ſcenes, objects, and events, which it contains; in the ſtrokes of nature, and pathos; in the true and accurate delineation of ancient manners, cuſtoms, and habits; and the lively pictures of civil and domeſtic life, more calculated to keep our attention alive and active, than the *martial uniformity* of the Iliad; and in its exhibiting the moſt perfect pattern of a legitimate *Epopée*. But the Author of theſe Eſſays confined himſelf to too ſhort a compaſs for a ſubject of ſuch utility and importance; and may perhaps, in ſome future day, lengthen them into a more formal Treatiſe.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this Work without a few obſervations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceived, and err againſt the firſt principle of Criticiſm, which is to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its Author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts, of civil and domeſtic life. *Homer* is here a perſon

> Qui didicit, *patriæ* quid debeat, & quid *amicis*,
> Quo ſit amore *parens*, quo *frater* amandus, & *hoſpes*:
> Qui quid ſit *pulcrum*, quid *turpe*, quid *utile*, quid *non*,
> Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

The Odyſſey is the reverſe of the Iliad, in *Moral*, *Subject*, *Manner*, and *Style*; to which it has no ſort of relation, but as the ſtory happens to follow in

order of time, and as ſome of the ſame perſons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been miſled to regard it as a continuation or ſecond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconſiſtent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader ſhould fall into this miſtake, when ſo great a Critic as *Longinus* ſeems not wholly free from it. Although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

" The Odyſſey (ſays he) is an inſtance, how na-
" tural it is to a great Genius, when it begins to
" grow old and decline, to delight itſelf in *Narra-*
" *tions* and *Fables*. For, that *Homer* compoſed the
" Odyſſey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given,
" &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds,
" that as the Iliad was written while his *Spirit* was
" in its greateſt vigour, the whole ſtructure of that
" work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the
" greater part of the Odyſſey is employed in Narra-
" tion, which is the taſte of *Old Age:* ſo that in this
" latter piece we may compare him to the ſetting
" ſun, which has ſtill the ſame greatneſs but not the
" ſame ardor or force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame
" ſtrain; we ſee no more that *Sublime* of the Iliad
" which marches on with a conſtant pace, without
" ever being ſtopped, or retarded: there appears no

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" more that hurry and that ſtrong tide of motions and " paſſions, pouring one after another; there is no " more the ſame fury, or the ſame volubility of dic- " tion, ſo ſuitable to action, and all along drawing " in ſuch innumerable images of nature. But *Ho-* " *mer*, like the Ocean, is always great, even when " he ebbs and retires; even when he is loweſt and " loſes himſelf moſt in Narrations and incredible " Fictions: as inſtances of this, we cannot forget the " deſcriptions of tempeſts, the adventures of *Ulyſſes* " with the *Cyclops*, and many others. But though " all this be *Age*, it is the *Age* of *Homer*——And it " may be ſaid for the credit of theſe fictions, that " they are *beautiful Dreams*, or if you will, the *Dreams* " *of* Jupiter *himſelf*. I ſpoke of the Odyſſey only to " ſhow, that the greateſt Poets when their genius " wants ſtrength and warmth for the *Pathetic*, for " the moſt part employ themſelves in painting the " *Manners*. This *Homer* has done in characteriſing " the Suitors, and deſcribing their way of life; " which is properly a branch of Comedy, whoſe " peculiar buſineſs it is to repreſent the manners of " men."

We muſt firſt obſerve, it is the *Sublime* of which *Longinus* is writing: that, and not the nature of *Homer*'s Poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the ſublimity and fire of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine,

mine, whether the *elevated ſpirit* of the one, or the *juſt moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the *Sublime*, *Longinus* preferred the Iliad: and becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

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If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer*'s age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the ſtrength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam *Dacier* obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former; is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The *Battle of Conſtantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of *Raphael:* ſhall we cenſure the *School of Athens* as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquility, and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who deſigns and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two Poems: he conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that *Horace* gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of *Longinus;* and that the particulars he chooſes to extol, are thoſe very *fictions* and *pictures of the manners* which the other ſeems leaſt to approve. Thoſe fables and manners are of the very eſſence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themſelves have both more invention and more inſtruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thoſe of the Iliad.

In ſome points (and thoſe the moſt eſſential to the Epic Poem) the Odyſſey is confeſſed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the *moral.* The conduct, turn and diſpoſition of the *fable* is alſo what the critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the caſt of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the *Telemachus.* In the *manners*, it is no way inferior: *Longinus* is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes *Homer* with painting them too minutely. As to the *narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more

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the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumſtantial, than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of *Phœnix* in the ninth book, and of *Neſtor* in the eleventh, (which may be thought in compliance to their characters,) thoſe of *Glaucus* in the ſixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey. And that the propriety of ſtyle, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of *Homer* had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his Poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each, the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of Poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the *ſublime*) that a river foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

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The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure *Homer* becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is, as if a gardener who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs;* when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo entirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this Poem was "*partly of the* "*nature of Comedy*," ought not for that very reaſon to have conſidered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of *Homer*, may appear from hence, that although the character of *Ulyſſes* there was already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy; *Calypſo*, though a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the ſuitors yet more approaching to it; the *Phæacians* are of the ſame caſt; the *Cyclops*, *Malanthius*, and *Irus*, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes

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that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the Poem, we ſhall form an idea of the *ſtyle*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always cloathed in the majeſty of verſe proper to tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription even of a *low action*. There are numerous inſtances of this both in *Homer* and *Virgil;* and perhaps thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in hiſtory, where the repreſentations of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a Poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to *little circumſtances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had

to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the Poet is obliged by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanics: 'tis uſing a vaſt force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity, as we ſee in the *Georgics;* but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin.* I think this may very well be accounted for; laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore theſe may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character,

character, it becomes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in morality. The *Bees* in *Virgil*, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The uſe of pompous expreſſion for low actions or thoughts is the *true ſublime* of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock Epic. It is ſo far from being the ſublime of *Tragedy*, that it is the cauſe of all *bombaſt*; when Poets, inſtead of being (as they imagine) conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: that continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mightineſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not *ſpeaking*, but *vociferating*.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtyle in *Epic* Poetry than in *Tragic*, to diſtinguiſh between that *language of the Gods* proper to the *muſe* who ſings, and is inſpired; and that of *men* who are introduced ſpeaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of ſtyle obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, and thoſe of deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation or

dialogue. *Homer* has more of the latter than any other Poet: what *Virgil* does by two or three words of narration, *Homer* ſtill performs by ſpeeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to *Virgil*. This renders his Poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtyle. The writers of Tragedy lie under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in orations deſigned to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of *Domeſthenes* and *Cicero*; and *Virgil* in thoſe of *Drances* and *Turnus* gives an eminent example, how far removed the ſtyle of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *language of the Gods* we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a *muſe* under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few Poets have imitated *Homer* in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic Poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs,

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as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The *ſublime* ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the *natural*; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony, (which are all the qualities of ſtyle,) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt, nay ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhews not leſs *invention*, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs *judgment*, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the *ſublime* are derived, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple *narrative* its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to *Homer* himſelf, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his Tranſlator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad; he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against *Homer*, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the *Greek* language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since *Homer*'s time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use: and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: *Homer* seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences; as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of *Homer*; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these

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plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some uſe has been made to this end, of the ſtyle of *Milton*. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey ſtones into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality requiſite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way: but then the road muſt be as *good*, as the way is *ancient;* the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions. No man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of *Milton*, like moſt other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricaturas* of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of *Milton*, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos,

&c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions and in the imaging and pictureſque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. *Milton* has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer*'s lowneſſes in the *narrative*, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the *dramatic* parts: ſince in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of *Homer*'s ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains has been taken to be eaſy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of thoſe gentlemen who

who joined with me ſhown as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict animadverſion and correction. What aſſiſtance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original propoſals for this work, and the particulars are ſpecified at the concluſion of it; to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and conſequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have beſtowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were conſiſtent with the indiſpenſable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched ſtate of health which God has been pleaſed to make my portion. At the leaſt, it is a pleaſure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greateſt and moſt ancient of Poets, with ſome dignity; and I hope, with as little diſadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited ſucceſs of that tranſlation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyſſey; I think it ſufficient to ſay, that *Homer* himſelf did the ſame, or the world would never have ſeen it.

I deſigned to have ended this Poſtſcript here; but ſince I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controverſy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make uſe of this laſt opportunity, to ſay a very few

few words about ſome reflections which the late Madam *Dacier* beſtowed on the firſt part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which ſhe publiſhed at the end of her tranſlation of that Poem[a].

To write gravely an anſwer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to ſay nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the induſtry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer*'s beauties, which were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Euſtathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I ſhall be thought, as I mean, to pay ſome part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had theſe reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I ſhould not have apprehended their effect, and ſhould therefore have been ſilent concerning them: but ſince they are Madam *Dacier*'s, I imagine that they muſt be of weight; and in a caſe where I think her reaſoning very bad, I reſpect her authority.

I have fought under Madam *Dacier*'s banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine *Homer* againſt all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam *Dacier* who accuſes me, and who accuſes me of nothing leſs than betraying our common cauſe. She affirms

[a] Seconde Edition, à Paris, 1719.

affirms that the moſt declared enemies of this Author have never ſaid any thing againſt him more injurious or more unjuſt than I. What muſt the world think of me, after ſuch a judgment paſſed by ſo great a critic; the world, who decides ſo often, and who examines ſo ſeldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almoſt always the ſlave of authority? Who will ſuſpect that ſo much learning ſhould miſtake, that ſo much accuracy ſhould be miſled, or that ſo much candour ſhould be biaſſed?

All this however has happened, and Madam *Dacier*'s Criticiſms on my Preface flow from the very ſame error, from which ſo many falſe criticiſms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flowed, and which ſhe has ſo juſtly and ſo ſeverely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unſkilful *tranſlations*.

An indifferent tranſlation may be of ſome uſe, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no tranſlation ought to be the ground of *criticiſm*, becauſe no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could *Homer* have had the honour of explaining his, before that auguſt tribunal where Monſieur *de la Motte* preſides, I make no doubt but he had eſcaped many of thoſe ſevere animadverſions with which ſome *French* authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam *Dacier*'s tranſlation of the Iliad could not preſerve him.

How

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *Iſland tongue* was as neceſſary to Madam *Dacier* in my caſe, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to Monſieur *de la Motte* in that of our great Author; or to any of thoſe whom ſhe ſtyles *blind cenſurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not underſtand.

I may ſay with modeſty, that ſhe knew leſs of my true ſenſe from that faulty tranſlation of part of my Preface, than thoſe blind cenſurers might have known of *Homer*'s even from the tranſlation of *La Valterie*, which preceded her own.

It pleaſed me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any eſſentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expreſſions. She propoſed little more than (to uſe her own phraſe) to *combate two or three ſimiles;* and I hope that to combate a ſimile is no more than to fight with a ſhadow, ſince a ſimile is no better than the ſhadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more ſcrupuloſity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

Theſe unlucky ſimiles taken by themſelves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant tranſlator; or there may have fallen from my pen ſome expreſſions, which, taken by themſelves likewiſe, may to the ſame perſon have the ſame effect. But if the

the tranſlator had been maſter of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the paſſages objected to, would have ſufficiently determined him as to the preciſe meaning of them: and if Madam *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leiſurely, or had employed it with more temper, ſhe would not have anſwered paraphraſes of her own, which even the tranſlation will not juſtify, and which ſay more than once the very contrary to what I have ſaid in the paſſages themſelves.

If any perſon has curioſity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on ſome mangled parts of which theſe reflections are made, he will eaſily diſcern that I am as orthodox as Madam *Dacier* herſelf, in thoſe very articles on which ſhe treats me like an heretic: he will eaſily ſee that all the difference between us conſiſts in this, that I offer *opinions*, and ſhe delivers *doctrines;* that my imagination repreſents *Homer* as the greateſt of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* againſt me, who (if I miſtake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried without giving a *real* occaſion of writing in his defence.

After anſwering my harmleſs ſimiles, ſhe proceeds to a matter which does not regard ſo much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he lived in; and here I muſt

I muſt confeſs ſhe does not wholly miſtake my meaning, but I think ſhe miſtakes the ſtate of the queſtion. She had ſaid, the manners of thoſe times were ſo much the better the leſs they were like ours: I thought this required a little qualification, I confeſt that in my own opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam *Dacier* judges otherwiſe in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and called adopting or (if you will) ſtealing *her* ſentiment. The truth is, ſhe might have ſaid *her words;* for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her: though I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in *Euſtathius*, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole remark, only that in the firſt part of it Madam *Dacier* is diſpleaſed that I don't agree with her, and in the laſt that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man ſhould overlook in a Lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could

have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *Engliſh*. " *Homer* (I ſaid) opened a new and bound-" leſs walk for his imagination, and created a world " for himſelf in the invention of fable;" which he tranſlates, *Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam *Dacier* juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the tranſlator. As to what I meant by *Homer*'s invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words: " If *Homer* was " not the firſt who introduced the Deities (as " *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion of *Greece*, he " ſeems the firſt who brought them into *a ſyſtem of* " *machinery* for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in *Ariſtotle*, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend me back to this Philoſopher's Treatiſe of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyſſey, for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſaucy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from *Ariſtotle* without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an error by following him ſervilely; yet I own that to quote any Author for what he never ſaid, is a blunder (but by the way,

to

to correct an Author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder). My words were theſe: " As there is a greater variety of characters " in the Iliad than in any other Poem, ſo there is " of ſpeeches. Every thing in it has manners, as " *Ariſtotle* expreſſes it; that is, every thing is " acted or ſpoken: very little paſſes in narration." She juſtly ſays, that " Every thing which is acted " or ſpoken, has not neceſſarily manners merely " becauſe it is acted or ſpoken." Agreed: but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? if not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners: ſince *Homer* has been proved before in a long paragraph of the Preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, " Every thing has manners, as *Ariſtotle* calls them." But ſuch a fault, methinks, might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings,

writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes *Euſtathius* call *Cratiſthenes* the *Phliaſian*, *Calliſthenes* the *Phyſician*[b]. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded, to *Homer*'s, her's, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Monſieur *de la Motte* for omitting a material paſſage in the ſpeech[c] of *Helen* to *Hector*, Il. 6. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much *Greek*, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in *Homer?*

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great Author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this Lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of *Homer* as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion

[b] Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l'Odyſſ. *pag.* 467.
[c] De la Corruption du Goût.

religion have been unſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the ſame in admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved that the loudeſt huzza's given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the ſame with the rabble of critics, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a Poet, I would not be an enthuſiaſt; and though I am an Engliſhman, I would not be furiouſly of a party. I am far from thinking myſelf that genius, upon whom, at the end of theſe remarks, Madam *Dacier* congratulates my country: One capable of "correcting *Homer*, and conſequently of reforming mankind, and amending "this conſtitution." It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been applied, ſince our nation has one happineſs for which ſhe might have preferred it to her own; that as much as we abound in other miſerable miſ-guided ſects, we have, at leaſt, none of the blaſphemers of *Homer*. We ſtedfaſtly and unanimouſly believe both his Poem and our Conſtitution

ſtitution to be the beſt that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we deſpiſe any *French* or *Engliſhman* whatever, who ſhall preſume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the leaſt alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam *Dacier* miſtook me, my whole deſire is but to preſerve the humble character of a faithful tranſlator, and a quiet ſubject.

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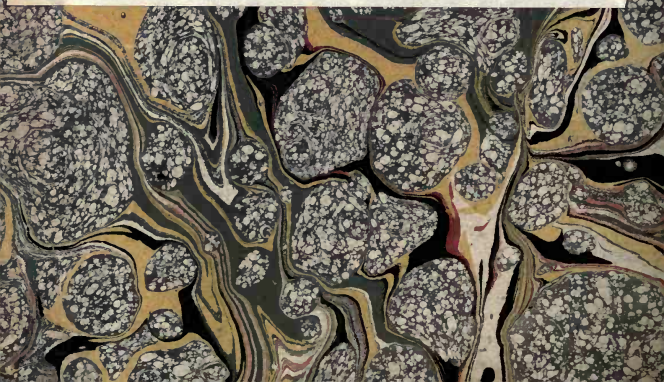

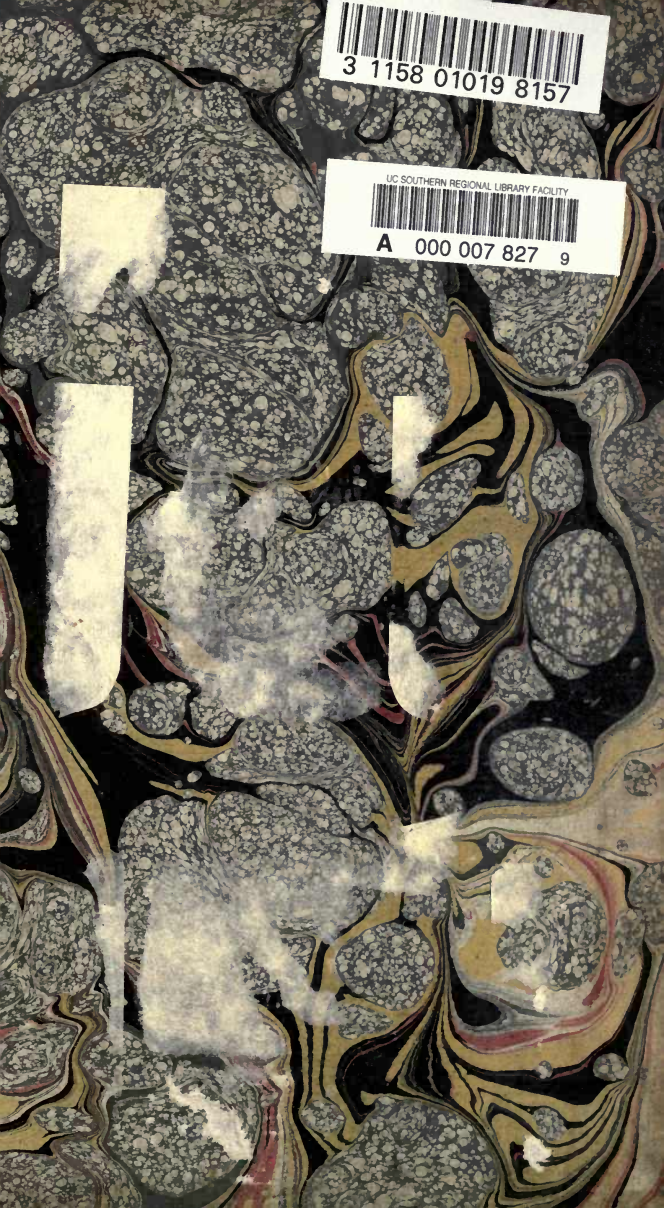
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